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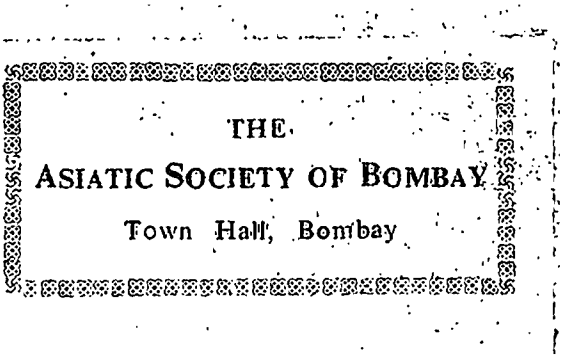

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

ARTILLERY OFFICER:

INCLUDING

SCENES AND ADVENTURES

IN IRELAND, AMERICA, FLANDERS, AND FRANCE.

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BY

BENSON EARLE HILL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
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TO

THE RIGHT HON. LORD SEGRAVE,

&c. &c. &c.

BERKELEY CASTLE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

My Lord,

To the respectful admiration which is your right, as the drama's patron and the actor's friend, your Lordship may believe that *I* add sincere gratitude for your invariable kindness to me.

The favour of your permitting this Dedication is enhanced by the manner in which it was expressed. Though I had not the honour of your acquaintance in the years these slight pages recall, I had long heard, in our own shire, of the courteous hospitality and benevolence which I found were your characteristics, when I enjoyed the happiness of your Lordship's society at Cheltenham.

This offering is very inadequate to the feeling which prompts it. Fancy it an old soldier's belt, instead of the gold and purple one in feudal days presented at your ancestral court by a kneeling vassal; imagine my heart as honestly bowed before you, and my voice as cordially exclaiming, "Long live the noble house of Berkeley!"

I am,

My Lord,

With unfeigned deference and attachment,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and faithful servant,

BENSON EARLE HILL.

Brompton, June, 1836.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LOVE FOR THE DRAMA—DISCOVERY OF A GEM—PIETY OF A PAINTER—THE RIVAL NOSOLOGISTS—LIBERAL TRANSLATION OF A LATIN MOTTO—SCHOOL PLAY—JUVENILE SUICIDE—VISIT TO LADY HAMILTON—NELSON'S EFFIGY—THE LOCK OF HAIR—MANUSCRIPT NEWSPAPER.

FROM my earliest childhood, I evinced a love for theatrical exhibitions, which, as I grew older, strengthened to a propensity for exhibiting *myself*. At a "tender age" this passion was gratified. I was selected—I did not then know the meaning of the word "cast"—to personate David, in Hannah More's Sacred Drama. The audience who witnessed my *debut* were so flattering in their marks of approbation, and so disposed to be indulgent, that the fact of my being discovered playing on an Eolian harp entirely escaped them. Master Betty was then in his first brilliant career: every

boyish heart beat with emulation; and it will scarcely be disputed that, in most provincial towns, some Betties are supposed to exist even now. I was named as a formidable rival to the original; nay, it was said, by an old lady who had written some very clever novels, that I had only to appear in public to bear away the palm from the young Roscius!

My parents thought otherwise. I was intended for the Army; so David and his harp were soon forgotten, and my whole time devoted to studying those branches of science and art best calculated for a military education. A particular friend of my parents, named Keman, volunteered to give me lessons in drawing; he was himself a distinguished artist, and I speedily improved under his tuition.

Mr. Keman had copied some family-portraits for the Dowager Lady Smith, with such exquisite fidelity, that he was requested to procure some old-fashioned carved frames, to render the imitation complete. I had the pleasure of accompanying my kind friend in his search; and to a strange quarter of the ancient city of Bristol, denominated the Pithay,* we bent our steps. This narrow and very steep street is inhabited by furniture-brokers

* I have vainly endeavoured to ascertain the derivation of this extraordinary name, and can now only suggest the probability that it is a corruption of "Mont de Piétié," as it is still the abode of pawnbrokers.

and old-clothesmen, presenting a most motley assemblage of odds and ends to the passenger. There was little difficulty in finding what we sought: the artist had completed the purchase of some four or five venerable and worm-eaten frames, when the man of the shop said—"I wish, sir, you would take the one that is nailed to the ceiling; it has been there these eighty years, I know, for I have been master here for upwards of thirty, and my poor old father told me he had stuck it up there out of the way fifty years before he gave up business. I should like you to have it, because then I would get the ceiling whitewashed."

The subject, whatever it might be, was so completely hidden by smoke from the rude lamp hung near it, and the accumulated dust of more than half a century, as to defy even the piercing eye of a virtuoso. Mr. Keman mounted the steps used for taking down various articles, and vainly endeavoured to rub off a small portion of the dirt.

"I believe," said the man, "there has been a picture, but it 's wore out; however, if you buy the frame, sir, you shall have canvass and all into the bargain."

After much persuasion from the shopkeeper, my friend gave him some two or three pounds for what he was so anxious to get rid of. Previously to our leaving, it was agreed that the artist's

servant should take down the picture from the ceiling, as *he* would not be liable to crack or strain the canvass in so doing.

I dined with Mr. Keman; and, soon after our meal, the purchases of the morning were brought home. Anxious to ascertain if any vestige remained of the painting, he hastened to remove the dirt; and speedily perceived that his labour was well bestowed: an indistinct human figure began to appear upon the canvass; and, as the work proceeded, I saw the eyes of my friend glisten with delight. In the course of half an hour, during which time I watched the progress with deep interest, sufficient had been done to render the whole painting free from the obscurity in which it had been so long involved.

My friend, who was a pious Catholic, fell on his knees at discovering that the subject before him was the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, from the pencil of no less a master than Murillo, and that this exquisite picture was in a high state of preservation. How gratifying to him, as a devoted lover of the art, to have rescued from neglect and probable destruction this most wonderful specimen! Some time afterwards, in consequence of leaving England for Germany, Mr. Keman sold it to R. H. Davis, Esq. for eight hundred guineas; and it now constitutes one of the gems in the col-

lection of Philip Miles, Esq., at Leigh Court. I must not forget to add that, as soon as its value was ascertained, my friend generously presented the broker with twenty pounds.

I received my appointment to a cadetship, and prepared, for the first time, to quit my home. A few days previously to my leaving, a whimsical circumstance occurred, which I will endeavour to narrate.

Bristol was garrisoned by several regiments of the line, as well as by militia, the large depôt for French prisoners, at Stapleton, requiring a considerable force. Amongst the officers now quartered here, was a Colonel Moore, a gentleman beloved by his men and respected by the inhabitants; his manners smacked of the *vielle cour*, and his person would have been prepossessing, but for an unfortunate enlargement of his nasal organ. He had, indeed, "been to the promontory;" and I have little doubt but his "goodly one" had often been a subject of dispute between "the drummer's and trumpeter's wives" of his own time.

Now, it happened that one of our bankers was blessed with a proboscis of great capacity, about which he was most dreadfully sensitive; the least allusion to his Bardolphian appearance threw him into a consuming rage. Mr. W—— was walking to his residence at Clifton, when in College Green he

encountered Colonel Moore, whom he perceived to be gazing intently on the most prominent feature of his face: his brow began to lower, and he mended his pace, intending to hasten past a man who seemed to be unaware of his own deformity, yet stared so rudely at his neighbour's. Mr. W—— was stopped by the Colonel, who, taking off his hat, addressed him thus —

"Your name is W——, I believe, sir?"

"It is," was gruffly answered.

"Mine is Moore; and I wish to say a few words to you, on a very delicate subject."

The banker was a man of known and extensive gallantry, and it is imagined that he supposed the Colonel's communication to have some reference to an *affaire d'amour*.

"I am ready to hear any thing you may have to say, sir."

With some hesitation in his manner, Colonel Moore commenced.

"Mr. W——, I have a very large nose ——"

Off started the offended son of Plutus.

"G—- d—— me, sir!—what 's your nose to me?"

"I beseech your patience for a moment or two," continued the Colonel; "look at me, sir — it is a remarkably large nose."

"Well, sir, who denies it?"

"No one. But you, sir, have also a *rather* larger nose than usual——"

"What the devil is the meaning of all this?—Do you mean to insult me, sir? You have mistaken your man. I beg to pass on——"

"Stay but for an instant, sir, and I will convince you that no insult is intended: only let me beg you to admit that your nose is above the ordinary size, and I will proceed."

"And suppose it is, sir, is that any reason you should dare——"

"I had hoped, sir, you would have received my communication with temper. It appears now only necessary for me to state the reason which induced me to take the liberty of addressing you. This snuff-box"—and he produced a massive gold one, of exquisite workmanship—"was presented to me by a dear friend, on the condition that, should I ever meet with a gentleman whose nose was, in the slightest degree, larger than my own, I was to surrender it instantly. But I find you are averse to any mention of the subject. Having stated the fact, I wish you a good morning." And he re-pocketed the box.

The eyes of Mr. W—— had been riveted to the splendid *tabatière:* he relaxed the severity of his features, and said with a smile, "I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you for affording me

a chance of becoming proprietor of that valuable article; but a difficulty presents itself as to who is to decide whether you or I are entitled to its possession: perhaps, my dear Colonel, you will say how that can be arranged."

"Very easily, sir, if you will do me the honour of dining at the mess with me, bringing with you a friend as your arbiter; I will find one on my side, and to their decision we will leave the matter."

"I accept your offer; pray, name your time."

A day was fixed: the two *nosologists* sat opposite to each other at table. Mr. W—— almost repented having accepted the challenge, as his temper was put to a severe test during dinner, by the constant allusions made to the origin of his visit: and he was assured, on all hands, that he must win the prize. As soon as the cloth was removed, the umpires appointed examined the proportions of the candidates, amidst roars of laughter from the officers assembled. After the length, breadth, and thickness, of each nose had been carefully measured with compasses and written down by the judges, who deeply regretted that the features could not also be weighed, the Colonel was declared proprietor of the box, having excelled his opponent by the size of a pimple!

The unsuccessful candidate was gathered to his fathers some two or three years after this had

taken place, and his son, amongst other marks of respect, caused a hatchment to be placed upon the family mansion. A credulous acquaintance, about two months after the funeral, called upon the mourner, and, without much preface, inquired if he understood Latin: he was answered in the negative.

"I imagined as much, my good sir. Why, do you know, I am informed, by a very clever friend of mine, that the letters under your father's coat of arms state that he is gone to the devil!"

The son was somewhat shocked, and implored his informant to ascertain the particulars; as, if the statement was false, he would punish those who thus dared to treat his father's name with disrespect. He acknowledged he was aware that his parent, having been in the Commission of the Peace, and rather strict as a magistrate, might have been unpopular with vagabonds and paupers, but in his own sphere he knew him to be respected.

The busy-body hastened to the person who had explained the motto to him, and requested to have the exact translation. The wag, chuckling over the success of his joke, replied, "The words are, '*In Cœlo quies,*' which means, 'In Heaven there is rest:' now, I say that tells us

plainly that old W—— must be in Hell, because there could be no quiet where he was."

I am not aware if this version of the text satisfied his son.

Whilst preparing for my examination at the Royal Military Academy, under the tuition of Dr. Watson, (Shooter's Hill), my acquaintance with "Hutton's course" could not render me insensible to the charms of the Drama, and, with the worthy Doctor's consent, a play was got up; of course, Douglas! Is there a schoolboy living who has not spouted

"My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills"—

or assisted in its spoutification? The beauteous mourner, Lady Randolph, was assigned to me, and Douglas was enacted by Master James Prescott, of whom I shall have to speak in the course of these volumes. Miss S——, the conductress of a ladies' boarding-school, on the opposite side of the road, supplied me with the necessary female costume, on the understanding that her pupils and herself should be allowed to attend the representation.

But our amusements were soon clouded, by an event which threw the whole establishment into a fearful state of consternation. The senior boy of the school had been suffering under depression of spirits for some days, and had talked

of destroying himself: this came to the knowledge of the good doctor, who summoned the lad to his presence, and was assured by him that he had merely made use of the threat to frighten his schoolfellows. Shortly after this explanation, it happened that I was monitor for the week, and was calling over the boys' names previously to our morning studies, when the report of fire-arms was heard close by. I rushed out, and, in a low building at the back of the school-room, found the prostrate body of poor H——, who had literally blown the top of his head off. He had, it seems, secreted a musket from the arm-rack in the hall, cast with his own hands a brace of slugs, pared them down to the size of the bore, and then constructed a stirrup, which he attached to the trigger; placing his foot in this, and putting the muzzle into his mouth, he completed his purpose.

The sensation created by this event may be conceived. 'Tis true, we were educating for the "trade of war," and, in all probability, would soon become actors in scenes of blood and violence; but the sight of our companion, deprived of life by his own hand, chilled our young hearts with horror. On every countenance grief and dismay were strongly depicted; all our games were suspended, and our playground was occupied by groupes of twos and threes, vainly en-

deavouring to guess the motive that could have driven our lamented schoolfellow to commit so fearful a crime.

Our excellent preceptor did not permit us to suffer unprofitably; but at the hour of prayer spoke with impressive feeling on the dread catastrophe. We were all deeply affected by his address. The body remained untouched for three days. Neptune, the large house-dog, who was unchained at night-fall, aware of the presence of mortality, kept up an incessant and discordant howling close to the scene of blood; and his dismal cry, breaking the stillness of night, added not a little to the horror of the event.

At length, the coroner, who had been absent in a distant part of the country, arrived; a verdict of insanity was returned, and the mortal remains of the unhappy suicide consigned to the grave. A letter addressed to me was found in his pocket, written in doggrel rhyme, thanking me for my kindness to him, and bidding me an eternal farewell.

I was glad to shake off the gloomy feelings this event had created, by accepting an invitation from my most kind friend, Lady Hamilton, of whom I had been of late a frequent guest. She was at this time residing at a small house in Piccadilly, close to Lord Cholmondeley's — her establish-

ment on a very limited scale, and her table supplied daily by the munificent and eccentric Duke of Queensberry. Horatia, the late Lord Nelson's *adopted* daughter, was very anxious to visit Westminster Abbey; accordingly, Lady Hamilton and our two selves went thither. After going through the usual routine, the guide, little guessing whom he addressed, said, "Perhaps, madam, the young folks would like to see the vaxen himage of the late Hadmiral Nelson; it has only been put up these two days."

Her ladyship was much agitated, and bowed assent; the man led the way to a glass-case, in which stood the effigy of her idol and the nation's pride.

Tears flowed down her lovely face: she stood gazing intently upon this very faithful portrait; and, when her emotion permitted her to speak, she told the man that the likeness would be perfect if a certain lock of hair was disposed in the way his lordship always wore it: this she offered to arrange. The guide refused to let any body touch the figure.

"I am sure," she said, with that bewitching grace with which she was pre-eminently gifted, "when I tell you that I am Lady Hamilton, you will not refuse me."

The man fixed his gaze upon her. "Lady Ha-

milton!" he repeated; "what, Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton! Oh, madam, who could refuse you?" He hastened to open the case, the lock of hair was adjusted; she would have kissed the lips, but, like the cautious Paulina, the guide assured her "the colour was not dry." I have not seen the figure since; but, as it is still extant, and remains, I unstand, untouched, it may not be uninteresting to know whose hands completed its toilet.

I have to boast that, upon a subsequent visit, her ladyship presented me with a pair of pistols, which had been the property of "her dear lord," (for so she always denominated the lost hero), which interesting relic I have carefully preserved.

I shall not inflict on my readers the dry details of studies and drills at Marlow College, or Woolwich Academy; but my vanity prompts me to mention that, notwithstanding the daily routine of mathematics and fortification, I amused myself in compiling a MS. newspaper. Having fairly written it out, in a pretty crow-quill hand, I showed it to one of my most intimate companions, who soon made its existence public; and so great was the sensation excited by this "unique, invaluable, and impartial journal," that a second number was demanded by all voices. A box for the reception of articles was placed, in due form, at the window of my room, and a large placard pasted on

the door, inscribed "Office of the Cadet's Weekly Messenger." Contributions rapidly accumulated; and for three months I wielded the editorial pen without a rival. My enemies, if I had any, were kept in subjection, dreading the power of the press; even the various professors treated me with marked attention. And my numerous correspondents were informed, in my second number, "that none but first-rate compositions, in prose and verse, would be admitted." The leading articles were splendid! I make this assertion without fear of contradiction, as only one copy of the Messenger was made, and no document exists to disprove my evidence respecting the talent in which it abounded.

Seriously, however, two or three lads, who first essayed their pens in the pages of this bagatelle, have since made some stir in the republic of letters. In spite of the time thus misspent, I past my examination for a commission without much difficulty; and, in the spring of 1809, was gazetted.

CHAPTER II.

O. P—Kemble's Penruddock—First Voyage—Lady Passengers—Cork Harbour—Irish Quakers—Host of Beggars—Blarney—The Waiter with the Wig—Dublin—A Trusting Host—Glimpse of Curran—A Jug of Claret—The Agent's Clerk—Crow Street Theatre.

Nothing can be more dull than a garrison-life to a youngster—the repeated parades and guard-mountings quite overbalance the joys of the mess-table; and the only consolation I found was in frequent visits to the London Theatres. Siddons, Kemble, Cooke, Elliston, Braham, Storace, supported by a host of other celebrated names, were to be seen at the two great houses.

It was my fate to be present on the evening that the treaty was signed, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, between the leaders of the O. P. war and Mr. Kemble. The first act of the "Wheel of Fortune" had previously passed off in dumb show, as far as the actors were concerned; but, on the part of the audience, with yells and screams, suited only to Bedlamites. A pause ensued, the ratifi-

cation of the treaty was made known, and, when Kemble re-appeared, it happened remarkably that the first line he had to speak was

"Once more I am in London!"

This was applied by the audience to the reconciliation of the evening, and most enthusiastically received. Thus terminated a contest which had so completely engrossed the public attention, that the failure of the Walcheren expedition was scarcely named.

In the summer of 1810, I was ordered to Ireland, and embarked at Bristol in a Cork packet. The evening on which we sailed was serene and beautiful; and, although this was my first voyage, I was spared the misery and degradation usually attending novices on ship-board. After keeping the deck till near eleven at night, I descended to the cabin, and found every berth, my own included, (which had been secured many days) occupied. The personage who had taken possession of it was a young lady, already a dreadful sufferer from the motion of the vessel. I begged her to consider my bed quite at her service, and stoutly ordered the mate "to shake me down some signals aft, as I should sleep on deck." By the few lady-passengers who could crawl next morning, I was complimented on my gallantry, in very flattering language. To atone for my contact with hard

planks, I had, on rising, paid scrupulous attention to my toilet; and the contrast of my appearance to those of my own sex, who bore on their habiliments very evident marks of having slept in them, (added to the favour I found in the eyes of the ladies) rendered me an object of petty jealousy with the gentlemen, and gave me a consequence that I did not expect a boy like myself could possess.

The wind blew dead in our teeth; and we were forced, on the third morning, to put into the romantic little harbour of Ilfracombe. Two days on shore afforded me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the tenant of my berth; and, amongst other things, I vowed to the lovely girl that, for her sake, I should brave the deck for the rest of the voyage, even should it last as long as one to the West Indies. Fortunately, I was sincere, for my professions were put to a tolerable proof, as we beat about for six days and nights in the Channel. My well supplied hampers, even with the additions made at Ilfracombe, of fresh bread, butter, milk, &c. were soon exhausted, for my appetite was enormous, and my spirits excited to their highest pitch by the novelty of my situation. The ladies here stood my friends; chicken, ham, tongue, Madeira, and brandy, were profusely offered and most gratefully accepted. At length,

after nearly bumping against "the big head of Kinsale," we made the mouth of Cork harbour.

I will not here omit to mention, that I have constantly heard the bay of Dublin extolled by Irishmen, nay, some have gone so far as to compare it with that of Naples! Yet they are silent on the splendid and picturesque variety of Cork harbour, in my humble judgment infinitely superior to their boasted Dublin bay, which possesses nothing that I could ever think so very remarkable as to warrant the fuss made about it.

On landing, I found I had no time to lose, if I wished to escape being reported "Absent without leave," in the Dublin returns; this I regretted, as I much wished to make myself better acquainted with Cork.

I was somewhat surprised at the vast quantity of Quakers I saw there, and amused by hearing their formality of address united with a strong brogue. I secured the only two vacant places for my servant and self, and left for Dublin by the mail at ten o'clock on the night of my landing.

Absent for the first time from England, every thing was interesting; the mud cabins by the road side, the military town of Fermoy, the dress of the peasantry, the number of beggars, their rags, filth, and misery, their appeals for charity, so earnest, yet so whimsical, all occupied my

attention. Amongst the first groupe of these unfortunate devils, (chiefly women) I encountered one who had quickly remarked my military cloak, (a thing not *then* indifferently worn by soldiers and haberdashers) and who had overheard some orders of mine about the luggage to my servant, in spruce livery and cockaded hat.

"Ah, then, captin, darlint," began the mendicant, "throw down a fi'penny amongst us ould cratures, and the blissins of the poor attind you. Do, jewel o' the world, if it's only the price of a bit of backy. Devil a ha'porth I've got this blessid mornin."

"That's true for you," joined in another, "and by raison that the coaches is filled, in and out, any way, by the counsellors and the thaiving lawyers from Cork 'sizes, and sorrow the bit of kindness in the hearts of one of them, the niggers!"

"But," continued the first applicant, "bless your sweet face, your honour! 'tis aisy to see you are an officer and an Englishman, come to reign over us, so throw down a tenpenny for the honour of the blissid Virgin! 'Tis you that has the kind heart, captin dear!"

It was not in human nature to resist these joint appeals to my vanity, my country, and my (supposed) rank in the army; so I threw two or three five-pennies amongst the groupe, for which they

commenced scrambling, fighting, cursing, and kicking, like lunatics.

The beldame who had first accosted me adroitly secured the greatest share; then, jingling the coin in her hands, and looking at me with a strong expression of pity and contempt, said, in a peculiarly insulting tone, "Ah, then! God speed ye, my poor soft lad! Has your mother any more of your sort?"

We stopped to dine at Kilkenny; and, whilst dinner was serving, I could not resist running out to look at the castle, so celebrated in the annals of private theatricals.

On returning to my inn, I entered the dinner-room just as the rest of my fellow passengers were sitting down to their meal, and was obliged to look about for a chair in a remote corner. The waiter was a character: a furious red wig scarcely concealed his own profusion of black locks. All anxiety to please the "Mail-coach gentlemen-passengers," he bustled up, and, not being provided with a napkin to brush the dust off the seat I was about to occupy, took off his wig, and gave the chair what he called "an ilegant wipe." I concealed my surprise at this extraordinary application of his peruke, but was determined to learn something of its history; so, having made an excellent dinner, and swallowed sundry glasses

of "shuparior" port, I said, by way of commencement, "Why do you wear that wig over your hair?"

"Ah, then, sir," said he, looking at two or three of his countrymen for support against the attack of an Englishman, "is it *under* my hair you would have me wear it?"

Need I say I asked no more questions of my friend in the carroty jasey.

The rest of the journey was very wearisome. I was so overcome by fatigue as to require being strapped to my seat; and most heartily rejoiced I was, on reaching Dublin next morning.

The unexpected delay at Ilfracombe, and the enormous charges there, had so exhausted my purse, that I paid away my last ten-pennies to the guard and coachman, who drove me to Falconer's hotel, in Dawson Street. I was shown to an excellent and comfortable bed-room.

"What time would you like to be called, your honour?" demanded the waiter; "'tis six o'clock just struck."

"Call me at six in the afternoon; I have a long arrear of sleep to make up."

The man, somewhat astonished, retired, but I will do him the justice to say that he obeyed my orders. About seven, I descended to breakfast; and, forced by the rain to remain within-doors, I

occupied my time in writing to my friends in England till past nine o'clock.

"Bring me the bill of fare, waiter, and I'll order my dinner."

"You'll get no dinner here, sir," said he.

"No dinner! what the devil d'ye mean? Is it possible," thought I, "that he knows the present state of my finance?"

"We don't find dinners, only beds and breakfasts; but never fear, your honour, you've only to step across the passage to Morrison's, next door, and I'll engage you'll have an ilegant dinner!"

Every thing in Ireland is elegant, thought I; but, unless I have the means, I must forego the elegance of a dinner to-day. "Send your master to me."

"He 's in the draw'n'-room, sir."

"Take this card, and say I wish to speak with him."

"I'll do that same; please to come this way."

"Mr. Falconer," said I, when the well-dressed and highly-powdered host made his appearance, "I have arrived in Dublin to join the Artillery, and literally without a penny in my pocket; independently of its being Sunday, 'tis too late to call on the agent, where I have some cash awaiting me. To-morrow I can draw as much as I want; but, as your waiter tells me, you give no dinners,

I must trespass on you for the means of procuring one elsewhere."

"With all possible pleasure, sir," said the courteous landlord. "Mighty proud I am to serve an officer of the Royal *Ar*tillery"— accenting the first syllable in the last word — "the gentlemen belonging to your corps have always been very good friends to my house. What shall I have the honour of giving you? Here 's a five pound bank of Ireland completely at your service."

"One will suffice, my good sir."

"Oh, you 'd better take the five, or more, if you please, and we can arrange it after you have seen your agent."

I thanked Mr. Falconer for his extreme kindness; and, thus armed, to Morrison's I went, and, although so late in the day, was served with a capital dinner. I had not been many minutes in the coffee-room, when I had the gratification of seeing one of the country's great men. Struck with his remarkable face, the moment he entered I whispered to the waiter, "That must be a personage of note."

"Faith and troth! you 're right, sir, and in high luck to get a sight of him: 'tis Mr. Curran himself; he 's just stepped in to speak to Counsellor O'Regan, and is going over to England on some parliament business this blessed night."

As it would have been unjust to the generous confidence of Mr. Falconer not to spend part of *his* five pound note, and, having heard Dublin claret highly extolled in England, I determined on the trial.

"A bottle of claret, waiter; now—" I added *sotto voce*, "as I hear you have some tolerable wine in Ireland, let me have the best you can give me."

"I'll engage I'll bring you a bottle of such as niver a nobleman or gentleman, let alone general or admiral, ever tasted but *in* Ireland, and you'll say the same, I'll be bail, after a glass or two."

In a few minutes, back came my friend with a handsome cut glass jug, filled with Chateau Margaux, and placed it before me.

"There, your honour, if you don't call that a good bottle of claret I'm not a Munster man."

"I call it a jug of claret."

"Well, where's the differ? only the genteels" (looking archly at me) "prefers the jug in this part of the world."

To have insisted on a bottle would have endangered my gentility, and so I gave him his way.

Whilst sipping my wine, and faith it was excellent, my attention was attracted by an old woman attired in a large-pattern chintz gown, drawn through the pocket-holes, and falling in ample

drapery over a capacious crimson quilted petticoat; a lace cap surmounted a roll of grey hair, and she carried before her a large flat basket, filled with strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and other fruits. This privileged person moved about the room, disposing of her tempting ware, quite independent of the hotel-keeper, who, contenting himself with his own profits on our dinners, disinterestedly allowed another to make *her's* of our deserts. I never saw the maxim of 'Live and let live' acted on in this fashion before.

Next morning, I waited on General Trotter to report my arrival. From thence to the agent's handing him my card, I said, "You will find my name placed on the Irish establishment for some months past, Mr. C——. I wish to draw some money."

"I dare say you do," answered the sulky man of cash, "but you'll get none from me, 'till I know who you are."

"I have given you my name, sir, if you will take the trouble of looking at it."

"That's not my way of doing business, young gentleman; I must have a note from the general, authorising me to pay you, before I advance a farthing."

"I don't ask an advance," said I angrily, much nettled at the contrast between this hunks and my

worthy landlord, with whom I was most anxious to keep faith; "I have four months' pay due to me, as you will see by reference to your books."

"If you had four years due, you shouldn't have a single tenpenny, 'till I was sure you were the person you represent yourself to be."

"I'll soon convince you of that, you very suspicious and remarkably rude person."

In a towering passion, I flew to General Trotter's, and explained to him, as well as my agitation would permit, the extraordinary conduct of C——.

"My dear boy," said he, "if you knew him as well as I do, you would not be annoyed. C—— is a very honest person, but the greatest bear in Ireland. He is only a clerk to the regimental paymasters, but fancies himself of much more consequence than the Lord Lieutenant—take this, however," giving me a note, "and he will attend to your wishes and settle your business. But you must favour me with your company at six."

"A thousand thanks, my dear general! but—"

"But what?—unless you are better engaged, I shall expect you."

"Better engaged, sir—no—only—Young is here."

"Is he? that's strange! for I received his half-yearly returns from Cork to-day."

The dear unconscious general supposed that I

had alluded to the commandant of Artillery in that district.

"I mean that the celebrated Mr. Young plays Sir Edward Mortimer to-night, and I must see him."

"Oh, if that's the case, dine with me, and you can go to the play afterwards."

To this I readily assented, sufficiently pleased with the prospect of a dinner with the general, so long as it did not interfere with a feast, which I presumed to consider of a far higher relish.

I hastened back to the "Paymaster's clerk." "There, sir, I hope your scruples will be satisfied."

C—— cooly examined the note. "That's quite right," he said.

"I wish you had said it was quite wrong."

"Why, young gentleman?"

"That I might have had the pleasure of breaking your head."

"You are very hasty," he continued, in the same unmoved tone. "Let me see, E. F. G. H. Four months you have been on the Irish establishment—how much would you like to draw?"

"Every farthing out of your hands, so make out a receipt for the whole." And I foolishly imagined that the withdrawal of so immense a sum as a second lieutenant's pay for four months

would annoy the man through whose hands thousands past daily.

I strolled about the principal streets till it was time to make my toilet, and at six repaired to the general's. He was alone, and kindly addressed me.

"I am sorry to lose you so soon; but, since your morning visit, I find your company is stationed at Athlone; and Colonel Hutton has written to me, requesting you may be ordered to join as soon as possible. I therefore request you will proceed to-morrow. During the winter, I shall be most happy to grant you leave to visit Dublin, for the purpose of our becoming better acquainted."

There was no appealing from orders so given. The moment I could with propriety rise from the dinner-table, I took leave of the good general, and made my way to the Crow Street theatre. The last act of the "Iron Chest" had commenced, and the extraordinary appeals from the gallery to the actors during the performance astonished me. Fancy a performer in the exercise of his calling being thus addressed:

"What time did you leave the Struggler's last night, Ned? Is the whisky as good as ever there, old boy?"

Young's fine acting had not the effect of silencing the gods; in the midst of Wilford's exami-

nation, a voice cried out, "A groan for the lady in the pink bonnet, boys!" which was followed by a hideous yell. The curtain dropped, the boxes and pit applauded; but the galleries were divided on the question whether "Patrick's Day" or "Garry Owen" should be played by the orchestra, each party roaring out for its favourite, accompanied by the beating of sticks and other rough music. Presently I had the first sample of the theatre being also made the scene of political feeling and party-spirit. "A groan for b——dy Foster!" naming the Irish chancellor, was immediately answered by "Turn out those Croppies," and a vociferous call for "Boyne Water." Such infernal discord I never heard, excepting that during the memorable O. P. war. Here I was informed it was so usual, as to pass unheeded, and that the moment persons of any singularity or unusual fashion in their dress appeared, so surely were they assailed.

Not feeling disposed to sit out the farce, I returned to my hotel before eleven, gave my servant directions to pack up, and sent again for Mr. Falconer.

"My good sir, let me beg you to accept my best thanks for your kind loan, which I now return; I had hoped to pass some days in your house, but am ordered to Athlone to-morrow."

"Don't mention any thing like obligation, sir.

I am sorry you leave us so soon. I know Athlone well; 'tis an excellent military quarter, with plenty of hunting, shooting, and fishing."

"All very fine in their way, but I should have preferred Dublin. Once more I thank you, and wish you good night!"

The worthy host bowed, and was about to leave the room.

"I beg your pardon, one moment; as you know Athlone, pray tell me, have they a theatre there?"

"No."

"Oh!"

CHAPTER III.

ATHLONE — DESTINY DECIDED BY A SHOULDER OF MUTTON — THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER — A SPACIOUS BED-CHAMBER — A FUNERAL — THE BEGGAR — MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

EARLY next morning, my man Joseph and myself started for Athlone. It being assize time, the coach was filled and covered with barristers and attorneys. The mother wit and rich brogue of these sucking Currans amused me. I was much struck by the first view I obtained of the Irish bogs, through some of which our road passed; they were covered with a rich purple tint, and, in some cases, were so vast and with so great a rise towards their centre as to prevent the eye from reaching the firm land on the opposite side.

After a very merry day, I reached Athlone, and made myself known, or, to speak more correctly, reported myself, to my commanding officer. I found a large garrison, occupying extensive barracks; the town small and dirty, but, (thanks

to its bridge across the Shannon, uniting the provinces of Leinster and Connaught, and its irregularly built old castle), a somewhat picturesque one.

I must here gratefully acknowledge the hospitality of the gentry of the town and neighbourhood: my table was speedily loaded with cards, followed up closely by "invites," as the natives term them; and certainly I never was treated with more unbounded kindness. I shall hasten to relate an anecdote, arising out of the following circumstance, which happened some months after my arrival.

Attending, "as in *duty* bound," Divine service, I saw, instead of my friend Dr. Sterling, a stranger mount the pulpit stairs, a man of haughty and orthodox bearing. Some noise arising in the gallery caused the preacher to stop abruptly, and, in a tone of angry authority, desire the worthy vicar to have the gallery cleared and the congregation kept in order. Peace restored, the discourse, which was dull and dignified enough, was concluded. The soldiers fell-in to march to the barracks; the space usually allotted to the artillery was occupied by a splendid carriage with four beautiful horses. The Lord Bishop of Meath, for it was no less a personage who had done the duty, (followed by Dr.

Sterling, and the principal officers), now came forth, and, stepping into his vehicle, drove off with such speed, as somewhat to endanger the lives and limbs of "the boys and childer," who had assembled on the bridge to see "the army."

Many years ago, in a remote district, the inhabitants of a Shebeen house, by the road-side, received, with warm and kindly hospitality, a young pedestrian traveller, who, on entering, pronounced the usual benediction of "God save all here!" in a clear and musical voice. The people of the house were anxious to show their respect for him and for his habit.

"Shure 'tis the clargy shall have the best bit and sup that we have," said the landlord.

"By dad!" added his spouse, "'tis mighty lucky that I put down the shoulder of mutton to the fire awhile agone; there'll be just anuff for the three of us, for 'tis off one of the cruel small breed, that Lord —— sent over from England to this poor country."

The object of their kindness was on his way to Maynooth, in hopes of finding some employment in the establishment there; he was not in orders, but his garb and manner amply justified the supposition tha the belonged to the "Clargy."

The shoulder of mutton, gracefully twirling by the fire, now and then received fresh im-

petus from the fingers of our traveller, whose appetite was somewhat sharp-set. The *Vanathe* was making the onion-sauce, while Murphy was taking the jackets off his namesakes; all was in admired preparation, when suddenly a Gossoon rushed breathlessly into the cabin, calling on them, 'for the love of Christ, to run and help some travellers whose carriage had upset at the turn of the road, close to the big stone that had been put up to mark the bounds of the barony.'

Both host and guest hurried to the spot, and the latter shortly returned with two English gentlemen, whom he had extricated from their perilous situation; the landlord remained to assist the smith in repairing the damage which the vehicle had sustained. The Englishmen, after felicitating each other on their escape, asked what they could have by way of refreshment—a sod of turf hanging at the door being sufficient intimation that they were in a house of entertainment. The good woman apologized to her newly-arrived customers, and honestly confessed that "there was nothing at all to the fore, barrin' the shoulder of mutton roasting for the clargy." Thus singled out as the sole proprietor of the good cheer, our young traveller, with much grace and modesty, begged that it might be appropriated to the English gentlemen, which, after the due

preliminaries were settled that he should partake, was accordingly arranged.

The strangers soon found their companion to be a well-educated young man, with a pleasing address and manner. The eldest inquired his present pursuits and future prospects, and learned that an ushership at Maynooth College was the height of his ambition. Some home-thrusts were put in by the querist, touching the difficulty attending the rise of one professing the Roman Catholic faith; hints were given that, if the "errors of Popery" were renounced, something might be done to his great advantage; a promise, at length, was extorted that he would, for the present, forego the idea of the ushership, and make his way to England, a bank-note for fifty pounds being graciously presented for the purpose.

Nothing now remained for our poor scholar but to learn the *name* of his patron; a card was handed to him, "The Duke of ——, —— House, Piccadilly." They parted. In less than three years, the Rev. Mr. O'B—— was private secretary and chaplain to his grace; and he it was who, having arrived at the dignity of lord Bishop, had this day preached at Athlone. Need I add, that to the latest hour of his life his lordship professed a profound veneration for a shoulder of mutton!

As long as I live, I shall remember the avenue at Belleville, having been nearly killed by a fall from my horse there. I am not about to inflict on you, gentle reader, the particulars of my hurt, but relate what once befel in the vicinity of the spot where I was "spilt."

A distant relation of Mr. Jones's, the worthy proprietor of this sweet place, had ridden into Athlone to dine, begging the family 'by no means in the world to think of sitting up for him, as he might be late, by reason that he was going to give his judgment on some of Sneed's claret, that had just been sent down from Dublin.' The family retired to rest at their usual hour: the footman and helper had discussed all the news of the neighbourhood; the former had fallen asleep in his chair, and enjoyed a full hour's snooze, from which he was awakened by the helper's returning with the stable-lantern in his hand.

"Musha, then, Corny," said he of the stable, "if I had been you, I'd have gone to my bed long ago. Sure, Mr. Stanley has been home this hour and more, for, by the same token, I 'ave been making up the bay mare that he has been riding as if the doul druv him. Sorrow the bit did he care for the throuble he'd give, to put the baste in such a thundering sweat!"

"What's that you're saying, Mic? Mr. Stanley

home! it's humbugging you are. Haven't I got the kay of the hall-door, and how the blazes would he get in without my knowin'?"

"Devil a know I know," said Mic: "all I've to say is the mare came into the yard a full hour agone, and not a doubt on't but he's found his way up to bed in the dark."

"I'll soon know that same, Mic;" and, taking a candle, Cornelius cautiously stole to Mr. Stanley's chamber: it was vacant! He became alarmed — hesitated what course to pursue, but at length resolved to apprise the eldest son of Mr. Jones of his fears.

"Master Gusty! whist! don't mind, 'tis only me; but, get up, jewel, and give us your help. The bay mare is come back all alone by herself, and devil a sight of the rider."

Young Gustavus hastily dressed himself; and, accompanied by Mic and Corny, sallied forth in quest of his missing relative. The lodge-gate of Belleville is nearly a mile from the house. It was a dark and stormy night, or somewhat nearer morning. Carefully did they patrole the road in vain.

"We'll know at the lodge, Master Gusty, if he's inside the domain, any way," observed the sapient Mic.

Gustavus found, to his great mortification, that

the old woman who kept the gate, wearied with waiting, had thrown it open. They proceeded along the high-road, anxiously searching the ditches on both sides: still no trace was to be found of Mr. Stanley.

"Thunder and ages, master jewel! but we'd better go back and get more help."

"I think that same," added Corny, who evidently was alarmed at the prospect of finding a dead man, for he anticipated no less. "Besides, sir, there's nobody up, and the side door is open."

"True, you can return; Mic and I will continue our search."

The valiant Cornelius was in no mood to go back alone; so, mustering all the eloquence he possessed, he induced his young master to turn his steps homewards.

Poor Gustavus was sadly cogitating on the probable fate of his kinsman, when suddenly his attention was arrested by some indistinct and distant objects.

"Corny, what are those white marks yonder? Give me the lantern."

"Och, then, for the love of Jasus, don't venture, master dear!—'t is the good people, in great numbers;" and Cornelius lifted his hat reverentially, and bowed towards the supposed assemblage of fairies.

"Fool!" cried young Jones, snatching the lantern from the trembling hands of the superstitious footman.

After advancing some fifty yards, he arrived at a knot or circle of dwarf black-thorn bushes, on one of which he found a white cravat streaming in the wind. He passed hastily into the circle—the body of his relative was lying on the earth before him, stript to his shirt!

Much alarmed at the sight, he put the light close to the face of the prostrate figure; no mark of violence appeared: he held his breath, and stooped down to ascertain if the unfortunate man still lived. Stanley was sleeping soundly: his coat, waistcoat, and unmentionables, were all huddled together on the top of a bush, by his side.

Gustavus was relieved from a load of anxiety: the only difficulty now was to convey the sleeping man to his apartment without waking him, as his attendants most positively refused to touch the body. Gustavus at length overcame their fears, and the sleeper was quickly deposited in his bed.

Next morning, on being questioned by his young friend as to the adventure of the past night, Stanley was ready to swear that he left Athlone perfectly sober, and that he remembered quite well his undressing and going to bed in his own room. So much for tasting Sneed's claret!

Corny, who gave me his version of the story, swore that, "although the gentleman had been deceived into the belief that he was at home, his sinses had n't left him, for that he wint so far as to wind up his watch, and hang it upon a twig close to his head."

Being late for the dinner hour, I was one day riding very fast towards the hospitable mansion of the Rev. Mr. Hudson, at Hudson's Bay, when, as ill-luck would have it, I met, in the midway of a long line of bog-road, a funeral. I had heard of the vast importance attached to the meeting a rider on a grey horse, and of how much consequence it was to the soul of the departed whether the horseman held his way, or had the Christian charity to turn round and follow the corpse until it arrived at the next cross-road.

Late as it was, as my steed happened to be, although not so "gallant," yet the same colour as Fitz James's, I did turn round, and the mourning relatives testified their gratitude by placing me immediately behind the turf-car, on which the rude coffin of the defunct laid.

I could not help smiling at the contrast exhibited between the tattered costume of the rest of the groupe, and my spruce blue and gold uniform. The arrival at the cross-road terminated my services; I was "given leave to depart;" and,

overwhelmed with prayers that "good luck might attind my steps," I turned about, and, making good use of my Latchford's, reached my destination before the soup was off the table.

I accounted for my delay; and my having yielded to the custom of the country was received as a sufficient excuse by my excellent host. I was invited to repeat my visit on the following Monday. That day arrived: I had arranged to give a seat in my gig to a friend in the 92nd; but a still-hunting tour of duty deprived me of his society, so off I drove alone.

On the outside of the fortifications thrown upon the Galway side of the town, I had often observed a cripple, whose mutilated form and piteous appeal had several times extracted a five-penny from me. He had built himself a rude shed, under the slope of part of the glacis, within some dozen yards of the road, and from this retreat would implore compassion from all passers-by, suiting his language to the grade of the person addressed.

As I turned the angle leading to the bivouac of the poor *Bouchal,* I saw him hobble out of his nest, and make for the road. I drew up to give him a trifle; he looked me full in the face, with an expression of earnestness which I shall ever remember, and commenced:

"The Lamb of God, guide, guard, and save

you, captin; 't is you have the open hand, and the ginerous heart; and, may Holy Mary"—here he crossed himself devoutly, and proceeded in a very significant tone—"protect you from the hands of your enemies! Who knows but the born cripple may help you in your need, by the blessin' of God?"

I was so aware of the blarney of Irish beggars, that I received the benediction of my mendicant friend as a matter of course.

A numerous party had assembled at Hudson's Bay, and a delightful day it proved. When the carriages were ordered, Mr. Handcock, the sovereign of Athlone, intimated that it would be quite as prudent for those who were returning to town to start together, and keep close, as he had received information that some desperate characters had passed from the Westmeath side into Roscommon. There were so many pairs to be put to, that my "one horse chaise" was neglected; after some time had elapsed, however, I was fairly seated and on my way.

Vainly endeavouring to overtake my friends, I had proceeded about two miles on my road, when, in passing through a collection of miserable cabins, I found, to my surprise, some ten or a dozen men standing across the road; they were talking loudly, and apparently angrily; but, as

their discourse was in Irish, it was all "Greek to me." In plain English, I sung out to them to clear the road; so far from obeying me, they headed the horse, and one ruffianly-looking fellow put his foot upon the step.

"What do you want?" I demanded, by no means pleased with my situation.

"Money!" cried three or four "most sweet voices."

"My good fellows, you have made a mistake: you have let all the rich slip through your fingers. I am only a poor soldier, with hardly a ten-penny to bless myself."

"We 'll try that," said the man on the step, and was in the act of getting in. I jumped up to prevent it, though my boyish strength would have availed but little against my muscular antagonist.

"It will be of no use. I gave the last I had to a poor beggar close to the town."

"He did! he did! the Lord Jasus bless him for that same!" suddenly exclaimed my friend, the cripple; who, advancing hastily towards those nearest to me, insisted that I should pass.

The fellow, who appeared the leader of the band, and who still held on by the gig, seemed no ways disposed to listen to him, but was about to lay hold of me.

"Jim Fagan!" roared out the lame man, "do

you wish that your brother Bat's soul may soon see glory?"

"I do; what of it?"

"And didn't a stranger, on a grey horse, follow the corpse of poor Bat?—and isn't that a sign 'tis short purgatory he 'll have, by the blessin' of Jasus? And, och, for the love o' God, why would you harum this young boy, for it was himself, and nobody else in this blessed world, that showed respect to him that 's gone. I seen him foller him, I know him well. Englisher as he is, sorrow the time he rides by the poor and maimed but he gives alms. Och, boys, make way, and let him go."

Jim Fagan had removed both hand and foot at the bidding of the cripple; "the boys" fell back. I bade my preserver "a good night and God speed;" adding, as I perceived the road free, "and the same to the rest of ye."

I need not say how glad I was to reach my barrack-room; nor must I omit to mention that my determination to reward my unexpected ally was frustrated. He was never seen again at his old haunt.

CHAPTER IV.

BALLINASLOE — A PEW IN ST. PATRICK'S — NUMBER TWO TAKES CARE OF NUMBER ONE — MONEY AND HONOUR — THE RECRUITING OFFICER—MRS. MABBOT'S MELON — HOUSE MONEY — THE CARDED CAPTAIN — INTENDED IMPROVEMENTS—ABBEY BOYLE.

THANKS to my kind friend, Colonel Hutton, who gave me a seat in his carriage, I had an opportunity of visiting the celebrated fair of Ballinasloe, and was not a little amused by the whimsicalities of the Honourable Tom Packenham and Bishop Beresford, both of whom examined the prize beasts with the gusto of Smithfield carcass-butchers. It may not be amiss to state, what I heard then as a fact, that, when Miss Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls" appeared, the Farming Society of Ireland ordered twenty copies!

The county of Limerick militia constituted part of our garrison, a fine body of men, commanded by that most eccentric nobleman, Lord M——. In his zeal for the service, and anxiety to place his regiment on an equality with the line, it was a well known fact that his lordship *sold* the vari-

ous commissions, and boasted of so doing. From his son-in-law, Major Spred, I heard the following anecdote.

Amongst the good things bequeathed to his lordship by his father was a commodious pew in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin. Not being in the habit of attending church, and well aware of the seat's value, his lordship determined to advertise it for sale. A purchaser speedily appeared in the person of a devout old lady, who, having numerous daughters and grandchildren, had long been desirous of obtaining a family pew. The sum demanded was looked on as enormous; but, as Lord M—— pointed out the immense advantages of the purchase, it was concluded, and an order issued to the official to give up the key. Within an hour, the pious lady's gold was lost at Daly's.

The following morning, whilst my lord was cursing the run of ill-luck, an elderly gentlewoman was announced, who had come about the pew. Thinking it might be the purchaser of yesterday, his lordship was on the point of denying himself, when he was assured by his valet it was not the same lady. A serious maiden madam now made her entrance, and begged to know the sum expected for what she was most anxious to possess. Lord M—— could not suffer such an

opportunity of replenishing his purse to escape him; the price was named, and instantly acceded to. The unfortunate victim informed his lordship, as she counted down the money, that, although 'she was alone in the world, she had long wished to have a seat of her own at the cathedral, so as to avoid being disturbed in her devotions by the presence of other people.'

On the following Sunday, Number One, with a retinue of relatives, made her way up the aisle, eager to take possession of her newly-acquired property. Judge, then, her surprise at finding Number Two snugly installed, the door locked, and the key upon the reading-shelf, but not within reach of Number One. The verger whispered to the solitary damsel that she had made a mistake, and got into the wrong box. He was desired to go away instantly, and not presume to interrupt her. Number One talked of forcing the door, not relishing the idea of being kept 'with all her shining train' in the aisle to be stared at by the congregation. Number Two seemed disposed to hazard a siege; but these hostile manifestations were put an end to by the commencement of the prayers, and by the besiegers being accommodated with seats in another part of the church. Service being concluded, Number Two carefully locked the door, and, putting the key in

in her pocket, was walking quietly out; but this served only as a signal for a renewed attack.

"How dare you, madam, take possession of my property?" demanded the head of the family.

"Your property!" cried the maiden bitterly; "I wonder you don't remember the fate of Ananius and Saphira, telling such a —— falsehood in such a place. Your property! I like the notion vastly. Why, it was but Friday last I paid Lord M—— for the seat in hard gold."

"When, madam? Friday! that must be —— Ananias, indeed!—*he* never told such a one. I gave his lordship the price of it on Thursday, and mine it is, dispute it at your peril."

"Madam," said Number Two, with an air of offended dignity, "this is no scene for disputing. There is my card — favour me with your's; and, be assured, I shall very shortly convince you that *I* am the sole proprietor of this property. Do not, therefore, attempt to reply, or prevent my leaving the church;" and off she walked.

Next morning, as may well be imagined, both the ladies hastened to Lord M——'s. They arrived almost at the same moment. In vain they were told that his Lordship was not at home: boldly they forced their way into his room, and appealed to him for a decision of right. He did not deny that he *had* sold the pew on Thursday

to Number One,' and unblushingly added that he had done the same on Friday to Number Two, particularly as that lady had informed him that she was alone in the world, and he knew it was roomy enough for her, without the least inconvenience to the first purchaser.'

"But, my lord, surely you will refund the money?" said Number One.

"Oh, that has been lost some time ago."

"But, your *honour*!" exclaimed Number Two.

"Oh, *that* has been lost a great while longer."

The major did not add how the affair was finally adjusted.

During the autumn, the officers of the garrison frequently made up parties for the purpose of visiting Hare Island, one of the most charming spots in the neighbourhood—Lord Castlemain, its noble proprietor, kindly permitting them to land and bivouac there. It was on one of these festive occasions that I had the good fortune to be introduced to that genuine son of Erin, Malachi Fallon, of the 87th. He it was who used to boast that not a trigger was pulled at the glorious battle of Barossa, but by lads that he had enlisted for the regiment. He had a most persuasive tongue; was perfect master of the Irish language; and spoke English with a brogue strong enough to hang your hat upon. Some graceless varlets—and

I believe I must plead guilty to being one of them—sent Malachi a carved eagle, taken from the top of a looking-glass, as the identical one captured by his boys.

Walking with him one day on the Scotch parade, a lad, in new slop-clothing, or undress, approached us, and, with an awkward attempt at a military salute, accosted him.

"Why, then, Captin Fallon, it's my belafe that, when I go back to Nockcrockery, the mother won't know me in this shute of cloaths: right well she knows I niver had a shoe on the feet iv me, till your sargeant gave me these, good look to him!"

"What the dowl are you saying, Brady, about goin' home? Shure, you're listed, and, soon as you are perfect in your drill, away you'll go, my boy, to Portingale, to join the finest regiment that ever blazed powder."

"But, before that, be dad, I'll take the start out of them at home, any way."

"You'll *not*, sir," said Malachi, in a tone of angry authority, "unless you wish to have your back scratched."

"Fegs! I'm not aisily frightened, captin, you'll see that," and off went the hopeful recruit.

Next morning, Master Brady was reported absent from parade; and, whether he visited his

parents at Nockcrockery or not, has not been ascertained. Certain it is, he never rejoined the 87th regiment of foot.

If you were fond of a game of brag, and a capital supper, you were sure to find both by accepting the invitation of Mrs. Mabbot. This lady, the wife of a rich miller, who was also a government contractor, gave splendid spreads; and dearly she loved to have her rooms filled with military men, particularly if they had attained the rank of captain, for, as she used to express herself—"It goes to my heart to win a pool from a *Shubbaltrin*, poor devils without a dollard in their pockets! But it does me good to see them lap in the sayk ale, and wash it down wid the best of currant whisky, made into punch by my own hands."

It had been my luck, on one occasion, to win a considerable sum of her, which so incensed my worthy hostess that, when supper was announced, she came sailing up to me, and, in a tone meant to be severe, said:

"Ah, then, my young sur, I'd advise you to take your whack of the good things you'll find at supper this night, for, be them that's holy, 'tis the last you'll ever ate in my house."

"Don't say that, my dear Mrs. Mabbot," said I, assuming the penitential; "if I thought you

were really angry with me, I'd leave your house this moment."

"What, and go to bid widout bit or sup!—no, no, that's not good for your health, so take my advice and enjoy yourself onst more, as you won't have another opportunity."

It chanced that the chair I occupied at table was exactly opposite to a splendid melon, which, having been carefully candied by the good housewife herself, formed a constant ornament to the Epergne. I know not what demon of mischief whispered me to commit so flagrant an act, but, as the Covenanters say, "it was borne in upon me," to destroy this choice confection. Knowing its antiquity, I had not the most distant idea of eating any part of it; and I was, therefore, obliged to select a victim for my purpose. A few seats from me, on the opposite side, sate an officer, a stranger to the whole party; the fact was, he had received that evening a billet on the house; and, as the document had been first presented to Mrs. Mabbot, she found that she had to lodge "one colonel."

"Mighty well," said she to the bearer; "make my compliments to the one Curnel, and say I'll be glad to see him at supper."

The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and it was to him I addressed myself the moment I

conceived the opportunity had arrived. Our hostess thus urged him :

"Won't the Curnel taste some damson cheese? I'll engage it's good, 'tis my own manufactory — or some grapes from our hothouse?"

"Or what say you to a slice of melon?" said I, sticking a fork into the crystallized fruit.

"I shall be much obliged," said the Colonel, sending me his plate. It had not reached me when Mrs. Mabbot roared out,

"Ah, then, for the love of God, what are you doin' wid that melon?"

"Helping the Colonel, ma'am," said I, continuing to dissect the fruit into quarters.

"Was there ever such a born devil as you are, not content wid winning my money by bushels, but now you must distroy my property! Ah, then, Mabbot, stop him, my heart."

The worthy miller coolly replied, "It's of no use, my dear; the job 's done, and no harm, after all; what for are things put on my table if not to be aten? Tis n't likely the Colonel will ask for another slice of your pet, for it must be tough enough by this time, seeing it has had so many boilings up. Never mind, my boy," he added kindly to me; "take a glass of punch with me, and don't mind the old woman."

It would be injustice to the amiable and for-

giving disposition of Mrs. Mabbot did I not add that, in spite of my transgressions, I was invited to her next party, and speedily re-instated in her good graces.

To dissipate the tedium of a garrison-life, I obtained from General Montresor a fortnight's leave of absence, and started with a friend named Harlow Phibbs, intending to visit Sligo, where his father resided; but my companion had an extensive list of friends who lived on the road; so that, with stopping a couple of days at one house, and three or four at another, I never got farther than Boyle.

Before, however, I record any of my adventures on this tour, I cannot resist mentioning an abomination which existed then, and may still, for aught I know to the contrary, called "house money," that is, *douçeurs* to the various servants of the house to which you have been invited. Some idea may be formed of the nuisance by the following list of prices.

The moment your departure is known, all the domestics are on the *qui vive;* the house-maid hopes you have forgotten nothing in packing up, if so, she will take care of it till you come again; this piece of civility costs you three ten-pennies; the footman carries your portmanteau, or valise, to the hall, three more; the butler wishes you a

pleasant journey—his great kindness in so doing of course extracts a crown-piece; the groom brings your horse, assuring you "'tis an ilegant baste, and has fed well"— three more ten-pennies go; the helper runs after you with the curb-chain, which he has 'till this moment carefully secreted — two more; making a total of seventeen, or, in English money, upwards of fourteen shillings. A heavy tax for visiting a friend!

Harlow Phibbs and myself, after passing three or four days very pleasantly with the Lester family, at Lesterfield, arrived at a miserable town with some unpronounceable name, close to the seat of Lord Hartland. Two troops of dragoons were quartered here, and we were invited by the officers to dine at mess. On my expressing my surprise at finding a large body of cavalry in so small a place, I learnt the following particulars.

A detachment, commanded by a lieutenant, had been considered quite adequate for so important a post; but the young officer found himself very lonely, and longed for some occasion that would insure him the society of some of his corps. He had made acquaintance with a Captain G——, who, independently of his commission in the Carlow militia, acted as land-steward to the bishop of ——, whose estates were in the neighbourhood. The gallant captain was continually vaunting the

importance of his charge, and the certainty that he could have as many men as he required to aid him, should any disposition evince itself on the part of the peasantry to resist payment of tithes. Upon this what does our bold dragoon? He disguises himself and two or three of the men of his detachment, upon whom he could depend, in the garb of peasants; and, armed with no other weapons than a couple of currycombs, contrives to waylay poor G —— one dark night: stripping him to the skin, they apply their instruments of torture so judiciously, that, on his recovery from his fright, he hastens to the officer's quarters, who had got home long before him, tells a piteous tale of the dreadful "*carding*" he had undergone, and despatches an account to the bishop of such a terrific character, that his lordship applies to Dublin Castle for aid; and the little garrison of ——'s town speedily consists of two troops, with their full complement of officers, to the great satisfaction of the crafty plotter, and highly flattering to the consequence of the currycombed captain.

The next day we slept at Clonfad, the residence of Mr. Brown, a gentleman of considerable fortune, whose eldest daughter had married a scion of the Dillon family, with a title in expectancy. Mr. Brown was a splendid specimen of

an Irish country gentleman, carrying his hospitality to an excess, amounting to wasteful extravagance, keeping a pack of fox-hounds, and drinking claret as though a river of it ran through his estate. The house had been a large, old-fashioned, inconvenient mansion; I say *had* been, for the one half of it was pulled down to make room for the new one that was to be built. Years had flown, but the foundation-stone of "the improvements" was not yet laid, so that the family were all huddled together in the remaining portion of the old house, and subjected to various annoyances, as that part of the building which had been demolished contained some of the largest, and certainly the *smallest* and most necessary, of the offices; nor had any arrangement been made to supply their absence.

I enjoyed two or three days' hunting on the plains of Roscommon; and, having established my character as "a bould rider" with the family, I did not consider it *infra dig.* to offer my services as charioteer to the ladies, who were anxious to see the hunt. The horse selected was a broken-down hunter; and, in spite of so ponderous a machine as an outside jaunting car, carrrying six besides the driver, no sooner did he catch the well-known sounds, than off he set, at such a slapping pace that the ladies were somewhat terrified;

fortunately, the high stone wall on each side the road confined him to its line, or he might have been tempted to try "a sporting leap," which would have cost some contusions. On our return home, my host addressed me, "Well, my dear boy, you will astonish your friends if you tell them that you followed old Brown of Clonfad's hounds in a jaunting car — that 's a sort of hunting not known in England, I belave."

Sunday arrived; and, whilst at breakfast, I learned that mass would be celebrated in the house. I determined to attend, and was rewarded for so doing, not only by the approving smiles of a beautiful young girl related to the family, but by a shower of holy water, which Father Phegan sprinkled over my heretic body most profusely.

This priest was a jolly dog; loved eating and drinking, smoked his pipe, and played his rubber every evening; and there was a merry twinkle in his grey eye quite irresistible: although of most obese proportions, he was as active as his neighbours, and, after a jug of punch, would show you how to "cover the buckle" in first-rate style.

The protestant clergyman was his perfect opposite; a tall, thin young man, his cheek marked with the hectic of consumption, he was never known to smile, and led a life of such severity, as

to have obtained, even among his own flock, the sobriquet of "Swaddler," an appellation equal to our Methodist.

We took leave of the Browns in a few days, loaded with kind wishes, and invitations to come again as soon as possible; and reached Boyle before dinner. I hastened to take advantage of what daylight remained, to visit the magnificent picturesque ruins of its Abbey, with which I was so truly delighted that I could not help congratulating the landlady of the inn where we stopped on having so interesting an object in view.

"Och, then, that's true for you, sir," answered she: "it is a mighty genteel ruin indeed!"

"Felicitous epithet!" thought I.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered the crossing of the Curlew Mountains a service of danger; so, determining on bending my steps back to Athlone, I took leave of my friend Harlow, and, in the course of a couple of days, found myself once more in quarters.

CHAPTER V.

DRAMATIC READINGS — VISIT TO AUBURN — GOLDSMITH VINDICATED — STATE SEDAN OF A SUBALTERN — THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE OF MELPOMENE — THE METEOR — GIVING A LIFT — DANIEL O'ROURKE — DUKE OF WELLINGTON — BROTHER IN THE BUFFS — A PIC-NIC PARTY — CRYPT OF SAINT JOHN'S ABBEY — STILL LIFE.

Two long chapters past, and not a word about plays or players! Alas! the information of my Dublin landlord proved but too true. Often did I stroll to the ruined priory, which had been occasionally converted into a theatre by old O'Neil, (in which his incomparable daughter had frequently acted), and wish that some wandering manager would pitch his tent there, to gratify my longings after Shakspeare, Congreve, Fletcher, Colman, Sheridan, Cumberland, and Morton.

The only approach to dramatic amusement, during the winter of 1810-11, that I partook, was at Kilenure, the seat of Major Murray, a Scotchman of large fortune, who made his house one of the most pleasant in the neighbourhood. Here a party of dramatic amateurs assembled to

read Colman's "Jealous Wife." The principal characters were sustained by Lord and Lady Castlemain, Lady Ann Gregory, Mrs. Murray, Counsellor Hogan, Dr. Sterling, Mr. Handcock, Dr. Pitcairn, and myself.

We retained our theatrical names after the reading was concluded, and any one of the party addressing his friends by their real title was subject to fine.

Near Kilenure stood Lesoy, the reputed scene of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." I remember taking some trouble and experiencing vast delight in tracing the principal objects of the poem; there was still to be found

> "The brook with mantling cresses spread;"

although

> "The sad historian of the pensive plain"

was

> "No longer left of all the harmless train."

A hawthorn, planted by the poet's own hand, stood in front of the only house of entertainment, known by its whimsical sign of "The Three Jolly Pigeons." I need scarcely remind my readers that Tony Lumpkin and his chosen companions held their nightly revels at an ale-house so called. I made the landlord a present of a large blank book, or album, for the insertion of the names of visiters to this sweet place; and, before

I left the neighbourhood, I had the gratification of seeing it nearly filled; and learnt from mine host that "the big book had done a power of service in regard of the snacks the gentry took at his house."

On one of my visits to Major Murray I was introduced to Dr. Tully, a Septigenarian, who had not lost the fire and vivacity of youth; he was replète with anecdote, told in the richest brogue, well versed in the ancient and modern lore of *ould* Ireland, and somewhat proud of boasting his intimacy with "his dear Oliver."

"Doctor," said the major, one day after dinner, in his broadest Scotch, "my young friend here is full of nothing but this stupid notion about Lesoy being the veritable Auburn; there can be no foundation for such an absurd supposition."

"Excepting the foundation of truth, major," replied the doctor. "I am glad to find any English lad thinking it worth his while to visit the scene of my dear Oliver's magnificent poem: happy should I have been, old as I am, to have aided his research."

"And what," sneered the major, "would your united wisdom have discovered? I don't believe a word of the report; nay, if I am right in my recollection, Goldsmith was absolutely in London when he wrote his "Deserted Village."

The old doctor gathered himself up for a hit, and, with eyes flashing fire, struck the table vehemently, replying,

"Major, do you think Milton was in Hell when he began Paradise Lost?"

He was a bold man, says the proverb, who first ate an oyster; but history is silent as to the hero's name. Should some future historian of Ireland mention the fact, that, in the year 1811, a curious leathern convenience, called a sedan-chair, was seen, for the first time, in the town of Athlone, and lament that the Chroniclers had not recorded the title of the illustrious personage whose body was transported in it to the various convivial meetings, for which the place was celebrated; should such a difficulty arise, how satisfactory it is to me that I am able to set so important a matter at rest, by stating, in these humble memoirs, that their writer had the supreme happiness of introducing a sedan into Athlone. Purchased at a sale of nobleman's effects in Dublin, and sent down by a return artillery-waggon, it had lain in the ordnance store unnoticed for years, when I determined on bringing it to light; and, as the season was rainy, the streets almost impassable for mud and dirt, I employed two stout gunners of my company to bear my precious burden to various parties, to the astonishment

and amusement of the lieges; nay, so far did I push the joke, that, on one occasion, when invited to the Castle, I made my servant and groom carry flambeaux, and threw my commanding officer into violent consternation at the dignified arrival of a second lieutenant.

A repetition of our dramatic readings only served to make me more anxious to see a legitimate play; and, early in the spring, Fortune smiled upon my desires. Mr. Clarke, an enterprising and clever manager, a very pleasant actor, with his charming wife, and an excellent company, arrived in town. A filthy and disgusting slaughter-house, by the river side, was converted into an elegant little theatre—thanks to the good taste and liberality of the manager. I speedily made his acquaintance, and resolved on using my best exertions in his behalf. Wherever I went, the theatre was my theme, my pockets were loaded with play-bills, and I never failed in prevailing on some of the party to visit my favourite place of amusement. In a few weeks, the favourable reports I had made were confirmed by those whom I had induced to go to the play, and I obtained for the manager no less than ten or a dozen "bespeaks," to his very great gratification. I have seen much of small theatres since those days, but never witnessed performances more worthy of

patronage than these. The scenery was well painted, the dresses rich, handsome, and appropriate, and the character of the company highly respectable. One fact may be worth recording: the low comedian could not read a line; his boy, whose education had been sufficient for the purpose, used to accompany his father into the fields, and read over his part to him until he became perfect; once possessed of the words, his natural humour enabled him to give them with point and spirit.

I was returning, one evening, from Benown Castle, the residence of my much-lamented friend, Mr. Higgins. Driving on a portion of the road overshadowed with trees, in the dim perspective I thought I perceived a solitary foot-passenger. I was mentally calculating the possibility of the wayfarer's being a footpad, when my attention was vividly aroused by the most brilliant meteor I ever saw, crossing an enormous portion of the heavenly concave; for an instant all was as bright as noon-day, and my suspicious-looking friend revealed to me most distinctly. I decided, however, on the propriety of accosting him; and, driving past him rather quickly, so as to get him a yard or two behind my gig, assuming the brogue, I began — "Good night, and pleasant journey to you, sir."

"The same to your honour and welcome," replied the man, in a clear musical tone, full of good humour, and, to my ear, very unlike the voice of a robber.

Encouraged by his reply, I checked my horse, demanding, "Did you see the falling star, sir?"

"Faix, I did, your honour; but I seen many of them in Africkey, Americ-key, and the Cape of Good Hope."

"Oh ho," thinks I to myself, "you are a deserter, my friend, making the best of your way to the wilds of Cunnamarra, that kingdom of Dick Martin's, impenetrable to gaugers or search-warrants. I must hear something more from you." So, assuming ignorance, and determining to gratify the travelled stranger by inquiry, I asked, "What do they do with them in those parts?"

"Troth, then, sir, they falls in the *say*, and that puts them out."

"That's a pity, if the people are badly off for fuel."

"Is it fuel?" he exclaimed, shocked at my stupidity. "Fuel! Monamondowl, but he'd be a cliver lad that would light his pipe by one of them."

I was so tickled with the fellow's reply, that I

begged leave to know how far he was going on the road.

"To Artlone itself, every fut, wid the blessing o' God, and late enuff I'll be before I gets in."

"Will you take a seat in the gig, sir?"

"Is it the likes of me sitting cheek by jowl wid your honour? I fancy I see myself doin' that same."

"Come, now, don't be bashful, but jump up, and you shall be in Athlone before all the doors are shut."

In he got, and off I drove, my companion answering all my questions with that readiness and *naïveté* so peculiar to his countrymen; still, cleverly denying all knowledge of army matters, he doubtless, from my white great coat and round hat, a costume I preferred for driving, and which completely covered up my regimental finery, believed me a civilian. After crossing the bridge, I asked at what part of the town I should put him down.

"Troth, then, your honour, I'm in hopes of gettin a night's lodging at an old friend of mine, if she's alive and well; 'tis some time since I seen her: Mrs. Lacky Coffee's, at the Three Blacks, is where I mane to stop, if not taking you out of your way."

"Not a step," said I, dropping my assumed brogue; "'tis just opposite my barrack-gate."

"Holy Jasus!" said my companion, evidently alarmed, "are you one of the army here? You wouldn't—especially after the pleasant drive we've had together—have the heart to——"

"Hold your tongue," said I, "and keep your own counsel. Hollo, Mrs. Coffee! here is a gentleman traveller that needs a lodging with you. There, get yourself a jug of punch," slipping a half-crown into his hand; "and remember that an Englishman never *deserts*"—here the poor fellow started and looked most imploringly at me, whilst I continued—"his friend, or betrays his acquaintance."

On a visit to Longford, I was presented by my very kind friend, Major Edgeworth, with a MS. in the hand-writing of the celebrated Richard Lovel Edgeworth; the subject of which was the now well-known story of "Daniel's Dream."* Some years after, I told this tale to the great Mathews, who, pleased with my brogue, made me relate it o'er and o'er. I gave him the MS. with the addition of some jokes of my own; he

* The author of "Fairy Legends and Traditions in the South of Ireland" states, that, on the 25th of June, 1813, he heard this celebrated dream from the lips of Daniel himself. With very great respect for the talented collector of these traditions, I can assure him that my version is better than his own, and that I became possessed of it two years previously to the date he names.

introduced it in his entertainment of "The Polly Packet." The steward, my darling "Daniel O'Rourke," was unquestionably a popular and prominent character — the Major's gift, thanks to the aptness of my scholar, always eliciting hearty laughter and applause.

During my stay in the quiet town of Longford, I learnt the following fact, from a near relative of one of the parties concerned; and I record it the more willingly, as I am aware it is little known, and as a trait of the kindliness of heart of a truly great man.

The eldest son of a clergyman, living in the vicinity, had been sent into the army by his father: his younger brother, arriving at that age when a choice of profession is usually made, implored his excellent parent to get him also a commission; the father frankly confessed that he had not sufficient command of cash to purchase one for his boy, nor did he possess interest to obtain his wish otherwise. He was aware that Lord Longford's family had invariably refused to make application to their gallant relative; but, at length, worn out with the constant importunities of the aspirant for military honours, the parson put on a bold face, and stated the case to Lady Longford. Her ladyship was very much disposed to serve the reverend applicant; but would only

promise that, if the boy went out to join Lord Wellington as a volunteer, he should be the bearer of a letter from her, requesting his lordship to give the lad a commission, if an opportunity arose, and his conduct merited such distinction.

This was deemed quite a sufficient passport: off went Master Johnny to Cork; and, embarking for Portugal, made his way to the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief. Just as he arrived there, an aide-de-camp came out of the house to call up the horses, as his lordship was about to ride some miles for the purpose of making a reconnoisance.

"Is Lord Wellington at home?" demanded Master Johnny.

"You cannot see him now, my man," said the officer.

"By this and that, but I must. I have a letter that I've brought all the way from Lady Longford in Ireland, and I must deliver it into his own hand, and nobody else's."

"Some other time," said the aide-de-camp hastily.

"No time like the present, and do it I will," said our youth, approaching the door, from which his lordship was stepping. With the hero's face the world had long been made familiar by prints and busts; so, walking up "bouldly," and pulling

off his hat, Master Johnny began, "Lord Wellington, here's a letter for you, that I've brought every bit of the way from your own country; and I was desired to say that all the family were well, and sent their respects to you."

The eagle eye of his lordship soon glanced over the contents, and with a good-natured smile he said to the bearer, "Very well, I shall attend to this. You will dine with me to-day."

"I can't do that, as I must dine with my brother in the Buffs, my lord; but I'll dine with you to-morrow."

"And so you shall," graciously answered Wellington.

Great was the astonishment of the "brother in the Buffs," when he heard the volunteer's account of his interview. He knew not which to wonder at most, Jack's impudence, or the good nature of the great Douro.

Master Johnny was true to his appointment. In a very short time he distinguished himself in action, was given an ensigncy, and, at the battle of the Pyrenees, fell covered with wounds and —glory!

What in England is called a Pic Nic, was usually at the time I am speaking of denominated "a Lottery Party." The essentials for a good dinner, with all appliances and means to boot,

such as knives, forks, glasses, &c. were nominated in as many lots as the number of persons about to assemble; these lots were drawn some days previously to that of the excursion. Although the value of each was very fairly calculated, yet, for the sake of a joke, there were generally two or three *prizes* in the bag; as, for example, whoever drew "Salt, Pepper, and Mustard," thought himself lucky compared with the holder of "Pair of Roast Fowls, Ham, and Pigeon-pie." The drawing generally ensured a pleasant evening, and, when all the lots were distributed, the manœuvring of the ladies was somewhat amusing.

"Well, I declare, Mrs. Fitzgerald, what I'll do I don't know," said Mrs. O'Malley; "do look at this. 'Thirty large knives and forks, thirty small ditto, a dozen of table-spoons, and two dozen tea ditto.' I vow, although I am well enough off for plate, the knives and forks bother me entirely; and it would be a sin and a shame to go lay out money on them things for one day."

"I think I can manage it for you, ma'am," replied Mrs. Fitz, who was the wife of a paymaster; "my ticket is 'a Red round:' now, if you'll undertake that, we'll do what the gentlemen are constantly talking of—make a swop."

"Ah, then, with all my heart; my Nelly 's a

capital hand at corning, and I'll engage we'll have an elegant round."

Good, easy soul! she little knew that the *swop* was a great card for her friend, as the mess-plate, knives, and forks, were easily borrowed, especially as the officers of Mrs. Fitzgerald's regiment were all to be of the party.

We will imagine the necessary preliminaries arranged. The ground on which the ruins of St. John's Abbey stood was our place of rendezvous. It was a lovely day in July: the spot chosen commanded a varied and extensive view over Loch Ree. The mouldering walls of the abbey, covered with a profusion of ivy, (and in no country have I seen such luxuriant ivy as in Ireland), and variously-tinted moss, formed a bold and picturesque feature in the landscape. I shall not attempt to describe all the good things said, or the good things devoured on this joyous occasion; but I must be permitted to relate one slight adventure, which happened to myself.

Dancing was going on upon the green with great spirit; but, not having selected a partner to my mind, I strolled away to look at the ruins. After examining that portion which had once been the great aisle, I was gazing intently on the splendid remains of the window, formerly illuminating the high altar, when I thought I perceived

a thin blue vapour rising from the exterior, and, finding its way through the rich tracery, it struck me it might be some of the servants boiling the tea-kettles there, and I stepped out, expecting to find preparations on foot for my favourite evening beverage.

Not a soul was to be seen; the gable I now looked on was farthest from our party; a low Saxon arch, half buried in the earth, had something like an opening in it, from which a smoke was issuing, but a quantity of fern and brambles nearly choked it: these matters I poked away, and found the aperture now quite large enough to admit me. I descended by a gentle slope of loose earth into the crypt of the abbey; the only daylight admitted was from the hole I had entered; but, about the centre of the place, a vivid red light illuminated the surrounding columns. Not having the most distant idea of the purpose for which this fire was kindled, I advanced at once towards it, and found —— a private still, in full operation!

I felt, in a moment, that I had got myself into a scrape; for, thought I, there must be somebody watching the progress of the poteen. If I walk off, they will suppose I am going to alarm the gauger; and if I stay, I may chance to get an ugly thump o' the head; so, hardly knowing whether I should

have an auditor for my benison, or no, I lifted the lid of the great iron pot, and, in so doing, said, after the custom of the country, "God bless the work!" "Amin!" immediately responded a voice from behind a column close to me, and the round head of a genuine Connaught man became visible.

"You're mighty snug, here, sir," said I. "Come, don't stand there, and fancy yourself found out; but, come forth, like a gentleman, and give me a taste of your brewing."

"Why, then, if I did not know that the Artillery is niver sent agin us, I'd be feared that you had a party ready to take me and the apparatus into the garrison."

"The devil fly away with the gauger!" said I: "are you going to play bo-peep all night? Go and cover up the hole, and then come back, and I'll tell you which is best, your's or parliament."

"Be Jakurs, but you'd wile the bird off the tree wid your good-nature, and you all alone, and four iv of the boys slaiping just beyant there, that would be more nor a match for you if you was Oliver Crummell himself, bad 'cess to that same nigger!"

"Let the boys sleep on," said I, lowering my voice, not being at all ambitious of making their acquaintance, "and reach me that tot full."

I tasted the poteen, fresh from the small still, and found it excellent. "It will improve with age, so I'd like to bottle some of it; and, to show you how little you have to fear from me, bring as much as you can spare of it to the artillery barracks, ask for Joseph White, my servant, and he will give you a good price for it. So that bargain 's struck, your hand on it; and now, not to disturb those sleeping innocents, I wish you a very beautiful good night."

"Good night to your honour, entirely, and I'll engage you shall have the rale stuff."

I was by no means sorry to rejoin my party, keeping my adventure to myself; but, as years have flown since, I no longer think it a breach of conscience or honour to reveal my visit to the vaults of St. John's Abbey.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BENIGHTED MAJOR — HERO OF BLARNEYGIG — THE ROUTE — UNEXPECTED KINDNESS — BROBDIGNAGIAN SUNDIAL — THE MARCH — LIMERICK — RECEPTION THERE — THE GOURMAND GENERAL.

ONE of the members of our small, but comfortable mess was the district paymaster, Captain Aldrich; a gentleman of the respectable Suffolk family. He had acquired the brevet of major amongst his friends, although the Army list did not confirm the step; but dear, good-natured Aldrich bore his elevation very condescendingly, and became so used to it, that to address him as "Captain," or "Mr. Paymaster," was not the readiest way of getting cash for a bill on England.

His excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the kind and convivial Duke of Richmond, had been pleased, during a visit to Waterford, to confer the honour of knighthood on the paymaster of that district. This intelligence sorely nettled my worthy friend;

and scarcely a day passed but complaints of his age and service having been overlooked, would escape him.

It occurred to a dear friend of mine that, if we managed matters cleverly, *we* could confer the wished-for dignity on the major; and, after due deliberation, the necessary steps were taken, and a valuable confederate, holding office in Dublin Castle, enlisted in our cause.

On a certain day, most of the members of the mess were invited to meet a large party of military and civilians at Benown Castle. It was, of course, expedient to apprize Mr. Higgins, our kind host, that something uncommon was about to occur at his board.

The dinner was over, and the ladies on the point of retiring, when an artillery driver was seen galloping up the avenue, as though his mission was one of life and death.

"The route is come for us," said I.

"Or perhaps for *our* regiment," observed an officer of the 92nd.

"We shall soon know," added Weaver, my co-mate in the affair.

The butler entered—all eyes were fixed on him; he walked up to Major Aldrich, and gave him a large official-looking letter, with a seal of enormous size. Aldrich glanced at the direction,

looked somewhat astonished, opened the envelope, examined eagerly a parchment it contained, then, with a most complacent smile, put the packet in his pocket, and endeavoured to look unconcerned.

"You are not going to leave us, major?" said Mr. Higgins.

"No, my dear sir, I fancy not," he replied with a gentle tossing of the head and an ineffable look.

"Is it from Sir James?" demanded Weaver; meaning Sir James Affleck, who commanded the garrison.

"No, no," said Aldrich, with extreme dignity; "it is a communication from Dublin, and concerns *me* only."

"The driver seemed determined no time should be lost," observed Weaver. "I never saw a devil come along at such a pace; he must have been told that he was employed on an affair of moment."

"All the acts of his excellency the Lord Lieutenant — God bless him!" piously ejaculated Aldrich, *par parenthese*, "should be considered affairs of moment."

"Hallo, major! what's in the wind now? It was but yesterday I heard you abuse the Duke of Richmond for giving preference to Sir William Vachell."

"It is never too late to make amends; the Duke has done me the honour ——— but why should I

engross the attention of the company, an humble, undeserving person like myself? I am ashamed, madam ——" and he bent his head to our amiable hostess.

"Nay, nay," interrupted Mr. Higgins, "you know what a deserved favourite you are here, so pray let us hear if any good fortune has befallen you."

"Well, if I must—" said Aldrich, slowly producing the important document.

"Oh! do let us have the particulars. What is it? Pray, read," exclaimed twenty voices in a breath.

"I feel so overpowered, my dear sir," said the major, rising, and addressing our host, "that I must beg you to apprize my friends of the facts," and he handed the letter to him.

"God bless me!" said Mr. Higgins, in well feigned astonishment, as he looked at the parchment; "this is indeed unexpected—but let me read.

"Dublin Castle, August — 1811.

"Whereas, We, Charles, Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, K. G. &c. &c. Lord Lieutenant and General Governor of all Ireland, having taken into mature consideration the long and valuable services of our trusty and well beloved John Aldrich, Esq. his majesty's paymaster for the district of Athlone, and whereas that public affairs detain us

in his majesty's castle at Dublin, We, the Lord Lieutenant, do, in this case, dispense with the formalities usual on such occasions, and, by the advice of our Council, and on our own conviction of the services of the said John Aldrich, Esq. do grant him this our especial warrant, entitling him to the rights, privileges, style, and title, of knighthood. And we further enact that his name be enrolled in the Record Office of the Castle of Dublin.

By Command of His Excellency
The Lord Lieutenant,

, Registrar,
Record Office.

To Sir John Aldrich, Knight,
&c. &c. &c."

A general burst of congratulation followed the reading. The precious document was handed round, the castle seal was duly affixed, but no one of the party was able to decipher the signature of the Registrar. This had been provided for, the planners of the affair being too cautious to sign names, which might have involved them in disgrace or difficulty. The use of the official seal was going quite far enough. "Sir John Aldrich's health" was drank with three times three;

the newly-created knight in vain attempted to return thanks; those in the secret enjoyed the joke, whilst the others believed the document genuine. Wine flowed fast; the poor dear major, from over-excitement, was not able to 'bear his blushing honours;' but, with a skin full of claret, he fell fast asleep in his chair, after muttering to himself "Long life to the Lord Lieutenant — a fig for Sir William Vachell!"

It will be scarcely credited, yet I affirm as a fact, that the good soul upon whom the trick had been played was utterly unconscious of the hoax; he did not, 'tis true, live long enough to detect it; for, very shortly after I left Athlone, he was gathered to his fathers, and during his last illness was so delighted to be hailed by his title, that it would have been cruel to undeceive him. Peace to thy manes, dear, good-natured, credulous Aldrich!

On the bridge of Athlone stood a large oblong flat stone, on which was rudely carved, in bas-relief, a full length figure in armour, on whose left arm a rat of elephantine proportions had fastened: the warrior was represented as being in a state of extreme terror, and occupied in making attempts to shake off his four-footed and long whiskered assailant. Beneath this an inscription appeared in unintelligible characters, at least, they were so to me. What was meant by the representation

nobody could tell me; but, two years after, the mystery was solved, on my perusing George Colman's delicious poem of "Castle Blarneygig."

Little did I dream, when regarding this rude monument of superstition, that its legend would convulse me with laughter, and that the hero would prove to be no less a personage than "Sir Tooleywag O'Shaughnashane!" Miss Jane Porter has, in one of her works, given a version of this story.

About the middle of August, Mr. Clarke, having reaped not only a golden harvest, but golden opinions, closed his theatrical campaign, and

"Left the town to dullness and to me."

I had scarcely time to express my regret for the cessation of so delightful and intellectual a source of amusement as the theatre had proved, when the route arrived. My company were to march for Cork, *via* Limerick and Fermoy, and, it was supposed, to embark for the Peninsula. Various preparations were necessary. I was all bustle and confusion, had a hundred P. P. C. visits to pay, a thousand soft things to say, to all the dark and blue-eyed maids in the neighbourhood. Thus occupied, I met my valued friend Mr. Jones, of whom I have before made mention; he took my hand, and said, in a tone of regret, "And so we are going to lose you, my dear boy; you must dine at Belleville on Sunday."

"Dear sir, I should be a base ingrate to think of leaving this part of the world, without calling to pay my respects, and take leave of your dear family; but I fear I have not time for dining with you: we march on Monday morning, and I want my horse to be as fresh as possible."

"I will send the car in for you, and I'll engage you shall be home in good time at night, but come you must!"

I promised, and, by dint of hard riding, had got over my round of farewell visits, in less time than I had allowed myself. Sunday came, and so did the car. I found only the family assembled. The thought of parting so speedily with these amiable friends depressed my spirits most woefully. The excellent Mrs. Jones and her pretty daughters rallied me in vain.

The ladies had just retired from the dinner-table. Gustavus was sent by his father down to the cellar, to select a particular magnum of claret, and the second son was requested to attend some other arrangement, when my kind host abruptly said:

"My dear lad, I have sent the youngsters out of the way, on purpose to say a few words to you. The route has come upon you rather unexpectedly; you have not had time to hear from England; and I know right well that you boys in the army are

not always careful of your income. I have a great regard for you; we all love you, so don't be offended at my offer, or hesitate to accept it—will fifty pounds be of any use to you?—if so, here it is, my dear fellow, and you can send it back when it's quite convenient."

So unexpected an offer quite overwhelmed me. To reply was impossible, a gush of tears came to my aid, my heart was full, almost to bursting, with strong and grateful emotion; after combating with my feelings for some minutes, I was able to thank my benefactor, and to assure him that I could not avail myself of his proffered aid; that I should remit from Limerick the very trifling sum I left unpaid in Athlone.

"You shall not march from this one penny in debt," warmly insisted the noble-hearted man: "here, then, to cut the matter short, as the boys will be back, take five-and-twenty, and not another word."

His sons re-entered, I gulped down the feeling of suffocation such a scene had caused, became calm, assisted in finishing the magnum, joined the ladies, tried to be manly, and take a graceful leave, but in vain. The old gentleman led me to the car, pressed my hand with warmth, and bade me farewell. I have narrated this instance of kindly feeling, not because it happened

to myself, but in illustration of the warmth of heart and generosity to be found in Ireland. I should indeed have been guilty of base ingratitude not to have recorded an event so honourable to the individual, and to the country of which he was a native.

Long ere these pages see the light, it is probable that the senior branches of this respected family may be removed from the world to a blissful eternity; but, should those of my own age by chance fall in with my unpretending volumes, I beg them to accept the assurance that the virtues of their parent are indelibly impressed on my memory.

Next morning, I despatched Joseph to pay the various persons who had willingly consented to await my arrival in Limerick, and soon after mounted my horse to commence the march. Lieutenant Speer and myself were the only officers in charge of the brigade; Major Dyas, the commanding officer, to whom such an offer as Mr. Jones's would have been highly acceptable, having various *arrangements* to make before he could leave the garrison. Our first halt was at a miserable village, called Cloghan. In the garden of the small inn where we stopped, I observed a very curious and elaborately-carved piece of wood, ornamented with the effigies of saints, crosses, mitres, &c.; it

was about six feet high, and so much out of the perpendicular, as to be propped by another piece similarly embellished; around it were neatly-trimmed hedges of box, which, at first, I imagined were planted to give a miniature representation of a labyrinth. I had been gazing at this odd arrangement for some minutes, when the sun, suddenly shining out brilliantly, showed me at once that the carved wood formed the Gnomen, and the box hedges, (clipped into Roman letters of some eighteen inches in length,) the figures of a complete sundial, certainly the largest and most ingenious I had ever seen.

We halted at Birr, or, as it is called, in compliment to its leading family, Parson's town. The following day it rained incessantly; and we were heartily glad on arriving at Nenagh, a small town with a tolerable inn.

I began to perceive a visible alteration not only in the costume but in the countenances of the peasantry. I lost sight of the dark and swarthy visages, with coal-black, silky locks, that used to visit us from Galway. A more vivacious expression of face, much lighter voices, were now everywhere met with; and, instead of the dark frieze, of which the great coats in Connaught were composed, the same material was here dyed a bright French grey, or light blue.

Next day, Sunday, September the first, we continued our march, passing on our left a magnificent chain of mountains, the most lofty of these, called "The Keeper," hiding his summits in the clouds. The approach to Limerick was strongly marked by the beauty of the female part of the population. We reached that ancient city about two o'clock. The artillery barrack is situated about half a mile on the left of the principal street of the modern part of the town, named, after the patronymic of the Earl, Newtown *Perry*. On arriving at the barracks, the commanding officer informed us that the main part of the brigade were to proceed to Fermoy; but the junior lieutenant and a detachment would remain to strengthen his force, a measure deemed necessary by the recent arrest of the Catholic delegates, and the dread of disturbance in consequence.

Assured that Fermoy, and not Portugal, was the destination of my company, I was well pleased to remain in a quarter, the first glimpse of which was so entirely to my satisfaction.

I was singularly fortunate in finding my ever-indulgent friend, General Montresor, commanding the garrison. I paid my respects to him, as my first duty; was kindly received by him, and by the amiable Lady Sondes, his wife.

Fate seemed determined to shower on me now

all the milk-white hours of my destiny, for scarcely had three days passed ere I was introduced to Mrs. S——. This lady was the most deservedly popular personage in the town, her hospitality to military men unbounded, I do not mean to imply indiscriminate—it was always essential to be introduced by an unexceptionable friend; once invited, you were a made man, as far as gaiety and parties could make any man. The widow S—— was at this time in the prime of life, and inhabited one of the best houses in George Street, her family consisting of four daughters and two sons. Her society was every where courted, and her life passed in a routine of party-giving, or party-going. It was the object of every military man, on his arrival, to obtain her acquaintance; and although Mrs. S—— was by no means pleased with the distinction, she had obtained the sobriquet of "the soldier's joy."

I am not about to record all the gay doings of this most delightful quarter, but content myself with remarking that I very shortly became intimate with some of the first families in the town, and visited all those worth knowing.

A few miles on the Dublin road stands the charming village of Castle-Connell, abounding in views of romantic scenery, scattered over with delightful country residences. In one of these villas

lived a retired general officer, of my own corps. He was a martyr to gout and *gout*, a valetudinarian, and a gourmand; but let the general speak for himself.

One morning, whilst chatting with him at a window that opened on the lawn, I perceived that, even whilst we were in conversation, the old gentleman's attention seemed directed towards some distant object. I looked round, and saw a handsome calf nipping the grass of the lawn.

"Has that fellow broken bounds, sir?" I asked: "shall I drive him off?"

"My dear sir, by no means. I feed him, from this spot, daily, on milk and eggs; he comes at my call, you shall see; here, Colly! here, come boy!"

The animal came jumping, skipping, and shambling along, with the grace peculiar to a calve's gallop, made at once for the window, and commenced licking the general's hand, who, in return, gloated on him, scratched his curly forehead, patted his sleek sides, and then exclaimed, in a voice half choked with rapture,

"Ah, my fine fellow! in a short time, what a delicious sweetbread you'll have!"

CHAPTER VII.

EXCISE PROSECUTION—O'REGAN'S SPEECH—THE RATTLESNAKE—MAIN-GUARD-ROOM SUPPER—THE PATIENT—PUNCH AND POLDODY'S—SURGICAL SANG FROID.

THERE was scarcely an inhabitant of Limerick, high or low, civilian or soldier, who did not feel deeply interested in the decision of a cause now trying, in which the respectable firm of Stein, Brown, and M'Alpin, opulent distillers, were defendants against some Excise information. The court was daily crowded to suffocation; the first legal talent of the land was employed on both sides; the utmost anxiety prevailed for the issue of a verdict, upon which the fortunes of the above-named gentlemen seemed to depend.

Nothing else was thought or talked about; some days had been occupied by the trial, and all the learned counsel but *one* had spoken for the defence, when the jury returned a verdict for the defendants, late in the day of October 18th. The friends of the firm ran in crowds to the distillery, to offer congratulations. I was not con-

tent with so doing; for, having heard the junior counsel boast that, "if all the arguments of his learned brethren failed to impress the jury in favour of his esteemed clients, *he* was prepared with a speech that could not fail to carry conviction at once to their bosoms, and remove all danger of *conviction* from his friends." Having heard this bold assertion from his own lips, and really delighted at the issue of the trial, hardly knowing what I did, in the excitement of the moment, I hastened to a printing-office, celebrated for the dissemination of dying speeches, horrid murders, and popular ballads; and caused to be struck off, as rapidly as possible, about two hundred copies of the following:—

"Counsellor O'Regan's eloquent speech, at Stein and Brown's trial, this evening."

These words were printed in large type, and beneath them a thick black line ran from the right-hand corner of the paper to the bottom of the left, at the end of which appeared:—

"The learned gentleman sat down, evidently much exhausted.

"Bathershin, Typ."

In less than half an hour the myrmidons of this precious Caxton, or rather Catnach, were bawling out in all directions:—

"Here is now just printed and published,

Counselor O'Regan's ilegant speech, which he guv this evening, at Stane and Brown's trial, and got them gentlemen off from the Excise informers, the devil's cure to them! Here you have every word he said, just printed, for one halfpenny."

These papers were purchased with avidity.

"Why, then, you scaming blackguard!" said a buyer, "what the blazes d'ye mane by swindling me in this fashion? Devil a word, good or bad, upon your filthy rag of whitey-brown; and I expicted to larn every purtic'lar, wid the charge to the jury, and the vardict."

"That's more nor I promised; I tould you it was every word the larned gentleman spoke; and, by the holy man, so it is; so don't be stopping me in my lawful calling.—Here you may have just printed——" And away went the hawker, bawling at the top of his lungs.

I had, as quickly as possible, rejoined my friends at the distillery; a huge bonfire was blazing outside the gates, and crowds of men, women, and children, huzzaing the various partisans of the firm, as they severally arrived, to tender their felicitations. Wine and whisky-punch was the order of the night. By some strange fatality, Counsellor O'Regan was the only one of the barristers employed, who had followed the victors

over from the court; the others, I suppose, were *really* exhausted. The good-humoured *advocate* shook hands with every newly-arrived guest.

"Isn't this a glorious triumph we have gained for these fine fellows?" he demanded. "I said so from the moment I received my brief. I said then as I say now——"

"Here you may have Counsellor O'Regan's speech, at Stane and Brown's trial, every word he said for a halfpenny"—bawled one of my rascals.

A tremendous shout followed this unexpected announcement, in which I joined for fear of detection.

"Oh, by Jasus," said Captain Hemmings, "we must all have a copy of the Counsellor's speech! Run, M'Alpin, like good fellow, and buy a lot of them."

O'Regan looked unutterable things, but made no remark till M'Alpin entered the room, his good-humoured face beaming with fun; quite unable to speak, he threw down the purchased bundle on the table. A general scramble ensued, in which O'Regan evinced as much anxiety as the rest of us. A suppressed laugh, followed by a dead silence, was quickly broken by the irate counsellor, who, to my great relief, said—

"This is that damned rascal ———'s doing!" naming a barrister, who had been employed on

the opposite side. "The paltry blackguard, he never forgave me for the dressing I gave him at the last assizes, when the Chief Baron told me he never heard anything more eloquent than—"

"Counsellor O'Regan's speech at Stane and Brown's," vociferated the fellow outside, who had still some copies unsold.

Our laughter was now uproarious; the vexed man of law, as soon as he could be heard, addressed us:

"Mighty well, gentlemen, mighty well! All I have to say is this, it shall be no laughing matter to the cowardly contriver of this insult, that I promise you; he shall find that if I didn't speak, I can shoot, and, by G—, I'll wing him yet!"

We contrived to soothe the excited feelings of the insulted counsellor; and, before he retired for the night, he was perfectly unconscious whether his speech had been printed and published or not.

I must not omit to add, as a proof to what extent party and vindictive feeling existed in Ireland, that a dinner, given by the worthy distillers to a few friends and the legal gentlemen retained by them, was reported to the Irish government by some evil-disposed persons as 'a treasonable meeting, at which many toasts were drank subversive to good order, and at variance with loyalty.' I remember, with much satisfaction, being able to

recollect every toast proposed, the substance of every speech; and my memory was considered so faithful, that, upon my statement, a reply was founded to the base insinuations of the unknown calumniators, and forwarded to Dublin Castle.

Dining shortly after at the mess of the Galway militia, I had the honour of sitting, on the left of its colonel, the amiable and excellent Lord Clancarty. The conversation turned upon extraordinary instances of presence of mind; and the singular history of the gallant defence made by Sir John Purcell, against a band of seven armed ruffians, was quoted as an example.*

"I think, my lord," said I, "the most wonderful proof of presence of mind that ever came to my knowledge was that of an officer of my own regiment, quartered in Jamaica. He had gone out shooting, and, venturing into some high grass, was stung, just above the ancle, by a rattlesnake. Fully aware that unless some immediate means were adopted for his preservation, he had but a few hours to live, he with his penknife cut away the flesh, near the puncture, filled the orifice with

* About the time that the heroic Mr. Purcell received the honour of knighthood, equestrian spectacles were performing in Dublin. From one of these Sir John was facetiously denominated "the Blood Red Knight," and this was soon followed by Ireland's Anacreon receiving the appellation of "T. Moore, the Tartar."

gunpowder, and flashed it off, with the pan of his fowling-piece; he was then forced to drag his wounded limb to the barracks, where every remedy was applied; and he is, I believe, at this moment alive."

I saw a smile upon his lordship's face, during my narration, which I conjectured was one of incredulity; and, somewhat nettled, I added, "I assure your lordship it is strictly true; it was told me by my friend Major Brough, who would not be guilty of uttering a falsehood, I am confident."

"I am perfectly aware of the fact," said his lordship; then raising his voice—"Captain Galbraith, will you join Mr. Hill and myself in a glass of wine?"

The officer thus addressed hastened to accept his colonel's challenge; we bowed and drank. Lord Clancarty continued, "That is the identical gentleman to whom the accident occurred: he retired from the artillery, and now has a company in my regiment; a better officer and a braver soldier does not live."

Some evenings after this, I accompanied Major Brough, who was field-officer of the day, on his rounds, visiting the various posts in the garrison. We had arranged to make the main guard upon Charlotte's quay the last in the tour, and to take supper with Captain French and Mr. Daly,

the officers on duty. The grand rounds, from the distance between the windmill and the castle barracks, taking the main guard either going or coming, occupied a considerable time. The major and myself had trotted over the ground at so rapid a pace that we were in capital condition to do honour to the broiled bones and Poldody oysters provided. The captain was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, and "a safe companion;" the lieutenant, a Rolicking boy, a trifle too old for the latter part of the appellation; but he was the best concocter of a jug of punch I almost ever met with.

"Do you know," he said to me, as I found him busily engaged in pouring the steaming beverage from one jug into another, and back again, "do you know that, in Ireland, punch, too much mixed, is rank poison?"

"Why, then, do you take so much trouble, Phil?"

"Ah, I thought I should catch you, my little Englishman; the raison is, because it *can't* be too much mixed; so put that in your pipe and smoke it, my lad."

"Put it into my glass, and I'll drink it, you wild Irish devil; when did they cut off your wings, my beauty?"

We were all in high spirits; Daly's punch re-

ceived, as it well deserved, the warmest encomiums: the joke went round, the hearty laugh followed, when in a moment a cry, a scream of agony, burst upon our startled ears. The Irish officers, accustomed to such sounds, seized their swords, and rushed to the stair-head. The appalling shriek had aroused the guard; many had fled to their arms: a corporal and two or three men had hastened to the spot from whence the noise had proceeded; and, by the time the major and myself had descended the stairs, the party had returned, bringing with them a tall and ghastly being, whose person was almost covered with blood, and who was supported by two persons, whom the corporal had found lifting the man from the earth, a few paces only from the guard-room.

Hasty as my glance was of the groupe entering the guard-room, never shall I forget the faces of the three men. The death-like paleness of the wounded wretch, rendered more apparent by a black bushy beard, the growth at least of a week, (for this happened on a Saturday,) was hardly to be compared to the livid and almost supernatural hue of the man who supported the left side of the sufferer. The person on the right seemed anxious to prevent the blood that flowed from the wounds of the unhappy man from falling on his clothes,

and looked about with a vacant, half-drunken stare.

The first consideration was to procure surgical assistance. Major Brough directed me to mount my horse, which, fortunately, his orderly had in charge, and ride for Surgeon Thwaites, whilst he made the best of his way for the mayor, to take the poor fellow's depositions. In a few minutes I knocked up the surgeon; then, to save time, and give every chance to the sufferer, mounted the doctor on my horse, following him on foot, with all possible haste.

My feeble pen cannot do justice to the scene which presented itself on my return. It would require the magic pencil of a Salvator Rosa to portray the various effect of light and shade upon the groupes now presented to my view, illuminated, as they were, by the lurid glare of a huge turf-fire, that burnt at the extreme end of the guard-room. The unhappy man had been laid upon the large sloping bed; on his right stood Dr. Thwaites, bandaging up his hand, which had been nearly severed from his arm; he had, besides, received a deep wound in his side, from which the stream of life welled fearfully.

Standing over him, but leaning down to catch the almost inarticulate sounds which the poor creature made in essaying to speak, I perceived

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the mayor, holding before his eyes a crucifix, and reminding him of the necessity of adhering to the truth in his deposition. The worshipful magistrate had evidently dressed in haste; but I could not fail to observe that he had taken the precaution of arming himself with sword and pistols, not knowing where his duty might lead him.

My companions stood at a slight distance, keeping back the soldiers, who, piled one over the other, anxiously gazed upon the scene. With the exception of the voice of the mayor, or the responses given, all was as silent as the grave. On approaching, I saw that the two men who had brought in "the patient," as they termed the wounded man, were standing near him. The mayor had learnt the following facts up to the moment of my return: the wretched being had received his wages, and was on his way home, intending to take a short cut through Garry Owen, when he fell in with a man with whom he was at variance; and, fearing a rencontre, in which he might probably lose his hard earnings, had turned back, and was going a longer, but, he hoped, a safer way. On a sudden he was attacked by two men; one of whom, after stabbing him in the side, made a desperate attempt to cut his throat, in preventing which his hand was

cruelly mangled; and, during this deadly struggle, the other ruffian rifled his pockets.

"Do you know either of the men?" demanded the mayor.

"Why, then, God pardon me for all sins," faintly articulated the wounded; "I would not like to die wid a lie in my mouth—but, as I hope for marcy—the man that murdered me stands *there*." And he pointed to the taller of the two who had been found with him.

Oh God! what a look did that wretch cast upon his victim at that moment; detected, defeated, and escape impossible, still his eyes glared with gratified revenge; and he regarded the prostrate body with an air of fiendish triumph, which I cannot attempt to paint. He would have spoken in answer to the accusation, but was instantly silenced by the magistrate; who, turning calmly to Captain Daly, said, "Sir, you will detain these men, as your prisoners, until the morning, when I will send the civil power to take them out of your custody."

Dr. Thwaites had succeeded in stanching the wounds, and had administered a composing-draught to the poor fellow; the soldiers received strict orders to keep as quiet as possible. His worship, the surgeon, and ourselves, remounted the stairs, intending to resume our strangely

broken revel. A large dish of oysters remained untouched, to which we were about to address ourselves, when a slight instance of professional nonchalance prevented some of the party from carrying their intention into effect. Daly had taken down one of the flat candlesticks, on the surgeon's arrival, and the light it contained had assisted him during his exertions in behalf of the wounded man; the doctor ascended, candle in hand, and placed it on the table; just as Phil was about to swallow a magnificent poldody, his attention was attracted to the candlestick, on which appeared two or three white and shining twine-like objects, which "were not so before." Perplexed as to their character, he roared out:—

"Doctor! I say, what are those things in the candlestick?"

Thwaites took it up, rose from table, and, with the knife he was using at the time, removed the obnoxious objects into the fire, then coolly replied to Daly, "Oh! never mind, only the tendons."

This was the fact; he had been obliged to remove them before he bound up the poor fellow's hand. But such was the effect of the doctor's disclosure, that the mayor and himself finished the oysters; the rest contenting themselves with drowning the recollection in punch.

As we were about to depart, Thwaites found

his charge in a gentle sleep; and, leaving word where he was to be sent for, if necessary, we bent our steps to our several homes.

Happy am I to inform my reader, that the victim recovered, at the price of his hand; that a liberal subscription was made for him, and that one of his "friends and supporters" paid the forfeit of his vile life upon the gallows; the facts being clearly proved by his companion in guilt, who, to save his own neck, turned king's evidence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIGGINSES — NENAGH — GARRISON THEATRICALS — THE GLORIOUS MEMORY—ABDUCTION AND EXECUTION—ANOTHER PLAY—ANECDOTE OF THE REBELLION.

I WAS standing, one morning, at a window of the club-room at Collopy's, when two remarkable figures passed by, whose portraits had been rendered familiar to me by an inimitable print of Gilray's.

"Look! look! my dear sir," said I to Mr. Fitzgibbon, who was close to me, "there go two of the Mr. Wigginses; where the third may be who can tell?"

"Where?" said the unsuspecting Fitzgibbon; "Wiggins! where? Who do you mean?"

"Why those two gentlemen, dressed exactly alike, in blue coats and jockey boots, with a quantity of powder in their hair, and half-way down their backs—those are the Wigginses."

"Upon my word, then, you are labouring under a very great mistake; those two gentlemen are particular friends of mine, to whom I shall be

happy to introduce you, when you meet, at six o'clock, at my house to-day. Wigginses! that's a mighty pretty name for an Irish nobleman and his brother: how could you make such a blunder?"

Seeing that it was a tender subject, I gave up the point, and turned the conversation. I had, for many days previously, been engaged to the hospitable board of my friend, who was so anxious to support the dignity of the Irish aristocracy, and found a large party assembled in the drawing-room. A fresh supply of powder, white waistcoats, with ample lapels, nankeen breeches, silk stockings, and pumps, were the only alterations in the costume of the two unknown guests. I was shortly convinced that I had taken a great liberty in attaching the plebeian name of Wiggins to such personages, although I never for a moment imagined that was the real name of the parties; for I was presented to the Earl of Landaff and his brother, the Honourable Montague Mathew, in due form.

After a *quantum suff.* of wine, the Earl proposed a rubber; and, to oblige my host, I was pressed into the service, to take my seat with these scientific players. I fell to Lord Landaff's lot, as a partner. Our antagonists were Mr. Dickson and Colonel V——. His lordship ar-

ranged with Mr. Dickson the points *they* were to play; and I, putting pride in my pocket, as I had little money there, begged Colonel V—— to remember I was only a subaltern; and that the lower our points were, the better I should be pleased.

"I never play for less than half guineas," coolly replied this very unamiable person.

Lord Landaff saw my annoyance; but said, with great kindness and peculiar grace, "So much the better, partner; for we will give them a sound beating."

I trembled for the only five pound note I had, till my next month's pay was due; but "Mr. Wiggins" was a prophet, and I had the extreme felicity of winning three bumpers of the lofty colonel. How he condescended to sit down at the same table with a second lieutenant puzzles me to this day.

My host, who had heard my appeal, on learning my luck, buzzed it about the room; and the loser was so nicely quizzed by some of the dear dowagers, with whom he was not *en bon odeur*, that he did not stop to partake of the splendid supper.

During the evening, to my great delight, Lord Landaff, approaching a folio of caricatures, that served to amuse a groupe of young people, said,

"Hollo! Gilray's works! have you got the Mister Wigginses there?"

"What may you mean, my lord?" demanded his host.

"Have you never seen Montague and myself, with our friend, Frank Preston, walking arm in arm up St. James's Street?"

"I have not," replied Mr. Fitzgibbon, looking significantly at me; "but will try to get it from Dublin."

"You 'll find them capital likenesses," good-naturedly added the peer.

I accepted an invitation to visit a charming family, named Disney, who resided at a beautiful place in Upper Ormond, called Woodville. Whilst there, I heard, to my great gratification, that the family had received tickets for the performance of a private play at Nenagh, by the officers of the Sixth Garrison Battalion. I begged hard to be permitted to attend them, and we mustered a large party. The Town-hall was converted into a very complete little theatre, and the performers were well drilled in their various parts. I was taken behind the scenes; introduced to the leading members of the corps dramatique; heard the manager lament the want of numbers; and volunteered to join the company, if my services would be acceptable. I was enrolled, without

further delay; and two parts, rather contrasted in their character, assigned me for the next representation, which would take place in about a week. Now came my fit again, how long and ardently had I wished for an opportunity of trying my powers! It had arrived—I was in a delirium of delight. The Disneys had promised to dine at Welsh Park the next day. I was for setting off to Limerick, that I might commence study, and make preparations for procuring my stage-costume; this was not to be; go I must, and go I did to Welsh Park.

It was the latter end of November; and, when the male creatures were left to themselves, a horse-shoe table, of curious workmanship, was placed before the spacious dining-room fire, and the master of the house sat in the centre of his friends. A large cooper of claret lay at his feet; he looked round at his guests: and, having passed them all in review, lifted up a panel from the table, discovering a figure of William the Third on horseback, composed of various inlaid woods. A bumper was filled. I determined on putting Mr. Welsh's good temper to a severe trial, and asked what the toast might be, to which such deference was paid.

"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory!" responded the master of the house.

"You will, I am sure, pardon me, if I decline drinking it," said I, very solemnly.

"Good God!" replied he; "I thought, of course, your being in the Artillery, and an Englishman, I was quite safe in giving it."

"You are, sir," said I; "but I hope you will allow me to pass it. I appeal to you as your guest."

"Certainly, my dear sir."

And, accordingly, the glorious memory was drunk, of that "good king who had saved Ireland from Popery, slavery, wooden-shoes, brass money," with many other et ceteras; concluding, I remember, with some disrespectful mention of the (Catholic) Bishop of Cork.

During this ceremony I kept my seat and my countenance. An awkward sort of pause ensued, when the kind-hearted host said to me:—

"Upon my word, I'm vexed, that I am, that you should have been annoyed under my roof—By my soul! to show you how little I meant, or expected it, I'll drink any toast you propose in a bumper; and that man is not my friend who won't do the same."

"Remember, sir," I said, "if I do give a toast, however much to your distaste, I expect you to adhere to your promise."

"You may rely on that; come, gentlemen, a

bumper—are you all filled? You are; now, then, my boy, what is it?"

"The Protestant ascendency all over the world!"

This was drunk off, and followed by a shout.

"Well, if you haven't taken a start out of me, I never had one; and the young devil to sit there as demure as an old—cat at a christening! Come, boys, now we'll have a little serious drinking."

I left my friends in Upper Ormond the next day, and returned to quarters; began to study: but was somewhat vexed at being called on for a most unpleasant duty, namely, to assist (as our Gallic neighbours have it) at an execution.

One of those scenes of violent abduction, so common in Ireland, I lament to say, had just occurred. The man, who had forced a neighbour's daughter, possessed of some property, into a midnight marriage, had, with the major part of his vile associates, escaped; but one of the gang, a youth only eighteen years old, had been apprehended. On his trial, the active part he had taken in the horrible affair was fully proved, and he was sentenced to death. The place of execution, familiarly called "Gallows' Green" by the natives, was about a quarter of a mile beyond the Artillery Barracks.

As an unusual quantity of strangers had poured

in from all parts of the country, more particularly from the county of Clare, the scene of the abduction, in which also the prisoner was born, it was deemed expedient to have a squadron of cavalry out near the gibbet, and to parade a brigade of guns before our barrack-gates, to prevent, by a show of preparation, any attempt at a rescue. Four nine-pounders, in fighting order, with slow match lit, and loaded with grape, attracted the observation of hundreds of passers-by. I remember two old crones, who called a halt close to the guns, I suppose for my express edification.

"Is that you, Mrs. Cavanagh, come all the way from Gort, to see the poor sowl die upon the gallows?"

"Is it me, ma'am; troth it is, shure enough; and why shouldn't I come? Don't I know the boy, since he come into this wicked world, and his father and mother? Didn't his aunt, Nancy Garvey, marry that blackguard of a gauger, that brought ruin and distruction entirely upon me and mine, by raison of seizin' every stick and stone we had to the fore; and he, the curse of widdy and the orphin on his hard heart! to swear we were chating the revenue — bad look to all parliament whisky, says I, bating Johnny Connell's!"

"Why, then, Mrs. Cavanagh, I heard say, that

some of the Garry Owen boys do not intind the poor child to be strangulated by that thief of the world, Mister Canty. I seen him turn a crature off the ladder at Ennis t'other day; and now, then, my dear, I'm not telling you a word of a lie, he did it for all the world in the most consequential and highty-tighty manner you ever see."

"Och, it's a big shame, Mrs. O'Grady, to hang the poor boy any way; what did he do? only helped Peter M'Mahon to get him a wife: and *she* to turn up her nose at the likes of Peter, where would she find a better made man in the whole barony?"

"And the face of brass she must have, my dear, to appear in court, and describe the particulars! Well, I hope and trist, the army won't interfere: now, do you think that young gentleman, upon the black horse, would have the heart to fire them murdering guns upon the cratures that come to have a last look at a young boy, that's to be hung up in cowld blood?"

"I do *not*, ma'am, nor any of his gentlemen soldiers that's wid him."

This was said, of course, on purpose to be overheard.

"Holy Jasus! here they are! We'll stop here, and see them pass, and then we can follow them

to Gallows' Green. Well, my dear, they seem determined there shall be troops enough to frighten the people.—There, that's Sheriff Mahony, with the white stick in his hand, and the silver pistols at his saddle; and them are the high constables—why they call them blackguards the civil power I don't know.—Oh! there's the car, and Canty upon it, wid a sack over him; faith and troth, 'tis well for you to cover up your carkiss, or not much of your dirty body would be left, if the boys could wonst get a hoult of yez."

"Ah! now, then," sobbed Mrs. Cavanagh, "there's the poor lad—the blessed Virgin comfort him, now and for evermore, amin! And there's Father Falby, and Father Keogh, and Father Moriarty, doin their devotions: whist a while! maybe we'll hear what they're saying."

The deep voice of the priest, on whose arm the wretched boy was leaning, now became audible.

"Be of good heart, my son; short is your road to happiness now, soon will you find yourself in Paradise. Your soul is clean from crime, as a new born babe; och, that I could exchange with you at this moment! Repate after me."

And he commenced a Latin prayer, the words of which died indistinctly as the mournful procession passed on.

"Och, then, for the love o' God," said Mrs.

O'Grady, " take me away out of this. — Och, of all the sights I ever see—and he such a child, too!"

" Come on, woman," said her gossip, " or we'll lose the sight; beside, my dear, I want to get a small taste of the rope from Mr. Canty, when 'tis all over — you know 'tis a fine thing to have by one."

" Nabocklish!" answered Mrs. O'Grady; " you have no call to it, what would you want wid it?"

" How stupid you are, woman! Don't you know, that in God's world there is not such a charm against the rhumatiz, as the rope that has hung a poor sowl, more by token if you can get it near the choking knot. I thought every fool knew that, so come along wid you out of this."

" Arrah, then, is it me you'd be coaxin to go a step farther, you hard-hearted varmint. Hell to your sowl, if I stir a step wid the likes of you."

" Why, then, to blazes wid you! Go back to your own beautiful family; and don't forget, ma'am, that your father himself was hung for a Croppy, and that turns your stomach at the sight of a gallows."

No symptom appeared of the rumoured rescue; the law was carried into effect, and soon after the brigade was dismissed.

But now to change my subject, and "talk of joy."

The long wished for day at length arrived; I was perfect to a letter, and my dresses had been selected with great care. I reached Nenagh too late for rehearsal: after dining at the inn alone, that I might ensure sobriety, I made my way to the theatre, was most kindly welcomed by my brother amateurs, and warmly greeted by the audience, on my *entrée* as "Frank Rochdale" in "John Bull;" a part I never should have selected, but I undertook it as introduction to better things. The after-piece was "Raising the Wind," in which I enacted the amorous old maid, "Laura Durable." Some kind friends had furnished me with a most appropriate and bewitching dress, and the audience treated me with all due gallantry. The officers were really clever actors, and every possible attention was paid to "scenery, dresses, and decorations." A very merry supper party concluded the evening, and I not only received most flattering congratulations upon my *début*, but was earnestly requested by the managers to lend my aid at their next representation. To this I cheerfully acceded.

And now, having intruded too much of myself upon consideration in this chapter, I will endeavour to make amends, by recounting events

that were related to me by one of the parties concerned. I was, I may say, almost domesticated at Lord Glentworth's; and the mother of her ladyship, Mrs. Beaumont, choosing an appropriate "feet on the fender-ish" style of evening, told me as follows:—

Her first husband, Mr. Edwards, was a gentleman of very high respectability, and well-known attachment to government. One day, soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion, in 1798, he had invited a large party to dinner: just before his expected guests arrived, he was overwhelmed with consternation, by finding that two of his old associates, upon whose heads a price was set, had taken shelter under his roof. His butler, a trustworthy servant, was alone aware of their having entered the house — what was to be done? How attempt to conceal them from the lynx-eyed vigilance of the police? If found, he knew their lives were forfeit, and his character compromised. In this fearful dilemma, like a sensible man, he sought the advice of his wife. Mrs. Edwards knew the unhappy brothers well; they had been, some years before, constant visiters at the house, always beloved and respected. Political topics were never permitted; nor did her husband or herself know how deeply their friends were involved, until their names were blazoned forth to

the world as rebels by one party, and hailed as patriots by their own. In these critical times, servants were not often to be trusted; not a moment was to be lost. Leaving her husband below, to receive their visiters, or to answer any inquiries, Mrs. Edwards led the fugitives to her bed-room, and secreted them between the bed and mattrass.

The guests arrived; dinner was served; the fearful topics of the day discussed. Scarcely had the company taken their seats, when the hostess fell back in her chair, apparently fainting; her husband rushed to her, and, apologizing to his friends, led her at once to her bed-room. He returned, assuring his guests that it was a temporary attack, to which his wife was subject; a severe giddiness, that prevented her from all exertion, and for which there was no remedy but the seclusion of her chamber.

Much regret was expressed at the supposed suffering of the lady; dinner was proceeding, when the tramp of armed men was heard approaching the house; a loud knock followed, on the instant; and, in a moment after, Major Sirr, attended by several officers, entered the dining-room. Mr. Edwards rose to receive them.

"I lament extremely," said the Major, "that

I am obliged to disturb your friends, sir; but these are no times for ceremony—read this!"

And he handed a warrant to search for the bodies of John and Henry Shears, proclaimed rebels. Mr. Edwards had nothing left but to put a good face on the matter.

"I can have no objection, major," said he, "even if that would avail. I have only to request, as a special favour, that you will fulfil your duty as quietly as possible; my wife has been suddenly obliged to leave the table, from severe indisposition, as my friends here can testify; and, when you see me surrounded by persons whose characters for loyalty are unimpeached, you will scarcely suppose it possible that I should give shelter to men of such opposite principles. I will attend you over the house; but, once more, let me beg you will tread softly, for the sake of my wife."

Major Sirr left the whole of his attendants in the hall, with the exception of the officer commanding the military; and, preceded by the master of the house, narrowly examined every room, including the cupboards, chimneys, &c. On arriving at the door of Mrs. Edwards's apartment, he said to the military man,

"I will not ask you to follow me here. I will

look in, to satisfy myself and be able to report accordingly, and join you in an instant."

The door was gently opened. The curtains of the bed were closely drawn, the invalid groaning most piteously.

"God knows," said the narrator, "it was from intense agony."

"Don't be alarmed, my love," said the husband; "we shall not disturb you."

The major took a hasty survey round the room, assured Mr. Edwards that he was satisfied, and descended.

On his reaching the dining-room, he told the guests that scenes of violence were expected to occur that evening, and he begged leave to recommend their getting to their several homes as early as possible — a hint the visiters did not fail to take, to the great relief of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, who were now left to devise means of getting their unhappy friends out of the house, to some place of safety.

The wretched brothers, who had tasted nothing all day, having been hotly pursued, were supplied with food and wine, smuggled into the room by Mrs. Edwards. They had listened most eagerly, but in vain, for the expected shouts of their friends, who, they fondly believed, would be masters of the capital; and, disappointed in

their hopes, determined on leaving the house at all hazards, about an hour after midnight.

Alas! their fate was but protracted; shortly after, they were discovered, secreted in a cave, in the wilds of Wicklow; were brought to trial, condemned, and died upon the gibbet!

CHAPTER IX.

SIM FAIRFIELD—ANNA IN TROWSERS—THE MASKED BALL—THE DRUM MAJOR ON VELVET—HYDRAULIC RATCATCHERS—BRADBURY OF THE ENNISKILLENS—THE MAYOR'S PARTY — PARTITION OF THE POLES.

THE year was fast drawing to a close. Parties were given every day and night, and were now enlivened by the splendid voice of an officer just arrived in the garrison, Fairfield, of the 88th.

There was no man in the world more popular, nor whose society was so much courted as "Sim," for so he was named by his familiars. He was the soul of good-humour, the quintessence of fun and mischief; and was looked upon by every one as a safe companion. Bear this in mind, gentle reader, for I shall have occasion to speak of him often—and I will not anticipate.

In the midst of gaiety and hospitality, the last days of eighteen hundred and eleven passed away.

Immediately after muster, on the first day of the new year, I started for Nenagh, as I was to have the supreme felicity of performing on the

next evening. The pains I had bestowed on the insignificant characters allotted to me on the last occasion were rewarded by a higher flight now—Glenalvon, a tragedy hero, allowing opportunities for displaying picturesque Highland costume, and spouting long soliloquies.

In the first instance, I had the advantage of the gentleman who enacted Lord Randolph, as he appeared in a light and elegant Spanish dress, with a profusion of ostrich feathers in his cap, and a ruff of prodigious proportions. The Job Thornbury, of the last evening's performance, was on this occasion the Lady Randolph, his wife's best black satin gown having been altered to his fit. The gentle Anna fell to the lot of a young, red-haired, apothecary's boy, whose sisters had taken vast pains to clothe him in as feminine a manner as possible.

Unfortunately, however, in one of Lady Randolph's best scenes, for the author has made Anna the sponge to mop up all her mistress's tears, the blue trowsers of the waiting-maid slipped down below the petticoats, exciting the risibility of the audience. Anxious to repair the mishap, Anna contemplated a sudden retreat, long before the exit set down for her; but, in so doing, her muffled feet got entangled, and she fell sprawling on the stage; finding all efforts to regain her legs una-

vailing, she crawled off upon her hands and knees, fearfully deranging the economy of her feminine drapery.

The farce of High Life Below Stairs followed; the distracted mother of the gallant Norval exchanged her sable habiliments for the leather breeches of Sir Harry. I doffed the kilt and plumed bonnet, and, attired in a splendid livery, played my Lord Duke. The performance gave very great satisfaction, and another play was immediately talked of.

I hastened, on my return to Limerick, to pay my *devoirs* to Lady Glentworth, and to thank her for the various articles she had obligingly lent me towards my stage finery. She begged that, before the dress I had worn was pulled to pieces, I would pay her a visit in costume. The next evening I proceeded in a chair to New Town Pery House; and the effect of my appearance was, that Lord Glentworth immediately suggested the possibility of giving a masquerade, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

I offered my services for the occasion, which were accepted; the subject was discussed, several important points settled, and it was finally determined that cards should be issued for receiving masks on the 27th. The good city of Limerick was thrown into a state of delirium on the announcement.

The utmost anxiety prevailed as to who would be invited, and who excluded, since no one was to be admitted except in character, or mask and domino.

During this period of excitement, I paid another visit to Nenagh, and, descending from the stilts of tragedy, appeared as the Honourable Lucretia M'Tab. This was the last performance: the proceeds of this and the foregone plays, amounting to a considerable sum, were devoted to the purchase of potatoes, blankets, and other comforts, to be distributed amongst the poor of the town.

My time was now occupied in giving my assistance to the preparations for the coming fête. Amongst the visiters at Lord Glentworth's was a young lady named Sweeney, possessed of an exquisite taste for the fine arts, and who designed most skilfully; to her direction the embellishments were confided, and numerous workmen and women employed.

Amongst these, however, none were found capable of chalking the floor of the ball-room; and it was agreed on, betwixt this zealous and talented young lady and myself, that *we* would undertake it. Accordingly, for three days did we labour together on the floor, and a very splendid floor we made of it. If my kind reader will take

the pains of perusing the note at the foot of the page, he will learn the full, true, and particular account of the gay scene. It is extracted from Watson and Mahony's paper of the day, and, although my own handiwork, it was considered a pretty specimen of reporting.*

As soon as Major Strode, of the Hertford militia, received his invitation for the masquerade, he determined on going in the dress worn by the gamekeepers of the Marquess of Salisbury. Accordingly, he sent to England for a brace of live birds, partridges being a great rarity in Ireland, and also commissioned a friend in Dublin to pur-

* Lord and Lady Glentworth's masked ball took place on Monday evening, the 27th ult., to which almost all the rank and fashion of Limerick and its environs were invited. The staircase was decorated with flowers and evergreens, disposed in numerous arches, interspersed with a profusion of variegated lamps. The ball-room was brilliantly illuminated, and transparencies, emblematic of Hibernia and Britannia, ornamented each window. The floor was chalked, having the Prince's plume at the head of the room, his lordship's arms in the centre, and at the bottom a device of the harp hung with Shamrock, happily blended with the Rose and Thistle. The refreshment-room was fitted up as a superb tent, in which a smiling Bacchus tempted the masques to partake of the joys his sparkling goblet afforded. Splendid and elegant ornaments, the ingenious productions of his lordship's family, graced the supper-table; several illuminated cottages, vases of marble, and gold pillars and trophies, were tastefully arranged; the large and elegant mirrors at each end of the room carried the brilliant scene to an endless perspective. * * *

The supper was announced at one, and the party did not break up till six o'clock.

chase for him a peculiarly bright green velveteen, of which his jacket was to be made, begging that it might be sent per mail.

It was within two days of the fête, and no parcel had arrived; the drum-major of the regiment entered the major's apartment with the intelligence that there was a letter at the post-office directed to him, the charge for which amounted to four pounds ten! Major Strode was astonished, but applauded the sagacity of the drum-major for not bringing so expensive a missive without first consulting him, when in a moment the thought struck him that it must be the green velveteen, and nothing else. Instant orders were given to bring the letter to him, and, sure enough, it proved to be what he had anticipated.

It was ascertained that the friend who had undertaken to procure it had desired his servant to be very particular that it went by the mail, and the sapient domestic determined to obey orders; so, to ensure its conveyance by that vehicle, he had with considerable difficulty forced the parcel into the slit at the post-office. When the circumstance was reported to the officials in Dublin, great part of the sum charged was remitted.

It had been very judiciously arranged, that, on the evening of which I have been speaking, no visiter could be admitted without a sealed ticket,

a measure calculated to prevent the intrusion of improper or uninvited persons. As the master of the house intended to support various characters, Colonel Chichester, of the Cardigan, undertook to examine the tickets at the foot of the stairs, Lady Glentworth receiving her company on the landing-place.

I must now return to quarters. In consequence of several fires having occurred during the winter, the men of the artillery and drivers were constantly practised in the use of the fire-engine, directing the water to the various windows of the lofty barracks with great precision. One day, whilst returning the engine to its shed, a driver, by mere accident, applied the mouth of the hose to a rat-hole, near one of the stable-doors: his comrades, unconscious of the result, pumped out the water that remained. In a few seconds, a huge rat, his fur sticking to his sides with the unwelcome ablution, made his appearance, and ran terrified about the yard; he was followed by another and another!

Taking advantage of this novel method of rat-catching, I ordered a part of the men to arm themselves with staves and handspikes, the rest to serve the engine, and apply the tube to every similar hole. Great was the fun that followed: some forty or fifty of these disgusting animals

were forced from their retreats, blows were showered on them thick as hail, the men jumping, screaming, and laughing, as the creatures ran about, or leaped upon them in vain attempts to escape. Now, well knowing that the barracks had been built over a large quarry, whence the stone used in building the new town had been excavated, there was no danger to be apprehended to the foundation by my hydraulic experiments; so we continued the sport till the game became scarce. For several days, the work of destruction was repeated with similar success, and vast numbers were slaughtered. The contractor, who had made woful complaints to head-quarters upon the state of the granary, and the devastation committed by the vermin, seeing the good effect produced by "the whizzing water-pipe," assured me he should recommend it to every cavalry barrack in Ireland.

A court-martial upon an officer of the Drivers was the means of bringing me acquainted with Major Stoddart, of the Enniskillen Dragoons. I was lamenting to him the very slow progress of the new theatre then building, and we were talking about the favourite actors of London: this reminded him of the following adventure.

Some years previously, he was returning to his regiment from a long sick leave of absence, and

had stopped at Dartford as his first stage, Canterbury being his ultimate destination. He was alone, had ordered dinner, and was awaiting its appearance in the coffee-room, when a dashing tandem stopped at the inn-door. It was driven by a tall man, very showily dressed, sporting a variety of strongly-contrasted silk waistcoats, numerous gold chains, brooches, &c., adorning his neck and breast; a huge pair of carroty whiskers kept pace with moustaches of the same colour; a very richly-braided blue coat surmounted a pair of grey military overalls; the servant of the newly-arrived "illustrious stranger" was attired in a gaudy livery, with a cockade in his hat. The master descended from his vehicle, and John drove the carriage into the yard.

Stoddart did not relish the idea of sitting down to a solitary meal, and thought it would be as well to ascertain who the gentleman was, and if he also was about to dine alone. The waiter was directed to make inquiry; he speedily returned, announcing that the servant had informed him "his master was Major Bradbury, of the Enniskillens."

"Bradbury!" exclaimed Stoddart. "Have you an army list? No! I'm sorry for it. He must have been appointed during my long absence from my corps," thought the major; "but, I will not

lose the opportunity of making his acquaintance."

At this moment the stranger entered with a consequential swagger. Stoddart, advancing towards him, said:

"I was about to dine alone, sir; will you take compassion on an invalid, and join his meal?"

Major Bradbury accepted the invitation in terms which convinced Stoddart that his newly-made acquaintance was not a man of the highest polish; but he consoled himself by thinking, "He is a character, perhaps, or may be a man who has risen by his merit from the ranks. Shall I at once make myself known to him as an officer in the same regiment with himself, or see somewhat more of him?" He determined on the latter. When the soup was removed, Stoddart asked, "Shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, sir?"

"No, thank you," answered his friend; "I prefers the malt, 'specially when one gets it home-brewed; in Lunnon, you know, they puts such a lot of doctor's-stuff in the beer, it always gives me the collywhabbles."

"A complaint I never before heard of," coolly replied the astonished Stoddart. "Let me send you some fish."

"If you please," said he of the waistcoats:

"but, I say, I don't see none of the parryphenayly. Here, my cove!" turning to the waiter, "where's the 'chovy, and all them sort of fakements? Fish isn't worth a tinker's damn without the reg'lar slums."

The invalid was on thorns: he hardly dared address this extraordinary person in the presence of the waiter, for fear of extorting some reply that would add to his mortification. Dinner passed.

"I must plead the excuse of being under a regimen, and content myself with a glass or two of Madeira; but, do not let that deter you from taking your wine—which shall I order?"

"Why, I think a bottle of red port won't hurt a fellow who has to drive back to Lunnon to-night in a open chay."

"Then, you are not going to Canterbury?"

"What put that in your noddle? I never mean to go there again; why, the last time I was with old Mother Baker, I only got five skreens a darky, and that's no go!"

All this was perfectly unintelligible to Stoddart; he became every moment more and more disgusted with his companion, and, anxious to ascertain if he was really attached to his own corps, he gravely said:

"Before I explain to you the reason why I took the liberty of asking you to dine with me, allow

me to inform you that my name is Stoddart, and that I am a major in the Enniskillen Dragoons; the waiter gave me to understand that you were Major Bradbury, of the Enniskillens. May I ask, is it to the 27th regiment of infantry, or mine, you are attached?"

"Lord bless your dear heart! I 'm not a major. I 'm Bradbury, the clown of the Circus; 'tis all the fault of my son of a——of a slavey, he always gives me some grand name, when I comes out a-pleasuring, 'cause you see it gets one more respect, though one pays for it most cussedly when the snipe 's brought in."

"Bradbury, the Immense," ordered his tandem, took a very respectful leave of his host, whose irritated feelings soon became composed, on finding that his vulgar associate did not belong to the Enniskillens, horse or foot.

I lament to add that, a few days after I had heard the story, its narrator was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse. The proceedings of the court-martial were suspended, until a new judge advocate was chosen in the person of Captain Finucane.

I visited Fairfield one evening, and found him somewhat out of temper: on my asking the reason, he said:

"Why, then, is n't it enough to make a fellow

savage; my next door neighbour, Mr. Hunt, the mayor, has a large party; I 've seen such a lot of darling girls go in there, one in particular, whose name I won't mention, and I can hear the music; they are dancing now, and by-and-by they 'll go to supper, and I not asked, that would have been so glad to have gone. But, I won't mind it now you are come; I 'll send out for a lobster, I know that you are the boy for dressing that same. I 'm never without the 'matarials,' and, by the Lord, I 'll brew a big jug of punch, and try to forget what 's going on next door!"

A hot lobster and a glass of punch are no bad things in their way, and we passed an hour or two in pleasant *téte-à-téte*. Soon after twelve, the chairs began to arrive to convey home the mayor's visiters.

It is a custom in Ireland, and certainly a very considerate one, to allow the chairmen to sit in the hall of the house until they are called for. Simon had imbibed copiously, and was ripe for mischief; a heavy rain was falling, but that did not deter him from carrying his project into effect.

"By Jasus," said he, "since they are there without me, they shan't go away without my leave. They shall stop and give the mayor a benefit; come with me, and give me a help."

I followed, of course. The chair-poles were placed in pairs against the wall, every one of which we carried off and threw over the gate of a timber-yard at some distance. We had scarcely made good our retreat, when two or three couple of chairmen came out for the purpose of taking home "the early birds," as Sim called them. He opened his window, and listened with delight to the consternation of the men at missing their poles.

"Ah, you may *hunt*," said he, "but the devil a one you 'll find, I 'll be bail!"

"Miss O'Grady's chair!" roared a servant from the hall.

"Miss O'Grady *won't* get it to-night," responded Sim.

"Bad look to me, but they are not here entirely. Why, then, what thief of the world could have carried them off?" said one of the chairmen, after a vain search.

"What 's the row here?" demanded a watchman, approaching, anxious to evince his vigilance in the neighbourhood of the chief magistrate's dwelling.

"There 's no row at all, Mr. Darcy; only I believe the devil and nobody else has flew away with all the poles belanging to our cheers. You did n't happen to see ——."

"Who? the devil?" replied the watchman;

"devil a soul I seen, good or bad, and I 've been patrolling past his worship's every ten minutes all the night."

"Oh, you lying blackguard!" shouted Simon, loud enough to be overheard; "sorrow the sight I've had of you since you called eleven."

"Who 's that, Mr. Darcy, that seems to know you?" inquired another chairman.

"Who is it but the captain of the Connaught Rangers," and then, lowering his voice, he added, "the biggest vagybone in regard of skylarking that ever came across my beat."

"Oh, then, Captin Jewel, may be 'tis yourself that knows something about what we 're searching for. Ah, then, tell us where to find them; the Lord speed you, for 'tis cruel wet, and the quality 's waiting."

"What should I know about them, you noisy blackguards? If you disturb the neighbourhood, I 'll complain to the mayor. Get out of that, with your quality, let them wait," and he drew down the window.

Some ten or twelve minutes had elapsed, when a loud knocking at Fairfield's door served as a signal for fresh mischief. He ran into his bedroom, pulled a long night-shirt over his clothes, and put on a night-cap: then, motioning me from the window, he waited until the knock was re-

peated, when, throwing up the sash, he demanded, in an angry tone, "Who is it making that infernal noise?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said a young man, whose thin pumps were but a sorry protection against the wet pavement; "my name is Hunt; I have come to ask if you will be so good——."

"No, thank you," interrupted Sim; "I *have* supped some time since, and have been in bed these two hours; if you had let me know in time, I should have liked it vastly, but——."

"I really, sir, do not clearly understand you," replied the juvenile Hunt.

"Oh, very well, I can explain in the morning," and once more down went the window.

A confused murmur arose in the street, above which the words, "Break in, and drag him out," were audible. Simon, determined on carrying on the joke, took down a brace of pistols from over the mantel-piece, and lifted the sash.

"I think I heard some of you scoundrels talk of breaking in, did n't I? Now, mark me, the first man that puts his ugly nose inside my door will get a brace of slugs through his head, and, maybe, he won't find that pleasant."

"Captain Fairfield!" said a voice from the crowd, "I am the mayor, and must put an end to this disturbance. What have you done with the poles?"

"Fought against them in Spain, Mr. Mayor, and queer customers they were to deal with, by reason of their thundering long lances. But, since you say you are the mayor, I throw myself on your protection; here are a parcel of *villians* who threaten to break into my quiet home, and drag me out of my virtuous bed; pray, send for the police to protect my youth and innocence."

How much longer this parley would have continued, I know not; but, at this moment a sweet female voice was heard.

"You won't let *me* walk home in the rain, my dear captain, I know. Ah, now, tell the men where you have hidden their property."

"Is it you, my heart? Then indeed you shall not catch a cold if I can help it; so, if those drunken rascals will just look into the timber-yard, in the lane below there, they 'll find what they 've lost."

Away scampered the chairmen.

"Good night, and thank you, kindly!" said the young lady.

"Musha, then the blessing of the saints upon you, my angel!" sighed Simon. "One more tumbler to that darling girl's health, my boy, and then we 'll part."

At a late or rather an early hour, I left poor Sim sentimentally drunk.

CHAPTER X.

MICK, THE FOOL—THE INDIGNANT GENERAL—THE LETTER-CARRIER—NEWS OF PROMOTION—LEAVE LIMERICK—KILMALLOCK—FERMOY—SHUT THE DOOR—CORK—BRISTOL.

"I TAKE shame to myself," to use the pet expression of the courteous and sapient John C——, that I have not, long before this, made honourable mention of a personage who figured, at this time, in all his glory, to the admiration of the lieges of Limerick. I could not have more fitly introduced my present theme than with a flourish of trumpets, as martial music was dear to his soul. Kind, and withal most patient, reader—for, if you have perused thus far, full well do you deserve the latter appellation—I am about to attempt the description of an indescribable—still, as a faithful chronicler, I must do my endeavour, conscious how unavailing my effort must prove to do ample justice to the great original.

There is scarcely a town in Ireland but has its two or three well-known and popular "Naturals," but Limerick might have challenged the island to match Mick the Fool.

Mick was a born idiot, whose sole delight was centered in "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." That interesting little red-covered book, the Army List, could furnish names proving that Mick was not a singular example.

He would run a quarter of a mile for the sight of a cocked hat and feather, half a mile to overtake a detachment, a full mile to see guard relieved, or a garrison parade, and Heaven only knows what distance for a military funeral.

He would have been tall and well favoured, but for the fearful ravages of epilepsy; a continued series of fits had contracted his left arm, which appeared as though glued to his side; but his right performed prodigies. The only words I ever heard him utter to a civilian were, "Bit, bit; tenpenny bit, fivepenny bit;" opening and shutting his capacious left hand, as the receptacle for the solicited coin. But, if he found two or three officers lounging round the door of the Club-house, (one of his most favourite haunts, by the way,) his joy was beyond bounds. In a moment, Mick was the personation of the commanding officer, the line of troops, drummers and trumpeters included. "Brigade, attention!" he would roar out, certainly not very intelligibly, but quite as much so as older and better soldiers were wont to do. "Carry houp!" slap went his right

hand to his thigh. "Present houp!" and then, assuming the position of the officer saluted, he would take off his tattered remnant of a hat, with a most military air, cram it under his left arm, and, applying his closed fist to his mouth, make a hideous noise, which he imagined to be a faithful imitation of a full regimental band. Allowing the precise time for a salute, he again addressed his imaginary forces, imitating all the while the actions of the soldiers, "Shoulder houp! Order houp! Stand at ease!" A loud chuckle of satisfaction at his own powers followed, and then the pockets of the officers were assailed for "Bits."

I shrewdly suspect that Mick, from long experience, knew when the 24th of the month had arrived, for he was always more urgent just after that important day.

Sir Henry Montresor, one of the best and most popular generals that ever adorned his profession, was succeeded in the command of the garrison by Major-General D——y, and we were all on the *qui vive* to ascertain what kind of man our new commandant was likely to prove. Little did we imagine that a tolerable estimate of his character would be afforded us through the intervention of Mick the Fool.

It was the custom to parade the troops in the great square of the Windmill Barracks every Sun-

day evening. An opening at one angle of the hollow square was left for the entrance of the general and his staff, and, as he approached, the adjutant-general gave the word of command, so timed that the troops came to the salute as the general entered.

On the first Sunday after General D——y's assuming the command, he was some minutes behind the usual time. Sir Henry had always been punctual. Colonel Armstrong had ridden out of the square, to watch for the expected arrival; a very few seconds had elapsed, when a loud voice gave the word to "Present!" Down went the swords of the officers, and the muskets of the men; the bands struck up, but above their harmony was heard the idiot laugh of Mick, who had so admirably imitated the tone of the adjutant-general, as to be completely successful. The senior colonel, anxious to repair the blunder, which was now made palpable by Mick's presence in the interior of the square, ordered the men to "Shoulder." This was not done without a loud titter running through the ranks; and, at this unlucky moment, General D——y made his appearance. The cause of the confusion was pointed out to him; and, irritated at having the compliment due to *him* forestalled by a fool, he rode at poor Mick, and inflicted sundry very se-

vere blows upon his unfortunate carcase: the joyous laugh was soon changed into a hideous yell of pain.

The incidents of this evening's parade were much discussed, and considerable surprise expressed at the sudden disappearance of Mick. It was soon ascertained, that, by the interference of the indignant general, the poor devil had been sent to the House of Industry. Need I say, that such a step did not tend to place our new commanding officer in the most favourable point of view?

I could not, although accustomed to the sight, help shuddering, one cold and rainy day, at observing the naked feet of a woman, who occasionally brought me messages, and sometimes (though very rarely) written communications.

"Ellen," I said, pulling out my purse, "for pity's sake do buy yourself a pair of shoes; it chills me to the heart to see you walking about in such a day as this with bare feet."

"The blessed light be upon you," she replied, "for 'tis you have the feeling heart. I'll take the money, and be thankful to you for that same; but, in regard of shoes, saving your presence, I always exposes God's leather to God's weather."

The reader may judge from what court Ellen came as ambassadress, when I tell him that the

credentials now presented to me were directed—

"To the Rite honoribel captin Hil of the Grand artiliry," and that its contents ran thus—

"Me lord, when I promist, last nite, to meet your rivrance, I litel thought to disapoint your honnor," &c. &c.

But, to change the subject—

"Will you stop and dine with me?" said I, to a fox-hunting squire, who resided at Newcastle, a few miles from town; "I can give you a very fair glass of wine."

"I'm mightily beholden to you," he replied, "for your friendly invite; but my father's just dead, and I'm condemned to undergo all the horrors of domestic regularity for a week."

Precious specimen of filial grief!

Although it was now the merry month of May, strange to say, some three or four mails were due from England, and, consequently, the club-room at Collopy's more numerously attended than usual, its subscribers being anxious for a fresh supply of news Late on the evening of the 16th, a budget of papers arrived, containing the melancholy intelligence of the assassination of Mr. Perceval. The journals were seized on with great avidity, and I was about to give up all hopes of getting a sight, when one of the members, a medical man,

was called out on a case of emergency, and I succeeded in obtaining the "Chronicle" so unwillingly resigned. After perusing with intense interest the particulars of the lamented statesman's murder, and the apprehension of the wretched Bellingham, my attention was attracted to an Ordnance Gazette, in which I found my own promotion to a first lieutenancy.

Various were the conjectures that now arose, as to what part of the world my destination would lead me. I fondly hoped that I might fill some vacancy in Ireland, as I was over head and ears in love; and the idea of a separation from the idol of my affection cost me pangs — which, to use a very convenient phrase in all similar cases, "can be more easily imagined than described."

Early in June I was summoned to England, in consequence of the death of a near relative; and, ere I could complete the necessary preparations for my departure, an official communication reached me, with the information that I was appointed to a company in the Kent district.

I shall not attempt to describe the regret I felt at separating from so many kind friends, nor dare to say a word on what I suffered at parting with one

"Who was an angel, who *is* an angel."

Such feelings are too sacred to be paraded in a

work of so trivial a nature as this, where the only ambition of its writer is to amuse.

It happened, very fortunately for me, that, at the period fixed for my departure, Colonel Young, ever a most kind friend of mine, was in Limerick, on his half-yearly tour of inspection; and, understanding that I meant to take my passage from Cork, he obligingly offered me a seat in his curricle, which I gladly accepted, not a little gratified by such a mark of attention from my commanding officer. But a still greater and more unexpected compliment awaited me, which I cannot, in honest pride, fail to record. The men of the detachment assembled round my door, just as I was about to leave; and the serjeant-major, acting as spokesman, assured me of united good wishes for my health, happiness, and speedy promotion, in terms so hearty and so homely, that they could not fail to seem sincere. When I took my seat in the carriage, they gave "three cheers for Colonel Young;" and then repeated their expressions of regret at my departure, and all kinds of good wishes for my prosperity. I confess that I did not leave these fine fellows without a swelling heart and moistened eyes.

But now for our journey. Kilmallock first demands notice. It is impossible for me to describe, as it deserves, this Palmyra of Ireland; still the

hasty glance I obtained made an impression on me that time cannot efface. The principal street is formed by a collection of the most magnificent ruins of churches, monasteries, colleges, and other religious edifices, with one or two of those singular and curiously-formed, though by no means picturesque, objects, bell towers. The florid and elaborate carved work, the light and beautiful proportions of the churches, the ornaments of the windows, all deserve more notice than I can give them; but what could not fail to attract attention were the miserable mud cabins, resting, as it were, against these splendid monuments of Ireland's past greatness. These wretched habitations, and their unfortunate occupants, afford ample material for speculation to the politician, let his creed be what it might. To me, as a simple observer, it was a scene of lamentable desolation, how produced I knew not. In its high and palmy state, Kilmallock must have eclipsed Oxford in architectural beauty; and I could not help praying that it might never be the fate of that beloved place to present to the traveller's eye so appalling a picture as the one I now contemplated.

We reached Fermoy by dinner-time, and put up at Moriarty's hotel. A grey-headed waiter ran out to receive us with all due respect. About this man I learnt that, when some officers of my

own corps, returned from the ill-fated expedition against Buenos Ayres, had taken up their temporary quarters at Moriarty's, Captain M'Donald, to the utter astonishment of the waiter, informed him, that he was to receive a guinea a day during their stay, on condition that he should shut the door after him, on coming in and going out — a duty of which Captain M'Donald perceived this fellow was remarkably negligent — but that one omission was to render the reward null for the day.

"One pound, two, and nine pence a day!" exclaimed the delighted waiter, citing the difference between the English and Irish currency; "by my soul, then, I'll engage to win it.—Beg pardon for my bouldness, but how long do the officers intind to stop?—becase, if it is for any time, I'll soon be as rich as Mr. Anderson, the big banker of this place."

"Oh, not very long, Pat," replied the captain.

"I beg pardon, sir; but you English gentlemen have a knack of calling a body *Pat*, as though there was no other name, good or bad, in the country; but, by dad, that is not mine; and I'll be beholden to ye, if, when you want me in a hurry, you'll just call me Cass."

"Cass! why, what the devil name does that belong to?"

"It belongs to meself—'tis the aisiest way of calling me short, for my rale name is Castle-town Roche."

With exemplary diligence did Castle-town Roche attend to the closing of the door during the first morning after his contract. Dinner was placed on the table, the covers were removed, but the plates had been forgotten.

"Musha, bad luck to that Jim, the gossoon as helps me, he tould me them were upon the table — you shall have the chaney in a minute."

And away flew Cass; on his return, the high contracting party, Captain M'Donald, with a malicious smile, pointed to the door, which had been thrown wide open at the race for the plates.

"Och, tunder and ages! there's one gone for evermore. Well, blessed Saint Kevin be praised, to-morrow 's a new day; and so, by way of *practising*, I'll try my hand at shutting the thief of a door for the rest of the evening."

He did so, to the infinite comfort of his military friends; and, strange to say, considering the novelty of the practice, only forgot himself once; but, on this occasion, he remarked, with a knowing wink,

"Devil may care, that goes for nothing."

Next day, and in fact every day during the sojourn of the party, the poor fellow was sure to

forget his agreement; his ludicrous excuses, and resolutions for the future, together with their watching his various exits and entrances, served to amuse his tormentors. On their departure, they bestowed upon Castle-town Roche so substantial a mark of their favour, as to render the loss he had sustained much less afflicting than he anticipated.

The following morning we started for Cork; the views, on approaching this, city by Watergrass Hill and the Glanmire road, are of the highest order of beauty. On reaching the quay, I found a Bristol packet about to sail the following morning; bade farewell to my excellent friend, Colonel Young, who proceeded to Ballincollig, the head-quarters of our corps in that district, whilst I took up my abode at the Bush, then kept by as comely a landlady as ever sat behind a bar. She was a merry soul, who doted on gossip, and whose marked and motherly attentions to the navy and army had rendered her house a sort of United Service Club.

She undertook to provide sea-stock for me, which I requested might be ample, recollecting the tedious passage I had encountered on coming to Ireland. I also requested her to procure for me a two gallon jar of the very best Innishowen, as I was desirous of *showing* my friends in Eng-

land that I had learnt the art of making punch without much difficulty, and of drinking it with less. The following day, June 18th, I went on board; my admiration of Cork harbour was increased by a second view of it. I remained as much as possible on deck, watching the receding shores of Green Erin, with mingled feelings of regret and delight at the prospect of a speedy re-union with my family. About noon the next day, we were off Lundy Island; and, having made such an excellent run, I fully anticipated reaching Lamplighter's Hall before day-break. I was doomed, however, to disappointment; for two days we were becalmed, and vainly endeavoured to make our way by tacking from one side of the Channel to the other: the eternal "ready about" drove me half crazy. The morning of the 5th ended my vexation, as, on awaking, I found myself alongside the quay at Bristol.

Leaving the jar of whisky to the care of an old retainer of my family's, who, amongst many other persons, had boarded us, I took leave of my fellow-passengers, and hastened to my home, from which I had been absent for nearly two years.

CHAPTER XI.

BROGUE DETECTED—INNISHOWEN—CANTERBURY—FOLKESTONE—SHORNCLIFFE—DOVER—HERMAN BOAZ—CANDIDATE FOR A CORONET—SCHOOLMASTER'S LETTER—THE EXTORTED PROMISE—A SUBTERRANEAN CUPID.

As soon as the first greetings were over, I was very seriously requested to speak in my own manner, and, on asking what was meant, I was assured, by my family, that they had seldom heard a stronger brogue than the one in which I now addressed them. In vain I assured them that I was unconscious of the change; I was told it was an assumption, which I could drop at any time I pleased. This was not the case, as many months elapsed before I spoke with an English accent. I hastened to clear my luggage from the Custom House; the first object that presented itself on my arrival there was Morris Maroony, the man who had taken the Innishowen in charge, sitting on the steps of the building with the jar on his knee. I nodded, winked, and made various signs for him to be off, but he heeded me not, and I

was angry with myself at having employed such an idiot. An hour after nightfall, I was lamenting my disappointment in not being able to give my brothers a glass of whisky-punch as a novelty, when a knock was given at the door, and in walked Morris.

"Why, what the devil kept you till now, and what took you to the Custom House? Have you got the jar?"

"I have, sir, and I had my own raisons for what I did: if I had walked away wid it from the ship to your house at once, it would have been seized, ten to one, so I tuk it there, making them belave I was goin' to pay the duty, and there I sot, not intinding to do such a thing at all; but I knew right well I would not be suspected by going there, as I have found out, whenever I wants to get any thing ashore without giving the gentlemen the trouble to enter it, that the more public the more private."

It certainly proved so in this instance.

I am not about to intrude any family matters on my reader, who is requested to imagine a month to have passed, and that I am again in London. The only theatres open at this period were the Lyceum and Haymarket; to one of these I paid a visit every evening during my short stay in town.

On the first of August, I proceeded to Canterbury, reported myself to Colonel Dixon, commanding the Artillery, and received orders to proceed to Shorncliffe, where my company was stationed. I started on horseback the next day. Never shall I forget my astonishment at the singular effect presented by the view of the sea, on arriving at the high land approaching Folkestone; a thick haze obscured the coast of France, and the line of horizon appeared half way between earth and heaven. I thought I was labouring under some optical delusion; but the numerous vessels which studded this vast expanse soon convinced me that I was not; as I descended the hill, this ocean wall, of course, decreased in altitude.

I was kindly welcomed to my new quarters by Captain Walter Smith, the only officer occupying the extensive new barracks on the cliff. My brother subaltern resided in Sandgate, close to the castle, which was occupied by a detachment of my company. A large wooden Infantry barrack stood about a half mile off, at a right angle, in which the 95th Rifles was quartered. With many officers of this distinguished corps I soon became acquainted. After the gaiety to which I had been accustomed in Ireland, I found Shorncliffe extremely dull, and joyfully accepted an in-

vitation from my friend, Smith, to visit Dover with him. On our way, he introduced me to the naval officer, commanding the signal station of Folkestone Hill; the day was remarkably clear, and, for the first time, I saw the coast of France: aided by the excellent telescope of Lieutenant Rose, I was enabled to make out many buildings in the vicinity of Boulogne. Bonaparte's column was at this time in progress, and, being surrounded by extensive scaffolding, it was apparent to the naked eye. With Dover I was highly delighted; the citadel, the shaft, with its triple staircase, the castle, the *souterrains*, constructed in the cliffs, all afforded me vast satisfaction. I found here an old acquaintance, named W——, of whom I shall have occasion hereafter to make mention. He was the wildest of the wild; he lived only in an atmosphere of mischief; but he shall speak for himself by and by.

Captain Smith and myself were invited to dine with Colonel Ford, the commanding engineer. His hospitality and kindness were proverbial. No man could be more universally, or more deservedly, beloved than he was. I happened to mention my recent visit to the Lyceum theatre, and, in so doing, reminded the colonel of what had once befallen him, which I will attempt in his own words.

"When I was a youngster, the celebrated conjuror, Herman Boaz, was in the meridian of his popularity, and gave his entertainments at the Lyceum, or some theatre on its site. I went one evening to witness his performances, and, forcing my way through the crowd to the place where money was taken, I found myself jostled by two well-dressed men; the moment I got into the theatre I searched my pockets, to ascertain if these gentlemen had appropriated any part of my property. To my astonishment, I found that, instead of being robbed, a crown-piece, bearing the impress of James the Second, had been slipped into my waistcoat pocket; now, you must please to remember, that men in those days wore waistcoats with huge flaps, covering half their thighs; so the thing was easier than it would be at present.

"I immediately concluded that I was selected as an unconscious confederate by the conjuror, from, I presume, my being a fine, fat, chubby, conspicuous-looking fellow; but I instantly determined on attempting to puzzle the conjuror; accordingly, I secured a front-seat in the stage-box, and cast an anxious eye round to find out the means. Fortunately for my scheme, in the opposite box sat an elderly man, looking like a farmer, evidently not a town-bred personage, a red waistcoat, with a narrow binding of gold lace, proving,

at all events, that he was not a votary of fashion. I begged a gentleman occupying the same seat with me to preserve my place, and hastened to the other side.

"I instantly accosted the farmer, claiming acquaintance with him, calling him Mr. Dutton, and making the most affectionate inquiries for Mrs. Dutton and the family; he soon told me I was mistaken: I offered a million of apologies, which he received with extreme good-nature; my being one too many in the box brought me in close contact with him, and I took an opportunity of slipping the Jacobus into *his* waistcoat pocket. I speedily resumed my seat, and awaited the commencement of the Sieur Boaz' performance most anxiously.

"My opposite friend, Robin Red-breast, stared with the utmost astonishment at some of the most simple experiments of the professor. Presently a curious cabinet was produced; it consisted of a series of boxes, placed one within the other; the smallest of the set was handed to the company in the boxes near the stage, and, by the direction of Boaz, locked by a lady, who was requested to keep the key; it was then encased in all its former envelopes, and the door of the cabinet also locked, with the usual cabalistic mumbling. The conjuror then produced a crown-piece

of James the Second, which was also exhibited to the audience, and then commanded by his mighty art to deposit itself in the very centre of the cabinet. 'High, presto, fly!' the Jacobus disappeared; box after box was opened, the smallest handed to the lady who held the key, and within was found the crown-piece.

"Great applause followed; Boaz assured the company that he had not yet done with this extraordinary coin, for, if he commanded it to the top of Saint Paul's, there it must go; and he added, 'as a proof of its docility, I shall now send it into the left-hand waistcoat pocket of the young gentleman in the stage-box. High, presto, fly!'

"The moment had now arrived for the completion of my scheme. I put my hand into my pocket, and said aloud, 'Here it is, sure enough; but, to show you, Mr. Boaz, how obedient a piece of silver it is, and that you are not the only person who can control it, I shall send it into the right-hand waistcoat pocket of that gentleman in the red waistcoat on the opposite side. High, presto, pass!'

"The farmer felt his pocket, pulled out the crown-piece, and looked the image of consternation. 'By gum, that beats all I ever see in my born days!' he exclaimed, and sunk back on his seat in utter astonishment and extreme annoyance

at finding all eyes were directed towards him. But, my attention had been solely occupied in watching the effect produced upon Boaz; he started, looked first at me, then at the farmer, not knowing what to say or do; after a short pause he continued his performance without the slightest reference to what had just occurred. Many minutes had not elapsed after the first act, when a person whom I recognized as one of those who had hustled me on my coming into the theatre came to me, requesting, as a very particular favour, that I would come behind the scenes on the close of the performance.

"Boaz evidently laboured under nervous excitement: his tricks during the rest of the evening were not cleverly or neatly done, and he seemed heartily glad when the curtain fell; as he made his final bow he looked at me in a most significant manner, apparently imploring me to hasten to him, and solve the mystery of my extraordinary specimen of legerdemain. The man who brought his message waited outside the box, to show me the way to the stage.

"Here I was speedily confronted with the great Boaz, the conjuror, whose magical delusions had 'astonished the crowned heads of Europe, and the learned bodies of Gottingen, Münich, Potsdam, the Sorbonne, Oxford, and Cambridge,' and he

stood before me astounded and confused at the supposed superiority I possessed in the art by which he lived. With considerable embarrassment of tone and manner, he told me he had never witnessed so extraordinary a trick as the one I had performed. 'I knew,' he said, 'that the crown was in your pocket; all the nonsense of the cabinet you must know better than myself; but, I implore you to tell me how did you pass the piece of silver from your own pocket into that of the gentleman opposite?' 'Mr. Boaz,' I replied, 'you cannot think that I am going to part with so valuable a secret without ——.' 'Will money purchase it?' he asked mysteriously; imagining, I suppose, that I was really a necromancer, and had given something more than gold for my knowledge. 'No, sir; money will not gain it from me. It is a family secret, and the person who taught it to my ancestor was ——.' 'The devil, and no one else, I 'm certain; sir, I will not detain you.' I bowed, and left him in a state of bewilderment."

I wish, gentle reader, you could have heard this story from the good colonel's own lips. I feel I have not done it justice; but, bear in mind it is many years since I heard it told, and let that plead my excuse.

September and October passed away heavily. My friend Smith was frequently absent, and the

duty of visiting the forts and Martello towers, from Dungeness to Folkestone battery, was taken, week about, by Mr. F———, the other lieutenant, and myself. Of him I saw little or nothing; he led a very secluded life, consoling himself in the society of a young female who shared his barrack-room, but could not boast, amongst her collection of ornaments, that small hoop of gold which marks the difference between the captain's wife and the captain's lady.

On one of my visits to Folkestone battery, I was politely invited to shelter myself from a heavy shower by the master-gunner. This office is usually held by a civilian. On entering his room, I was struck by the air of comfort and elegance it presented. An extensive collection of books, a few choice pictures, some rare china, and articles of virtu, were tastefully arranged. I could not resist congratulating him on his very snug quarters.

"Ah, sir!" he said, with a sigh, "I endeavour to make myself as happy as I can, under my present circumstances; but, if I possessed my rights, *I* should now have a coronet upon my brow."

I concealed my mirth at the figure presented to my imagination — the master-gunner of Folkestone blowing his barrack-fire with a coronet upon his brow.

In fact, there are so many instances in the army of soldiers being kept out of their property by *the right owner*, that I didn't pay any attention to this vaunting of the master-gunner. Some years afterwards, however, I learnt that his statement was true, and ascertained that he was father of Lord ——, whose restoration to the Peerage was effected by the zeal and ability of a barrister celebrated for his genealogical research. My acquaintance, I am sorry to say, did not live to wear the wished-for coronet; he died whilst the measures were in progress that gave his son the rank and property of which, it is said, he had been most unjustly deprived.

I was requested by a gunner of my company, a very steady fellow, to forward his application for furlough.

"Your honour," said he, "will please to read this letter—'tis from my brother, who is a schoolmaster in Newry, and 'tis there I want to go."

"My good fellow, I have no wish to read it. I shall certainly recommend you for leave. How much do you require?"

"Why, sir, I should like it for two months: 'tis a long march to the north of Ireland, sir, and you will see that there are some family-matters to settle when I get over, if you will but read my brother's letter."

Thus pressed, I did so. It announced the death of an uncle and the division of a small property, a share of which fell to the gunner, but was to be paid only to him in person. It went on thus:

"And, indeed, Terence, I congratulate you on being in such comfortable quarters, and that you are under the command of such mighty amiable officers; more especially your own countryman, who has lately joined you."

As my "tongue" was still "tipped with a bit of the brogue," I suppose that for me was intended this "bit of the blarney."

"Sandgate Castle was built in the reign of Henry the Eight, to keep off the pirats. Queen Elizabeth, when she made her grand tower round the coast, after the defate of the Spanish Armaghda, slept there. Let me know, in your next letter, my dear Terence, if you sleep in the same room with Queen Elizabeth."

The writer deserved to have his historical queries answered by his brother, and I procured him the leave he required.

Reading constituted my principal amusement, and a book was my constant breakfast companion. I was perusing Marmion, with deep interest, when, without a preliminary knock, my door was opened, and George W——, accompanied by a very beautiful girl, entered.

"My dear fellow," he began, "I have no time now to apologize; we are pursued, you must secrete us, and swear, by all that is holy, you will deny your having seen us—pray forgive this freedom, but I will explain."

Without ceremony he opened the door leading to my bed-room, and, thrusting his fair companion before him, walked in; I followed, somewhat chagrined at his nonchalance: and he informed me, that he had induced the young person, whom he called "his beloved and adored Maria," to leave the house of her father, who was a tradesman at Canterbury; that he had concealed her in his own barrack for some days past; but, hearing that her parent had procured a warrant to search for her in the Dover Barracks, and learning that it was likely it would be backed by the general commanding there, he had put her into a chaise, which had been dismissed at the bottom of the Cliff, to avoid its being traced, and he now threw himself on my friendship for refuge. I confess I wished he had chosen any other hiding-place, yet I could not but give the promise he so urgently extorted.

I hastened to finish my breakfast, that I might be prepared for coming events, and had not done so when a chaise drove rapidly up to the Barracks. I heard a voice asking the sentry what officers

lived there; and, on my name being mentioned, the same voice inquired what part of the building I occupied. This was followed speedily by a sharp tap at my door; taking up my book, and assuming an unconcerned air, I said,

"Come in."

Two very respectable looking men made their appearance; one of them, I perceived, was in a state of fearful excitement and agitation; the other was more calm, though he looked distressed.

"Your name is Hill," he began in an angry tone.

"I never deny it, sir," I answered; "may I ask why you wish to ascertain it?"

"You know George W——."

"I do."

"Is he here?" demanded his companion, who, from his violence, I supposed to be the father.

"I do not know what right you have to ask who I admit in my own apartments."

"I will show you my right, sir," he continued, putting a magistrate's warrant into my hand.

I looked it over attentively, and then said,

"I have great respect for the authorities of Dover, both civil and military; but this paper gives you no power to search any building, except the Barracks there. You will, therefore, do me the favour to leave my room, as I shall not suffer you to catechise or intrude."

Finding himself foiled, the wretched man, changing his tone, appealed to my better feelings.

"Sir," he said, "a few weeks ago I was the happiest man alive, blessed in the society of a dear child, who was my joy and comfort.—A villain, a devil in human form, has torn her from me, by what arts I know not. She could not love him, for his person is as odious as his actions."

Thinks I to myself, the old proverb is verified in your case, Mr. George; "Listeners, they say, seldom hear any good of themselves."

He proceeded,

"After some days of the most intense agony and dreadful anxiety as to the fate of my child, I was able to trace her to Dover: she had been seen by a neighbour of mine walking in company with an officer. Her mother is at this moment confined to her room with a brain-fever—I have left her—I have left my business, my home, to the care of comparative strangers, and all in the fond hope of finding my lost Maria. I will snatch her from the scoundrel who has been her ruin—I will take her home with me—I will forgive her," —here the unfortunate man sobbed most pitifully —"if I can find her whilst my reason lasts, for, indeed, sir, I fear I shall lose it soon."

I was really much affected at his suffering. I

knew not what steps to pursue: the promise which W—— had extorted from me I felt much inclined to break, in compassion for the unhappy parent.

At this moment, my servant entered with an orderly book, and told me that there was a general order just sent from Hythe, and that the serjeant-major wished to know if he was to parade the men. This message was delivered in a confused and hesitating manner, so unlike the straightforward one usual with Mathew (for I had left Joseph in Ireland) that I instantly opened the book, and found some lines, written in pencil by W——, running thus:

"We are off—your man will explain when you have got rid of those fellows. I could hardly keep the fool from rushing out and throwing herself at her father's feet; so, to prevent such d——ed romantic nonsense, I mean to bolt the back way. Only detain Old Buzwig a few minutes, and then I shall defy him. Your's, G. W."

I was sickened at this heartless communication, but felt relieved at the certainty that my rooms no longer harboured the fugitives.

"Gentlemen," I said, "to convince you that the objects of your search are not concealed here, you are at full liberty to enter my bed-room. I have no control over any other portion of the building; but, I can assure you, upon my honour,

that those whom you seek will not be found at Shorncliffe."

They examined my room; thanked me for the permission. I offered them refreshments, which they gratefully accepted; and, shortly after, took their departure.

From Matthew I learnt that "the young lady was crying her eyes out, and looked ready to drop down dead; but, in spite of that, Mr. W—— took her across the fields, so as to get to Folkestone without coming near the main road. I never," added the honest fellow," was in such a taking in all my life as when he sent for the orderly-book, and told me to give it to you, with a lie in my mouth. I wouldn't have done it, only I thought the young miss would break her heart if she stopped here, and Mr. W—— said that was the only way of getting off."

I am not, like Jacques, going to moralize upon this spectacle. I leave to the reader the privilege of condemning, in as strong terms as he may please to use, the conduct of the seducer; and to censure me, if he thinks I deserve it, for not giving back the unfortunate child to the arms of her father. I know I shall be blamed equally by the nice sticklers for modern honour, at my confession that I was on the point of so doing;

but I do not attempt, in this my humble narrative, any other course than the record of facts.

With facts I shall, therefore, proceed. W—— reached Dover late that night; finding that a watch was set upon his own rooms, he determined on the expedient of secreting his unhappy companion in the excavation under the Castle. Fuel, food, and bedding, he contrived to convey to the *souterrain* unobserved; but, as his duty demanded his presence, the poor girl was left for many hours alone, the sole occupant of these vast casemates.

Who shall say what her sufferings were during these periods of solitude? The agonies of remorse, the certainty of shame, must have visited her conscience with tenfold horrors, in a place so strangely chosen as her present retreat. Silence, unbroken, except by her paramour, reigned around her; and his voice brought no comfort, his caresses were not those of love. Meantime, the father continued his unavailing search; fortunately for him, however, the destroyer of his daughter's peace shortly grew tired of the life he was leading; and the wretched girl was coolly told that the best thing she could do was to go home, as her longer stay would be inconvenient. She did go home — her presence recalled her mother to life, and her fond father received her to his arms.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW DRURY—LATEST INTELLIGENCE—KEMBLE—MRS. JORDAN—BOWDICH—AN ERRONEOUS ONE OF THE FIRST WATER—BEAR AND BADGER BAITING—COCKPIT AND PAPER MERCHANT—ROYAL MILITARY CANAL—CANTERBURY RACES—BALL—ORANGE BOVEN—RED POLE OFF BOULOGNE—A CAPTIVATING STRANGER.

LEAVE of absence was granted me, in consequence of my presence being requisite on urgent family affairs.

My stay in London enabled me to visit the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which had just been completed. I never shall forget the impression made upon me by the first sight of this gorgeous temple. The proscenium was supported by magnificent columns of verd antique marble, with corresponding pilasters on each side. Two immense tripods, or candelabra, stood upon the stage, each bearing a brilliant circle of gas-light. The dress-boxes were surmounted by a projecting canopy, edged with a rich arabesque scroll. The prevailing colour was green; the ornaments all of burnished gold: whilst the harmony of the proportions, and the chasteness of the embellishments,

presented a most brilliant *toût ensemble.* Those who saw this superb theatre in its primitive beauty will lament with me the mutilation it has since undergone.

Elliston, who had been the most especial favourite of my early play-going days in Bath and Bristol, enacted the Duke Aranza in his captivating style; and afterwards afforded a strong proof of his versatile powers in the Three Singles.

About the middle of December, I was staying in the vicinity of Bristol, and busily engaged in looking over musty parchments, connected with the sale of some property, when, at the hour that the mail usually arrives, the bells of the various churches began to ring in merry peals. I was too much occupied to go into town, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause; and contented myself by thinking some friend might possibly call, from whom I should learn the news. Friends, however, seldom, if ever, visit you when you want them, and always if you desire to be alone. Anxious to learn the facts, I sent a servant into Bristol, giving her strict charge to bring me particulars; and, if possible, to procure a London paper. She was absent some hours; and, on her return, I eagerly demanded the cause of the bell-ringing?

"Why, zir," replied the sapient Sarah, "they

do tell I that the butter be rose in the market, and the mob be a going to fire upon it. Howsomdever, here be the newspaper, and you'll know all about it."

And the provokingly stupid devil handed me a "Felix Farley" of the preceding Saturday. This same wench had engaged herself as a professed cook, and soon convinced her mistress of her capabilities, by asking one day, about half an hour before the usual dinner-time,

"Missus, the carrots be done, shall I put in the beef?"

I learnt, on the following day, that the joyful news which had called the ringers into requisition was the intelligence of the defeat of Napoleon, and his flight from Moscow.

The managers of the Theatre had engaged the great John Kemble for a few nights. I had the satisfaction of witnessing his unrivalled personation of Coriolanus, with the advantages of seeing and hearing afforded by a moderate-sized Theatre.

The joy-inspiring Jordan succeeded "the last of all the Romans." Her mirth was contagious; her buoyancy of spirit knew no bounds; she could do and say what no other actress dared attempt; as a proof of this, let me mention that, whilst playing Nell in the Devil to Pay—one of her most popular characters — she did not content herself,

when jumping out of Lady Loverule's bed, with merely tucking it up, and smoothing down the clothes; but, while thus occupied, she lifted the valance, and started back, exclaiming in a tone of astonishment, "Lord! it's real chaney!" One of the heartiest laughs I ever heard from an audience followed this supposed discovery.

I passed much of my leisure, at this period, in the society of my old schoolfellow and friend, Thomas Edward Bowdich, who afterwards became so well known by his mission to Ashantee. He was occupied in mercantile affairs, but his soul was bent on travel. Africa appeared to him a wide and promising field for scientific research and adventure; and the circumstance of his uncle being Governor of Cape Coast Castle determined him to leave trade to his less ambitious friends, and devote himself to pursuits more congenial to his taste. I shall have occasion to make further mention of him in the course of my narrative.

Having arranged the affairs which had brought me to this part of the world, I rejoined my quarters at Shorncliffe, on the 1st of February, 1813. I found the Infantry Barracks occupied by the Light Division, namely, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th, regiments, and very speedily had the pleasure of being elected an honorary member of each mess.

Mr. Wellwood, the barrack-master, was a fre-

quent guest at these tables; and never failed to amuse those within hearing, by his extraordinary talent for — what shall I say? — the marvellous; no, that does not convey a sufficiently strong meaning; the romantic is too high flown; being poetical in his prose, is too mild a phrase. Let the reader judge for himself; but I must first premise that Mr. Wellwood was never known to recount anything to the disadvantage of his neighbour; what he related, however strange, were events that had happened to himself, as for example:—

"Do I meet you at the Barrack-master's to-day?" demanded Captain Fullerton; "he sports a haunch—queer time of the year for venison!"

"I have promised to dine there; will you call for me on your way?"

The gallant captain and myself joined a party of about a dozen other *militaires*, and were warmly welcomed by the good-natured Scotchman.

"How's a wi ye the day, Fullerton? Ah, my Artilleryman, how goes it? Gi us a grip o' yer haund. Ye are good lads, to leave a comfortable and axcellent mess, to dine wi a puir body like me; however, there's a hearty welcome, to make amends for bad fare."

In spite of his assumed humility, Wellwood knew well that a better dinner could not be set before a

parcel of hungry fellows than the one now provided. His wines were first-rate, his Edinbro' ale exemplary, and his Glenlivet "mild as the moon-beams." Amongst various better things appeared the before-mentioned haunch. It was infernally tough, destitute of fat, and, "but for the honour and glory," would have been well replaced by a saddle of mutton. In the course of the dinner, Wellwood was more than once asked where the venison came from, and each time waived the question, replying—

"Ye shall know that by and by. It's just remarkable—a most extraordinar circumstance, as ever you hard."

We were all aware of our host's propensity, and, therefore, urged him to explain the mystery of the haunch.

"Well, then, lads, I'll tell you the simple facs of the case. I was out on the shingle, with my double-barrel, thinking I may get a shot at some barnacles, or, maybe, a flight o' ducks, when, of a sudden, I saw something in the water, that, at first, I took for a swimming man—twa black things, like arms, rising up and down with the waves; as it came closer, these dark objects showed themselves like antlers; and, satisfied that it was no human creature, to whom I might be of service, I lay mysel down flat, to watch what sort

of a beastie these horns belonged to. Weel, I watched and waited, and better waited; 'till, at last, out steps from the sea, upon the dry land, a fine, large, milk-white stag! I was parfectly thunderstruck, but I was na' going to lose my chance wi' him, so I let fly baith barrels, bang, bang! and doon fa's the animal. Ech, sirs, he was a noble creature. On examination, I found he had a massive siller collar round his neck, ornamented with *fleur-de-lis*. O, my man, says I, you have escaped from some o' the royal deer-parks in France, and a long swim ye 'ave had o' it; but there he lay deed as Robert Bruce, so I just fetched him hame, and you 've eat a part of him the day."

"It *was* a long swim," observed Captain Fullerton: "but, I say, Wellwood, the *fleur-de-lis* have been out of fashion these twenty years, how do you account for that?"

"There is a *species* o' deer in France that lives to be near a hundred; now, we 'll suppose that the collar was put round his neak, say in ninety, before the troubles began, that would na make him mair than three-and-twenty years old, a mere fawu by comparison."

"But are you sure that they *were fleur-de-lis* on the collar?"

"You shall soon be convinced of that: just ring

the bell, and I 'll send Alic up to my bed-room for it. Ech, dear, what a head I have: I was clean forgetting that I sent it yestreen to Rundall and Bridges; there 's metal enough in it to make me a handsome salver and tea service."

We submitted, of course, with all due resignation, to the disappointment arising from the absence of the collar. During the evening, one of the party was complaining that several of his windows had been damaged by the musquetry at a late field-day.

"Egod, sir," said Wellwood, determined on trumping his friend's card, "what 's that to my misfortune in this vary house? When His Royal Highness the Duke of York was attacking Valenciennes, there was such a dreadful heavy cannonading kept up on both sides, that I had not one single pane o' glass left unbroken in my house, and was obliged to memorialize the Board on the subject."

Now, considering that, in bird's flight, Valenciennes was at least a hundred miles off, the cannonade must have been heavy indeed.

Next morning we took especial care to ascertain the facts relating to the marvellous stag. The nearest deer-park was at Waldershare, the seat of the Earl of Guildford; from this the animal had escaped, and was encountered by the veracious

Wellwood some miles inland, shot, and concealed till nightfall, and then brought home by the aid of his man Alic, from whom we extracted the particulars. It was to cover this act of poaching that the worthy barrack-master had ingeniously invented his narrative.

As the spring advanced, I devoted all my leisure to the delightful occupation of drawing, and this I usually pursued in company with my much-valued friend, Nesfield. But my efforts were speedily eclipsed by the talent and genius of my companion. Dear William Nesfield! happy were the hours I passed in your society, kind, simple-hearted, noble fellow that thou art; ay, and although we are both now past our youth, I still remember that thou wert indeed a *beau garçon*.

We were one day tempted to leave our pencils by the following interesting announcement, of which I beg leave to give a literal copy.

"Two day at five a clock in the afernoon the folowin sport will take place by the deshire of the Gentelmen of this Naberhood, a hansum Marycen Bear will be bateed; And the musement off a baggar, and if any Gentelman likes to have is dodge tryed shall be a Comodateed."

Type can do no justice to the calligraphic peculiarities of this missive.

Whilst dealing with sporting subjects, I must

not omit to narrate that, having the pleasure of frequently visiting General M'Kenzie, who commanded at Hythe, I was invited to accompany him to a cock-fight, which was to take place at a strange out-of-the-way spot, upon the old Roman road between Hythe and Canterbury, called Stoney Street. It was arranged that I was to breakfast with the general, and we were to visit the pit in plain clothes. This was the first time I ever saw a Scotch breakfast, and its excellence made a lasting impression on me, no wonder, with such novelties as dried haddies, kipper salmon, mutton-ham, Solan goose, and sweeties, not to mention marmalade, eggs, sausages, and other condiments. The general's motive for attending this main was to ascertain if some birds he had reared were worth the trouble of sending to his estate in Scotland. On our arriving at the scene of action, we found a numerous party of strange-looking people assembled, and a large barn fitted up as the theatre of war. I am not about to discuss or describe the various merits of "the Folkestone yellows," or "the Sussex hackles;" a scene of, to me, horrid cruelty followed.

The general's cocks were victorious, and we were about to depart, when I observed him in conversation with his feeder, who was known by the

sobriquet of "the duke," for no other reason than that his name happened to be *Bedford*.

"Who was that fat man in the grey coat that sported so much money on the mains, and did not seem to care for his losses?"

"A wery respectibel gentleman, I assure you, sir; muster — muster — I forget his name, but he 's a paper marchant."

"A paper merchant! I 'm sure he 's no such thing; who is the man, tell me at once."

"Why, you see, general, he comes here to get rid of his flash skreens."

"No more of your jargon, Mr. Bedford, if you please," said the general, waxing wroth.

"Well, sir, if you *must* know the rights of it, he is a dealer in forged notes."

A very excellent company, under the direction of an enterprising manager, Mr. Trotter, were now performing at the Hythe theatre. Bespeaks, as they are termed, meaning performances under the patronage of individuals of rank, (or of regiments), were frequent; on most of these occasions I made a point of attending, and was one evening very nearly giving serious offence to a most respectable corps, without the least intention of so doing. On the centre panel of the boxes was painted a grotesque figure, meant by the artist, I suppose, for a triton or merman; but he was

doubly blest, having a plurality of scaly tails, from the ends of which sprung the scroll that ran round the house. The Royal Staff corps were the patrons of the evening, and, knowing most of the officers, I had joined their party. Between the acts, one of my friends, an Irishman, and somewhat of a fire-eater, asked me if I could inform him what was intended by the hideous monster to which I have alluded.

"It was expressly painted," I replied, "as a compliment to your corps, and is intended to represent the Genius of the Royal Military Canal."

Now, this canal, a constant theme of ridicule with every branch of the service, except the perpetrators, the staff corps, was a ticklish subject, and the joke (if worthy to be so called), emanating from an ordnance officer, rendered it doubly unpalatable, as it was supposed that this newly-invented regiment was speedily to supersede the necessity of engineer or artillery officers. Young Lloyd took up the cudgels for the honour of the canal-diggers, and appeared much disposed to make a serious matter of it: the intervention of his brother officer, my amiable friend Charles Scott, prevented any unpleasant results.

Canterbury races took place the latter end of August; most of the lads, off duty, on the cliff attended them, so that we made rather a formid-

able party. The ride to Barham Downs affords some truly English scenery, being in many places thickly covered with fine trees, and numerous plantations of fir and larch; the views are of a much higher order than those found on the direct Dover road.

At Bridge Hill, the Baron Montesquieu kept open house during the races. He was a descendant from that celebrated man, the author of the *Esprit des Lois*: he had married an Irish lady, who spoke broken English with a strong brogue.

The race ball was numerously attended; I was introduced to Mr. Baker, a banker, one of the members for Canterbury. This gentleman, strange to say, had contracted a habit of adding the words "and round" to almost every observation he made, as thus:

"Very full ball, and round. Ah, there's Sir John F———, as thin as ever, and round. I'm told he has taken a house in Grosvenor Square, and round. What time do we sup? for I'm getting hungry, and round."

This may appear an exaggeration, but doubtless there are many who remember this strange and peculiar mode of expression of the late Mr. Baker.

About the middle of autumn I was doomed to part with my dear companion and my constant friend, Nesfield: a draft from his battalion being

ordered to the Peninsula. The chances in military life against ever meeting again, are so great as to render the farewell of true friends more than usually gloomy.

His departure was speedily followed by an unexpected order for the march of nearly the whole of the Rifles to Ramsgate for embarkation. Shorncliffe presented a lively scene of bustle and preparation. The Orange flag had been hoisted in Holland, and this gallant corps were to share in the glories of reinstating the lawful prince of that country.

Captain Smith and myself were in sanguine expectation that our company, being so close to the point of embarkation, would speedily follow. It was not to be: the senior officer, holding the lucrative situation of district judge advocate, was in no way anxious to relinquish *Tytler* for the tented field, and in consequence we were doomed to remain ingloriously inactive. I was determined to use every exertion to join this expedition, and made a personal application to Sir George Wood, who commanded the Artillery, for his permission to join one of the brigades: this, however, could not be accomplished.

A ball taking place the night before the troops got on board, the officers attended in service order; and the contrast between their appearance and

some over-dressed non-combatants was very striking. The green jackets and redcoats, however, monopolized all the fine girls, whilst the civilians found a great scarcity of partners.

My anxiety to smell powder was very soon afterwards gratified on a small scale, *en amateur*. The Redpole, commanded by Captain Fraser, had been for months cruising off Sandgate, and I had frequently dined on board. One fine moonlight night in December, the worthy captain asked me if I had any objection to remaining in the craft, as it was coming on to blow, and he should like a little more sea-room; I was delighted at the notion of stopping with him, and we very soon stood out to sea. About mid-channel, a suspicious-looking lugger was observed making all sail for Blackness, near Ambleteuse. We gave chase, but gained very little on the well-manned boat: when within a couple of miles of the French coast, the smuggler — for such I was assured she was—kept hugging in shore, and shaping her course for Boulogne.

Captain Fraser, in the hope of still coming up with her, made more sail. I was standing on deck with him, watching, with great anxiety, the exertion of the stranger to get off, when, of a sudden, a small battery close to the harbour of Boulogne opened upon us; the shot went over our mast-

heads, but the night was so clear, that we were confident Crapeau would speedily mend his range; and orders were given to bout ship: the wind being fitful, and our lying under their shore, some time elapsed before the crew could carry this into effect. Meanwhile, Fraser thought it would be as well to return the compliment, and some two or three shots were fired at the battery, which now poured a pretty smart fire upon us. No mischief, except to one of the spars, occurred, and we were speedily out of their reach.

This being the first time I had ever been in action, if I may dignify with such a phrase a trifling affair of the sort, it appeared important to me then, and for that reason I have recounted it. After an excellent supper, and an extra allowance of grog, which the captain insisted was only my ration, as an A. B., I turned into my berth, and dreamed that Buonaparte's flotilla was entirely destroyed by the Redpole. The following morning Fraser accompanied me on shore, and shared my mess.

A few days after my cruise, young Curry, of the Rifle Corps, called to ascertain if I intended to go to a ball at Ashford, to "see the old year out and the new one in;" and, as he assured me vast numbers of my friends were going, I agreed to make one of the party, Curry at the same time offering

me a seat in his gig. The day arrived: and, having all my regimental finery stowed away in a portmanteau, I attired myself in plain clothes for the drive. We were not long going over the ground, and reached Ashford about three o'clock.

As we drove up to the inn, a smartly-dressed man touched his hat, and assured me, with a smile, that he "was glad to see me." I took it for granted that he was the landlord, and merely bowed in return. We alighted from the tilbury, and I walked into the parlour, the man at the gateway following me closely.

"What have you in the house for dinner?" I asked him. Instead of answering the question, he sidled up to me, and said in a half whisper, "I have a little business to settle with you, if you please, captain."

"Well, what is it? speak out!"

"I knew I should find you here; I have been waiting all the morning for you."

"Waiting for me! Why, who do you think I am, then?"

"Oh, I knows very well who you are, and you know me, too, only you don't like to own it."

"I never saw you before in my life; and I desire you will leave the room."

"Not quite so fast, if you please, captain: I don't mean to leave the room, nor the town

neither without you, unless you pays debt and costs, then I goes back to Canterbury; if not, you'll have the pleasure of my company as far as Maidstone, and there I'll leave you with some friends of mine, who will take every possible care of you, as this small bit of paper will show."

And he handed me a writ against the person of Captain S———, of the 9th regiment.

"You are mistaken in your man: I am not Captain S———."

"Ay, ay, I'm up to all that gammon; I knew you would not own to it, but, it won't do, so the sooner you settles the business the better."

"I shall settle no business, but once more repeat that you will quit this room," and so saying I put the poker into the fire.

At this moment, Curry, who had staid to see the horse put up, came in.

"Sam," said I, "this worthy person has taken it into his head that my name is S———, and wishes to carry me off to jail."

"Well," he replied, "how can I help it?—he knows that S——— *is* your name, as well as I do. Let me say a word to you," and he motioned the bailiff to one end of the room, then continued, in a low voice, "I know S——— well, he is a good fellow, though always in trouble. Let this man take you to Maidstone, and the sheriff will have

to pay damages for false imprisonment, with which you can discharge S———'s debt."

"My dear fellow, I know the *sheriff* well, and I would not be guilty of such an act for the world."

"Well, if you won't do it of your own free will, you have no chance of escape now; that fellow won't lose sight of you, or let you off."

"He must, and shall. This gentleman," I said to the man, "is only hoaxing you, by calling me S———: for your own sake I advise you not to attend to him."

"I'm not easily put out of my way," coolly answered the bailiff. "I'm quite satisfied that I have made a lawful caption: your friend won't tell no lie to sarve your turn, so let us understand one another: if you likes to have a bit of dinner before you starts, I shall be happy to join you, and then a post-chaise will take us to Maidstone in good time."

Although the man's manner was doubtless meant for civility, and so widely different from the representations of stony-hearted bailiffs I had seen on the stage, it was with considerable difficulty that I kept my temper within bounds at his cool proposition of dining with me. In vain I assured him of his mistake; he would not listen to me, nor could I persuade the mischievous young rascal, my companion, to undeceive him.

Some minutes passed; the man, finding that

I did not order dinner, lost by degrees his tone of civility, and at length said, resolutely,

"Well, captain, it 's no use throwing away any more time: if you don't chuse to go with me quietly, and like a gentleman, I shall call in my man, and take you off, whether you like it or no."

"It shall be by force, then," I said; and, drawing the red-hot poker from the fire, began to flourish it about after the most approved manner of Nicol Jarvie.

The bailiff, defending his person with a stout stick, was making for the door to call in his assistant—Curry, like an imp of Satan, was hallooing us on to the combat; when, fortunately, three officers of the Rifle Corps entered the room. A parley was sounded; and, as my newly-arrived allies addressed me by my own name, it had the effect of convincing the sheriff's officer of my identity. He retired, no ways pleased at having missed his intended prey.

We had a merry dinner, and a very gay ball; those who had secured beds at the inn returned about two o'clock to supper. I was determined to revenge myself on Curry, who had retired early; so, enlisting three or four in my cause, we stole into his bed-room, as soon as we were certain that he was asleep, and, seizing him neck and heels, tossed him in a blanket, until our arms ached, and he was hoarse with roaring for mercy.

CHAPTER XII.

KEAN — SNOW FALL — MARCH FOR PORTSMOUTH — ESPRIT DE CORPS — GOVERNMENT HOUSE — VISIT TO PORCHESTER CASTLE — THE WILD DUCK — RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS — FRENCH IMPORTATIONS — GOUGING A BRIGAND.

THE first month of the new year, 1814, was about the dullest I ever passed in my life; the season was so very tempestuous that I seldom ventured across the cliff to dine with my friends, the weather was too gloomy for drawing, and I had read through all the new works that old Purdy, the librarian of Sandgate, had added to his scanty collection. I occasionally borrowed a newspaper from him, to learn how the world wagged; and early in February read, with considerable interest, the appearance of a new star in the dramatic horizon. Kean had appeared as Shylock, and the encomiums bestowed upon his acting were so universal that I determined on seeing him as speedily as possible. The absence of my brother sub prevented my carrying this wish into effect

until late in the month. I obtained a week's leave, and repaired to town.

It was in Richard the Third I first saw the wonderful little man: with Cooke's performance of that character I had been familiar, and thought perfection reached in *his* personation; but, how immeasurably inferior did it now appear to the splendid conception and brilliant execution of Kean! His eyes beamed with almost superhuman brilliancy, and the defects of his voice were forgotten in the variety and power of its tones. Froissart would not have desired to chronicle the praises of a more valiant knight than he shone forth in Bosworth; but I must check my humble eulogy of one whom thousands admired, and in whose praise so much has been said, that admiration of mine is superfluous. I had determined on seeing him in Shylock, when, to my utter surprise, a letter reached me from Shorncliffe, with intelligence that my company had received the route, and were to march in two days.

I reached my quarters about eleven the next morning, but too late to march with my company; this was extremely provoking, as I could not endure the idea of being subject to reprimand from Mr. F ——, the senior lieutenant. All my traps were packed; my careful Matthew had sent off the heavy baggage by the waggons that formed part

of the line of march, so I had little left but to see my rooms dismantled, and to give directions for his following.

Anxious to overtake my men before they reached Canterbury, I chose the cross-country road, with which the cock-fight had made me acquainted; the snow lay about three or four feet deep, and my horse, balled (that is, collected in his frogs enough to elevate him above the surface), so frequently, that I was obliged to have recourse to a novel method of making my journey good; instead, therefore, of keeping in the centre of the road, I chose the side, and galloped or cantered, till the horse had picked up sufficient to ensure a tumble: down we went together, as though falling on a feather-bed; with my stick I cleared his heels, and mounted again for another gallop and another tumble. Ridiculous as this may appear, it is no less true, and my purpose was answered. I came up with the men before they had reached the suburbs of the city. Mr. F—— was very cool, and muttered something about his having the whole responsibility of the march. I did not reply, but I did not forget his observations. At Canterbury we received a route for Portsmouth; and here I was obliged, much against my inclination, to sell my horse, the sudden break-up at Shorncliffe having swallowed all my current coin.

It was rather *mal-à-propos* at this particular time, but I determined to make the best of it. Major Munro and Captain Smith were absent on leave, and I was thus condemned to be under the control of one with whom I certainly was not a cater-cousin.

Our first halt was at Sittingburn; after seeing the men receive their billets, I joined Mr. F —— in the coffee-room of the Rose. With somewhat of a malignant expression of countenance, he addressed me.

"I fear your *march* has fatigued you, sir."

"Spare your commisseration, if you please; you shall find I can do my duty on foot, as well as on horseback; and now, sir, listen to me. I have a great respect for the service to which I belong, and should be sorry if it were supposed two officers of the same corps were not sufficiently friends to dine at the same table. Without the slightest ambition to increase our intimacy, I think you perceive the policy of adopting my proposal that we mess together during the march, though I beg you clearly to understand that, on our arrival at Portsmouth, we resume the same position as we occupied so long at our late quarters."

Very much confused by my candid arrangement, he accepted the proposed terms. Our din-

ner was any thing but a social meal; yet, for the honour of the cloth, we went through the ceremony of drinking each other's health, whilst we cordially wished each other at the devil.

The next day, we proceeded through Maidstone to Town Malling; a sharp frost had rendered the roads firm, and the march would have been pleasant but for the dazzling effect of the crystalized snow. On our arrival at Reigate, the following day, we found the town full of troops, and were informed by the authorities that it would be necessary to continue our march to Guildford, a distance of seventeen miles. This unexpected intelligence somewhat vexed me; I had performed the early part of the march in a style worthy of Captain Barclay, but the prospect of so many additional miles puzzled my pedestrian powers. I determined, at all hazards, not to give in till I was forced to do so; and then the mortifying picture presented itself to my imagination of becoming dead lame, and being picked up by the baggage-waggon, and perched on the top of it along with the women and children. In the midst of this unpleasant reverie, Mr. F—— accosted me.

"It will be very late before we reach our destination; I should much wish that the men's billets should be ready for them the moment they get into Guildford; I shall be much obliged if

you will ride my pony forward and arrange it so."

Rejoiced as I was at the proposition, I determined to conceal my satisfaction from him, and even suggested his going instead; he complained of being cold from keeping pace with the men, and urgently pressed me to grant his request. I at length acceded, and, putting the pony into a smart trot, shortly found myself at Guildford. It was dark when the party arrived; but I had taken proper care that my poor fellows should get under shelter as soon as they reached the place.

Our next halt was at Petersfield; I know not whether it was the remembrance of having been spared a certain quantity of fatigue the day before, or if the two or three awkward attempts at conciliation which my companion had made during the march had produced any change in my opinion of him; but certain it is that I was in a much more amiable mood than when I left Canterbury. I supposed F—— perceived it; for he took occasion, during the evening, to express his regret that the following day would bring us to Portsmouth, where we were again to be strangers.

"You have seen more of me," I replied, "within these few days, than during the many months we were quartered together in Kent; you

there took especial care to avoid me, and I might have formed a harsh opinion of you in consequence. I feel convinced we never can become intimate friends; our tastes and pursuits are at variance; but, as you are pleased to lament the termination of our acquaintance, permit me to say it will be your own fault, if such be the case. I offer you my hand in token of good fellowship."

It was warmly grasped. How long the high contracting parties remained pacifically disposed remains to be told.

We reached our destination the next day. Portsmouth, at this time, was garrisoned by numerous regiments. A large fleet lay at Spithead; the streets were thronged with blue and red jackets, and all wore the appearance of gaiety and bustle.

A day or two after my arrival, I was introduced to Lady Popham and her charming family, then occupying the Government-house. The *soirées* given to the navy and army were numerously attended; and, independently of the charms of music and dancing, these assemblies had the good effect of making the officers of both services better known to each other.

In the High Street, one morning, I encountered an old acquaintance, Major Maxwell, and his son, whom I had seen when a child; now grown up,

and about to embark for India as an officer of dragoons. The major was a most fascinating man; his address and manner, although unusually *suave*, still possessed an air of frankness and decision. He was the personation of a man of the world. I accompanied his son and himself to Porchester Castle, then occupied by a vast number of French prisoners. It was at the period when the Russians and Prussians were closely advancing upon Paris; and where the emperor exactly was, at this moment, was not known. Maxwell, who spoke French most fluently — at that time by no means a common acquirement — entered into conversation with one of the prisoners, who had been a sergeant of the Imperial Guard. He begged to know the news of the day, and the major, anticipating events, told him that the allies were in possession of Paris.

"Grand Dieu!" exclaimed the man, "est-ce possible? Notre belle ville de Paris, souillée par la présence de ces barbares! Mais, où est donc l'Empereur?"

"On ne sait pas—on l' a perdu de vue."

"On ne sait pas? — tant mieux! — car, voyez vous, monsieur, l'Empereur est comme un canard sauvage; il plonge, et il est parti, Dieu sait où, et puis, tout-à-coup, le voilà, où on l' attend le moins."

With the abundant gesticulation of his country, the poor fellow suited the action to the word, and his conceit of the wild duck was rewarded by sundry coins.

Maxwell had taken a very charming cottage at Ryde, and I went over to the Isle of Wight to pass a day or two with him.

Strolling along the shore, nearly two miles from the town, at a point where we commanded a most extensive view of Portsmouth and its neighbours, Portsea and Southsea, many noble ships were lying between us and the main-land. Whilst regarding this interesting and beautiful spectacle, we were surprised by the sudden firing of the guns along the lines, answered by the men-of-war; from the spot we occupied, it bore precisely the appearance of a hostile attack. At Ryde, to which we immediately returned, all was conjecture as to the cause of the salute; I hastened to get on board the first passage-boat, and learnt, on landing, the intelligence of the deposition of Bonaparte, and the recall of the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors.

Not many days afterwards, the Acbar, a French 74, commanded by Admiral Troud, cast anchor at Spithead: as she was the first vessel bearing the white flag that had been seen there for upwards of twenty years, her arrival created a great

sensation. The officers came on shore, and were received by all ranks with every demonstration of respect. Two of the lieutenants, remarkably fine young men, dined at our mess; and, as they were anxious to walk round the ramparts after dinner, I volunteered to accompany them, having previously constructed a huge white cockade of writing-paper, which I stuck into my hat, to the no small amusement of the friends I encountered whilst lionizing the Frenchmen.

Before Louis le Desiré had entered his good city of Paris, the streets of Portsmouth were enlivened by numbers of his subjects: the inhabitants of Havre and its neighbourhood, both male and female, came over in shoals; and their peculiar costume attracted universal attention. The ladies, I believe, had no reason to complain of any want of *gallantry* on the part of "Monsieur Jean Bull;" and, doubtless, returned to their country not a little vain of the numerous conquests they had made.

Among the many instances of the spirit of the times, I was amused with the quaint display made by a silversmith and money-changer on the Parade; he exhibited a sovereign, a Napoleon, and a half-sovereign, in a frame, with these words attached to the coins: "This *is* a sovereign." —

"This *was* a sovereign."—"This never will be a sovereign."

One May morning, a young gentleman, in the uniform of a midshipman, handed me a letter from my ever kind friend, Colonel Young; stating that he should shortly arrive at Portsmouth to embark for Ceylon, that the bearer was his nephew, and that he would feel obliged if I would take care of the youngster till he arrived. I was delighted at the opportunity of meeting the wish of a friend so esteemed, and requested the boy to consider my rooms his home.

Some time previously to this, I had taken abundant pains in copying the head of a Bandit, from one of the old masters, as the top of a snuff-box, and had left it in High Street to be varnished. After walking with the reefer over the Dock-yard, I called for my box; and was recommended by the man to keep it on my mantel-piece for a day or two, so that the varnish might harden. This caution prevented my sporting it at mess, for I was mighty vain of the drawing. Young Murray dined with me; and, after two or three glasses of wine, I told him he would find plenty of books in my room to amuse him until I rejoined him. I followed in less than an hour; as I entered I perceived the youngster intently occupied—but how think you, gentle reader?—in scooping out, with

a pen-knife, the eyes of my Bandit; the nostrils and mouth had previously been scarified. In one short hour the employment of days was wantonly destroyed by this cockpit Vandal. I forgot, for the moment, whose relative the offender was — I forgot every thing, but that I had a horsewhip, and quickly it was brought into operation. The astonished reefer bellowed lustily, and threatened me with the vengeance of his uncle. When he ceased roaring, I begged him to tell me why he had destroyed the picture.

"It was your fault," he replied, "for leaving me alone; I had nothing else to do, and I can't bear being idle."

From that moment I resolved to place midshipman before monkey, in the classification of mischievous animals. Colonel Young arrived next day: he met me with his usual warmth of manner; and asked, in the presence of the culprit, how he had behaved. The poor boy looked the image of confusion.

"Oh! very well indeed to-day; last evening, 'tis true, a *slight* difference arose; but I very gently told him he was wrong, and he was good enough to understand the *hint* I gave him."

A shrug of the shoulders seemed to imply a lively recollection of the whip, and the lad's face

intimated his surprise at the very cool mention I made of the affair, so I added,

"But I have no doubt, colonel, you will hear the particulars from him, as he promised me you should."

I left them; and the youngster, heartily ashamed of himself, confessed to his uncle the folly he had committed, and begged him to intercede with me for forgiveness. This I most readily granted. In two days after the colonel was to sail, and, being anxious to enjoy as much of his society as possible, I accompanied him in the Ordnance-yacht to Spithead, where the Arniston transport lay, in which he was about to take his passage. I could not help expressing my surprise that such a clumsy, ill-conditioned craft was selected for so long a voyage; and well do I remember the colonel's reply:

"It is a wretched old tub, my dear boy; still she may cóntrive to make the voyage out; but, mark me, she will never come back!"

These words were prophetic; on her return she foundered at sea. Lord and Lady Molesworth, their family, and suite, were on board, and every soul perished!

CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS—COMFORTABLE LODGINGS FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN — THE SALUTING BATTERY — WELLINGTON—THE OLDENBURG POKE—ORDERED ON SERVICE.

EARLY in June the newspapers were filled with accounts of the arrival of the emperor of Russia, the king of Prussia, and other distinguished foreigners. It was speedily rumoured that these illustrious persons would visit Portsmouth, previous to their departure from England, and instantly preparations were set on foot to receive them with all becoming respect. Most of the houses in the town were immediately consigned to the hands of the painter and glazier; windows were cleaned, broken panes mended, and *no* pains *spared* to lend the various buildings an air of respectability and comfort. Government House was given up by Lady Popham to some of the royal domestics, and, turn which way you would, nought was heard but the "note of preparation."

All doubts, as to the expected visit, were put at rest upon the 19th, as, on that day, H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence hoisted his flag.

The following morning, considerable excitement was caused by the arrival of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who, although he travelled as a private gentleman, had attracted attention by his foreign air and numerous orders. The first wish of the prince was to visit the dock-yard: on his applying at the gate for admission, the porters said that they could not allow him to pass without a special order, and informed Sir George Grey, the commissioner, of the applicant's rank.

Sir George hastened to apologize to the prince for his detention, and requested his patience, whilst he communicated with the Admiralty in London on the subject. The telegraph was put in requisition: and, in less than ten minutes, "Admit Prince Royal Bavaria" was returned from head-quarters, to the no small gratification of his highness, and the perfect surprise of the gentlemen in his suite.

Wednesday the 22nd was the day on which the long-looked-for visiters were to arrive. Before noon, I was sent with a brigade of guns to Portsdown Hill, to receive the prince regent. The various equipages of all descriptions I met on my way defied enumeration. England seemed pouring all its inhabitants into Portsmouth. I took up my position, and, whilst awaiting the prince, had time and opportunity to contemplate

the magnificent view before me. A walled town, an object so rare in England, formed the centre of the landscape; to the right, stood the picturesque ruins of Porchester Castle, the great tower of which was covered with ivy; a gallant fleet, gaily decorated with flags, lay floating on the calm sea; whilst a back ground of peculiar beauty was presented by the varied outline of the Isle of Wight. Every figure visible was clothed in its holyday suit, and the sun shone upon the whole scene with all the splendour of June.

My orders were that, the moment the carriage of the prince regent came abreast of my brigade, I was to commence a royal salute, which would be instantly taken up by the ships at Spithead, and the lines of Portsmouth.

A few minutes before three o'clock, an officer of hussars was seen approaching at a rapid rate: he drew up to inform me that I might expect his royal highness every moment. The port-fires were lit, all was in readiness; speedily the royal carriage appeared: off went my hat in homage to my prince, and at the same moment off went the first gun.

What a sight was now presented as the *cortège* slowly descended the hill! — the wooden-walls of old England, sending forth the roar of that artillery at whose sound the four quarters of the globe

had trembled, now peaceably complimenting the chief governor of the first nation in the world!

The moment I had concluded my salute, I hastened to "limber up;" and, by putting the horses to rather a quicker pace than usual, came up with the rear of the royal procession, which, on entering Landport Gate, was received with a salvo of artillery.

I beg to refer my readers to the journals of the day for various particulars, premising that I am only about to speak of events that came under my observation.

As soon as I had dismissed the brigade, I made my way to the parade, in front of the government-house. Thousands of people were assembled, and the slope from the parapet to the esplanade was admirably calculated for their obtaining a view of what passed. It was crowded from top to bottom, and resembled a huge amphitheatre.

As soon as the prince had given audience to the Duke of Clarence, as commander of the fleet, Sir Richard Bickerton, the port admiral, and others, he appeared on the balcony, and was greeted by deafening shouts. Loyalty and attachment to the sovereign was then the fashion: would to Heaven I might live to see it revived!

After gratifying the people with his presence, and acknowledging their reception with that grace

and elegance for which he was pre-eminent, his royal highness withdrew.

Our mess-room was crowded with guests from all parts of Britain, and every officer's quarter filled with sofas, mattrasses, and various extemporaneous attempts at beds, for none were to be had in the town. There was too much excitement out of doors to sit long at table: I left early, and had scarcely reached the Landport Gate, when loud huzzas announced the coming of the king of Prussia. His majesty's reception was most cordial; but the enthusiasm with which the veteran Blücher was greeted was surpassing. The house of General Houston had been prepared for the king. Blücher's quarters were to be at the bank near the parade; and, as he proceeded down the High Street, I thought the carriage would have been torn to pieces, so anxiously did the crowd press round it. As soon as he alighted, and doubtless glad enough he was to do so, nothing would satisfy the myriads that filled the street but he must appear at the window: with this request he good-naturedly complied, and remained smiling, bowing, and stroking down his ample moustache, for some time.

The whole town was brilliantly illuminated; and, about nine o'clock, the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the grand Duchess Catherine,

passed through the crowded streets, to the house of the commissioner in the dock-yard; their presence was a fresh signal for a display of popular feeling, and the great autocrat appeared to be well pleased with the homage of freemen.

On returning to my barracks to moisten my throat, which was parched with huzzaing, I found two friends, fellow citizens, also, who had come to see the show, and who had been for the past hour striving to find some place wherein to sleep; they had offered five guineas for wretched accommodation, and had been refused. My rooms were preoccupied; still I felt much disposed to exert myself for these tired travellers, and at length hit upon the expedient of asking a venerable female, who was the mistress of a large establishment at the top of Warblington Street, if she could make it convenient to spare two beds, and at what price. The worthy lady, whose virtues had acquired for her the appellation of mother, generously refused to make any advance on her usual charge, but at length consented to receive a sovereign per night for the two rooms. The elder of my friends was a sedate person, recently married; his companion, and half brother, a mighty modest youth. They supped with me, and I showed them the way to their lodgings, with which they expressed themselves highly pleased.

The next morning, at breakfast, the younger lamented that so respectable an old lady should be unfortunate in her family, for, soon after he had retired to rest, a quarrel arose between two young ladies, whom he imagined to be her daughters; that they swore at each other in the most awful manner, and made use of shocking language. I listened with all due gravity to this afflicting detail, and expressed a hope that the young ladies might sleep out the next night, so as to ensure domestic quiet.

Not being on duty, I had it in my power to show my country friends some of the great doings; on reaching Blücher's residence, we were delighted to find him standing at an open window, enjoying his morning *meerchaum*. Like most Prussians, the prince was an inveterate smoker. Knowing that he would speedily repair to the dock-yard, we waited to procure a nearer view of him; the doorway of the house was literally besieged by well-dressed females, all anxiously awaiting

"The envied kiss to share;"

for he had shown no reluctance to favour his fair friends with an embrace, and many a ruby lip had been brought in close contact with his grizzly moustache.

The carriage, which was to convey him, arrived;

the women now pressed on with Amazonian fury; the brave old man appeared, knowing what was expected — he commenced a series of salutes — fresh relays of relentless beauties awaited his regard. His duty to his master was, however, paramount; so, putting the candidates gently aside, he said, in as good English as he could muster,

"I can kiss no more — no more kiss to-day."

Even those who were disappointed could not help expressing their delight at the good-natured candour of this noble old soldier.

I secured my friends a good situation on the rampart, from which they saw the royal personages visit the fleet at Spithead. The barges containing them were decorated with the standard of England, the imperial eagle of Russia, and the royal eagle of Prussia, followed by boats bearing the flags of the Board of Admiralty, the captain of the fleet, and others. As this aquatic procession passed the battery, it was saluted with twenty-one guns, and its approach to the fleet was marked by a similar compliment. After inspecting the admiral's ship, the party returned: the royal carriage awaited them at the sallyport; and, on reaching Government House, they all made their appearance in the balcony. My Bristol friends observing that my regimentals served as a passport through the assembled crowds, stuck to me

most pertinaciously, and were fortunate in obtaining a near view of the great men, whose presence here had brought them from their homes.

Late on this evening, Colonel Salmon, who commanded our corps, sent for me to say that the general had complained of the great irregularity in the firing at the saluting battery, and, as I was in orders for that duty on the morrow, to request I would pay it the strictest attention. This I promised, well knowing that our branch of the service was not looked upon with the most favourable eye by the complainant, and his prejudice had constantly been kept awake by the reports of one of the staff, well-known in the garrison by the endearing distinction of "two yards of damned bad stuff." I am not apt to *foster* antipathies, but this very disagreeable person merited the detestation generally felt for him.

Next morning my visiters partook of an early breakfast with me. I inquired if the annoyance of the preceding evening had been repeated, and was told by my previous informant that not only had noise and blasphemy prevented him from sleeping till a late hour, but that one of the young ladies had mistaken her way into his room, and, he believed, with the intention of sleeping in it, doubtless unaware of its being occupied; the moment he observed her begin to undress, he jumped

bolt upright, intending to rectify the mistake, and so alarmed her that she ran screaming down stairs, uttering the most fearful oaths.

"My dear fellow," I replied, "'tis fortunate that you have determined on returning home to-night; the fact is, what you have mistaken for blasphemy arises from the whole family being Methodist mad."

I knew not, nor cared not, if this explanation was satisfactory: they had been fortunate in procuring good beds, and it would have been foolishly fastidious, at a time like the present, to quarrel with the character of the house in which they found shelter.

Anxious to perform the duty of the day to the satisfaction of my colonel, and, if possible, to escape blame from another quarter, I left my friends to the care of a brother officer, and, before nine o'clock, marched to the saluting battery. At ten, the prince regent, in an admiral's uniform, repaired to the dock-yard, to embark with the sovereigns; as he passed, I commenced my operations; I had given strict directions to my party as to the necessity of precision, &c., and was most cheerfully obeyed. The Royal Sovereign yacht, having the illustrious party on board, soon made her way out of the harbour, and my guns were again in requisition. It happened that

the general commanding had arrived on the platform a few minutes previous to this, and had placed himself between two of the guns, affording me an opportunity of showing him that I knew what I was about better than he anticipated; for, as soon as I perceived the masts of the yacht moving, before the vessel itself was in sight, I begged he would do me the favour to remove from his present position, as it was impossible for me to fulfil my duty if he remained there. The general stared, but instantly quitted his post. The salute proceeded, and was well timed. At its conclusion, I was gratified by overhearing a remark from one I little expected would make it, and evidently made loud enough to reach me — "That's something like a salute. Very well, indeed!"

The whole fleet lying at Spithead was speedily in motion, and, after performing a variety of manœuvres, stood out towards St. Helen's. Finding that the parapet was crowded to excess, many officers of rank, having ladies under their protection, requested permission to look at the naval review from the battery: at first I granted their request, on condition that they would withdraw the moment I required it; this was promised; but, no sooner had leave been given to three or four groupes, than I was assailed on all sides by ladies, anxious to join those who occupied so desirable

a place for watching the fleet. In vain I expostulated, in vain I refused. Pretty women are at all times difficult to deal with, and never more so than when their curiosity and love of sight-seeing is to be gratified. I was in utter despair; the gunners were driven from their stations by these fair invaders. Conscious that I should be severely and deservedly reprimanded, for losing the good opinion which had been bestowed upon me, I was about, as a desperate measure, to clear the platform *vi et armis*, when a distant sound came rushing from the Landport Gate. It increased every moment; speedily the name of "Wellington" was heard above the shouts; "Wellington! Wellington!" was echoed by a thousand voices; and, in an instant, all my fears were banished, the battery was deserted. My fair tormentors rushed eagerly towards the approaching hero. Huzzas, loud and hearty, greeted his appearance. It was with considerable difficulty that his carriage could make its way through the congregated thousands. Never have I witnessed such an ebullition of grateful enthusiasm. As soon as the victor of a hundred fields had reached Government House, he gratified the assembled multitude by appearing in the balcony. Words cannot describe his reception. All ranks hailed his presence; and, in spite of a life of anxiety and fatigue, how splendid he

looked! Amongst the many observations made, one from a weather-beaten sailor amused me. "Ah," said Jack, "old Blücher may go to bed now; we have got one of our own countrymen to look at." It was not long after the arrival of his grace that the aquatic party returned. I was assured that the meeting between the prince regent and his noblest warrior was touching in the extreme, and that his reception by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, Prince Blücher, and the other personages, was honourable to all hearts.

The royal party soon afterwards dined, and I should have been well pleased to have been similarly occupied; but no orders had yet reached me to march home. Soon after dusk, the fleet was illuminated, a sight I had never before witnessed, and certainly a very beautiful effect it produced. About eight o'clock the Duke of C ——, escorting the Duchess of Oldenburg, came to the battery to view the ships. His royal highness, with that off-hand manner for which he was remarkable, told me to dismiss my party, as he knew we should not be required any more. I was obliged respectfully to decline this mark of condescension on the part of the duke, and intimated that all orders emanated from the prince regent. The duchess and her bonnet being objects of great curiosity, a vast number of persons had

thronged round her; the duke desired two or three of the gunners to clear the way to the hotel; I volunteered to assist in so doing, and was rewarded for my trouble by a very gracious acknowledgment from the lady: his royal highness, thinking it only my duty, did not conceive it worth while to honour me with the slightest notice.

I had scarcely returned to my post, when Sir George Wood, one of the aides-de-camp to the prince regent, gave me directions to dismiss my men, and kindly added —

"You have had a fatiguing day of it, and no time for dinner; come with me to the green cloth table, and you shall find something to refresh you."

I gladly embraced the offer, and partook of a sumptuous meal, with abundance of champagne, claret, and other choice wines. During this repast, I learnt from Sir George that my old school friend, Prescott, had left the Artillery, and was playing in the Bath and Bristol theatres, under the name of Warde. Having known many members of his family, my kind friend expressed great interest in his success. I was not surprised at this intelligence, as I had long been acquainted with the strong predilection for the stage which Prescott had evinced.

We were prevented from sitting long after dinner by the preparations made for a ball, to take place at the hotel, to which the families of those having the rank of field officers, or captains in the navy, were invited. Most of the royal party attended; but the interest of all present was engrossed by the Duke of Wellington.

The next morning, the illustrious visiters left Portsmouth, attending on their way a grand review of troops on Portsdown Hill.

Europe now enjoyed a profound peace, with the exception of the hostilities existing between America and her mother country. Various were the reports respecting the line of policy England meant to adopt towards her only enemy, and, amongst these, it was said that a large armament would be sent out, under the command of Lord Hill, to bring Jonathan to his senses by force of arms.

My present quarter was considered a stepping-stone for actual service, and I was, therefore, deeply interested in the rumours of this expedition, hoping to be employed upon it, and escape, by such a tour of duty, being sent to the West Indies, Ceylon, or the Cape. Towards the latter end of August, all surmise on the subject was ended by the company's being ordered "to hold itself in readiness for immediate embarkation on a parti-

cular service." I lost not a moment in making the necessary preparations. Major Munro, who commanded the company, arrived, and now nothing remained but to await the orders of the higher powers.

CHAPTER XV.

Embark — Sail — Capful of Wind — Consolation to the Afflicted — Plymouth — Dr. Beattie — Nelson — Mount Edgecumbe — Row, Sisters, Row — Farewell to England — A Naval Library — Invitation to the Cockpit — A Musician's Orthography — The Purser's affection for Marines — Porto Santo — Bay of Funchal.

On Sunday, the 4th of September, my company, with its full complement of officers, marched down to the sallyport, where we found the boats of his majesty's ship Norge waiting to convey us to the vessel. In consequence of some unavoidable delay, we did not reach the ship till four o'clock, P.M. We were received by the first lieutenant, and found that the officers had been kind enough to postpone their dinner until our arrival.

The Norge was a fine old 74, originally Danish, and, if I mistake not, was captured at Copenhagen. She had no poop, consequently the captain occupied the ward-room as his cabin; the officers and ourselves, the gun-room. During dinner, I took a hasty glance at my future messmates,

and this rapid survey was very satisfactory.—I shall describe them in due time.

As night advanced, we were informed of the arrangements made for our sleeping accommodation. Major Munro and Captain Smith were to occupy skreen berths, close to the stern ports; whilst the surgeon, Mr. Hutchesson, my two brother subs, and myself, were provided with cots, slung on each side the gun-room. The steward good-naturedly instructed our servants in the arrangement of these pendent dormitories. Before midnight all hands prepared to retire to rest, and I was excessively amused at the very awkward attempts of my fellow-lodgers to take possession of their beds. The doctor endeavoured to make quick work of it, and jump in; but, in so doing, the treacherous cot gave a lurch, and he fell sprawling over the gun on the opposite side. F——, who was not more than five feet two inches, could with difficulty reach the top of the side canvass, and mounted a chair; missing his spring, however, down he fell, chair and all. Each of these mishaps were followed by shouts of laughter from Young Williams, our second lieutenant, and myself. This very fine boy had only joined us at Portsmouth; and, to my great satisfaction, proved himself a most contrasted character to his senior.

Early next morning we were roused by the steward, and obliged to turn out, get our cots stowed away, and our toilet made, before he commenced preparations for breakfast. About noon we joined the officers of the ship on the quarter-deck, to receive Captain Dashwood, who commanded her. We were severally introduced, and cordially received by him.

To my great surprise and satisfaction, Major Munro this day selected me for his adjutant, and my appointment appeared in orders accordingly. This was wormwood for F——, who fully expected to hold the situation, why I cannot well divine, as he must have been aware that the major and himself were anything but friends.

Dinner this day was a very agreeable meal; our newly-made acquaintance soon glided into the familiar. There is a frankness about naval officers that cannot fail to win upon those with whom they associate, and the feeling that generally exists unfavourable to "soldier officers" was not apparent in *our* case. Doubtless, the colour of our cloth had some influence in effecting this desirable amity; we were also "blue jackets;" and that fact had its weight, not only in the ward-room, but with the ship's company and our men.

The following morning, "Blue Peter at the mast-head flew," and a sharp look-out was kept

for the coming on board of Major-General Keane. Soon after three o'clock he arrived, was received with all due honours, and, after the officers had been presented to him, retired to his cabin. The scene on deck now became one of extreme animation; the anchor was weighed to appropriate music, from an ear-piercing fife; sails were bent; middies skudded from one end of the ship to the other; various eyes, and sundry limbs, were consigned to eternal perdition by the first lieutenant, who, armed with a speaking-trumpet, bawled out his orders — the noises were infinite. The announcement of dinner took me from watching the various preliminaries to departure. Whilst we were engaged at table, the ship weighed, and made sail for St. Helen's. On regaining the deck, the view was extremely beautiful; we were now at the back of the Isle of Wight, and the scenery of that charming spot lay spread before us like a panorama; whilst, from the opposite gangway, the mighty ocean alone was visible.

Those picturesque rocks, the Needles, attracted my attention; and, as I had always been blessed with a pair of sea-legs, I was enabled to make a sketch of them. I remained on deck as long as daylight lasted; and, on descending to the gun-room, found most of my companions beginning to feel a little queer. Thank Heaven, I have always been

spared from any personal sympathy with their unpleasant sensations, which increased every moment. My friend Smith and little F—— suffered severely. I did all I could to aid them; and, in order that I might continue my attentions to them during the night, I slung my cot to the tiller, so that every time the ship tacked I was carried from one side to the other, and enabled to inquire how they felt themselves, without the slightest trouble. In one of these movements, the helm being hard a-port, I nearly capsized poor F—— out of his cot; and, although I assured him that I was entirely at the mercy of the huge beam to which I was suspended, he would not be persuaded but that I was actuated by a desire to render his situation, if possible, more uncomfortable than it was.

It blew fresh, with a heavy sea; the guns had all been secured by new breechings, and their stress on the untried cordage kept up a constant noise, as loud as the sound of musquetry. The ports were all closed, and the atmosphere soon became too warm to be pleasant. I thought of getting dressed, and going on deck; but, just as I was about to do so, a hamper of bottled porter commenced rolling about, and the crash of fractured glass was added to the other noises around me.

"I really think there must be a storm," cried F——; "I wish you would ask the marine-sentry if he thinks we are in danger."

"Anything you like, when I am carried over towards the door, but I've no wish to cut my feet with broken bottles.—Hallo, just in time, here I go!—Sentry!"

"Your honour."

"Here's a gentleman wants to speak with you."

"Is there any danger?" demanded F——.

"None at all, sir, just now, but there's no telling what may happen before morning."

"How long do you think we shall be going down?" said F——.

Whether he meant to Plymouth, or to Davy Jones, I am not certain; the sentry, however, imagined the latter, for he replied—

"Lord, sir! we shan't be long going down, when once we begin to go."

A groan from the sufferer followed this very consoling reply, which set me again laughing.

"You must have very little feeling to enjoy the sufferings of others," remarked the invalid.

"Well, then, if my mirth annoys you, I'll go to sleep; but I wish some of you would try the remedy that the steward has left on the table."

"A remedy! what is it?" eagerly exclaimed two or three voices.

"A very nice bit of fat pork, with a string to it. I'll pass it round with pleasure."

"Ah, you cruel wretch!" cried one.

"Hard-hearted beast!" groaned another.

"Well, if you won't, good night;" and I soon fell asleep.

The wind being adverse, we were beating about all the next day. The unfortunates were able to crawl up to the deck; and, as the weather became more moderate at sun-down, they passed, to my great joy, a quiet night.

Thursday, the 8th, we made Plymouth. The magnificent view, on entering the harbour, was obscured by a thick drizzling rain. As soon as we came to anchor, Major Munro informed me that I was to accompany him on shore, in the fulfilment of my new duty as adjutant. A boat was manned for us, and we landed at Dock.

Finding that the arrangements for embarking the troops to be employed on this expedition were not yet complete, I took up my quarters at an hotel in Fore Street, that I might be on the spot to receive orders the moment they were issued.

Colonel Viney, commanding the artillery of the

garrison, kindly invited me to his table; and, on one of the days that I partook of his hospitality, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Beattie, who had attended the last moments of the gallant Nelson. He was kind enough to gratify my curiosity, by showing me the ball which had deprived the hero of his life. This fatal relic was carefully preserved in a case lined with crimson velvet, and covered with a glass. The ball was precisely in the same state as when extracted: a small portion of the cloth of the admiral's uniform, and the bullion of his epaulette, adhered to it.

Although Dr. Beattie allowed the truth of the well-known adage, "Every bullet has its billet," he did not hesitate to say that his beloved commander fell a victim to the impolicy of appearing decked with the many badges of distinction he had so gallantly won; and that his life might have been spared to his country, but for the conspicuous mark his costume rendered him in the action.

I found many Shorncliffe and Hythe friends of the 85th, and Rifles, who were about to join our "particular service." We made several parties to visit the Theatres; the old one at Dock, and its splendid and newly-built rival at Plymouth. Attached to this very elegant and commodious edifice were ball and exhibition-rooms. In the latter, a

large picture of the Judgment of Solomon, painted by a native artist, was on view. Although the dramatic performances were very mediocre, the manager had reason to congratulate himself on the influx of military, as the house was crowded nightly.

The beauties of Mount Edgecumbe have been so often and so well described, that I shall not attempt to add a word in their praise. I have only to lament that I was not able to ascertain the truth of what has been said, on the authority of the venerable Josephus Millerius; namely, that an ancestor of the noble proprietor had caused a board to be placed near the lodge-gates, bearing the interdictory inscription—

"No admittance here for dogs or midshipmen."

A heavy fall of snow rendered my frequent calls at the adjutant-general's office, and walks from the town to Dock, anything but agreeable; and I was sincerely rejoiced to learn, on Saturday the 17th, that the preparations for the sailing of the expedition were now completed; but my satisfaction was much alloyed on finding that General Keane had left the Norge for the Bedford: its commander, Commodore Walker, being the senior officer of the fleet. Having received my final orders from Colonel Stovine, D. A. G., nothing

was left but to get on board as speedily as possible. On reaching the beach, I was much surprised at being hailed by various women, who shouted,

"Boat, your honour! Want a boat, sir?" in voices quite suited to their occupation.

Two stout, well-looking mermaidens, laid hold of me, and lifted me into their skiff, as if I had been a babe; then, tucking up their sleeves, began to pull away, in a style that would astonish a member of the Funny Club. The Norge was one of the outermost ships, but this fact discouraged not my fair friends, for they

"Feathered their oars with such skill and dexterity,"

that the Lady of the Lake must have hidden her diminished head. Thanks to these syrens, for instead of "sighing" they sung —

"As they tugged at the oar,"

I very soon reached my ship.

On the following day we sailed. During our late stay, an ample and excellent sea-stock had been provided. Captain Dashwood had politely offered the general's vacated cabin to Major Munro, which arrangement afforded us somewhat more space in the gun-room.

Monday evening, September 19th, I watched, with deep emotion, the receding shores of my

native land. Who shall attempt to describe the innumerable thoughts and speculations that spring up in a moment, and are absorbed by others as fleeting, whilst gazing on the country which contains those you love, and from whom you have the certainty of being long separated? I do not shame to own that, whilst the dimmest speck remained visible, my heart was filled with natural yearnings, and my eyes moistened with tears. I thought of those I never might see again, and to one, at least, I knew that I was dear; but, as the land vanished from my view, I recollected that I had duties to perform in the service of that beloved country, and I speedily rallied.

We had not been many days at sea, when Mr. Fletcher, the second lieutenant, politely offered me the use of his cabin, whenever I wished to write, read, or be alone. Fletcher was a fine young man, an excellent officer, blessed with an enviable share of animal spirits, most scrupulously neat in his dress and appearance. He had a dash of romance about him, was deeply versed in Mrs. Radcliffe's works, could also quote whole scenes from "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and various other "shore-going books," for such he called them.

I gladly availed myself of his offer, and found his cabin fitted up with great taste, containing as

many books as it would hold; it is true he had not evinced much discrimination in the selection of his library, as I think my reader will allow, when I inform him that no less than *thirty* volumes of "The Ladies' Monthly Museum" occupied his shelves. Of these, as they were handsomely and uniformly bound, my excellent friend was exceedingly proud. On my expressing surprise at his possessing a work so unsuited to a son of Neptune, he vindicated his choice to this effect:—

"Why, you see, my dear fellow, although they are not, perhaps, first-rates, there are a number of very affecting stories to be found in them; and you must allow that the pictures are uncommonly interesting. To be sure, as to the fashions for the month, I don't pretend to understand woman's rigging, nor how she alters her gear every now and then; but some of those figures put me in mind of the nice girls I used to dance with at Margate and Ramsgate, when I was lying at the Nore: and, above all, you see, you may find a vast deal of amusement in the charades, I think they are called—a kind of riddle in verse. I know I made out several of them last cruise; but the best of the joke is, I got 'em cheap; they were knocked down to me one night that I went into a book-auction, half slewed; and so there they are, and you need not read them, if you don't like."

We had been ten days at sea; I was taking my usual walk on our spacious quarter-deck, when I was accosted by one of the "young gentlemen," who inquired if I was acquainted with his uncle, Major Godby, of my own regiment. Although I could not answer in the affirmative, my querist seemed anxious to prolong our chat; and, after sundry civil things had been said on both sides, he begged me to visit him in the cockpit. Before I assented, I thought it as well to apprise him that I was quite aware of the skylarking usually carried on there, and of the numerous practical jokes reefers were known to inflict on any one intruding on the mysteries of their dark abode. I had no ambition to be victimized in the cable-tier, taught the refined game of able whackets, or of breaking my neck over that proverbially well organized repository, a midshipman's chest. He assured me I had no cause to apprehend any of these annoyances, and pressed his invitation, which, for the present, I declined.

The next day he informed me that he had spoken to his messmates, and they had solemnly sworn to behave themselves with due decorum, if I came down. There was no resisting this, and I descended the ladder, finding

"In the lowest depth, a lower depth."

Into the oldster's berth I was introduced with all

ceremony; the fume of hot rum and water hung like a mist round the solitary candle, the tumblers were of various patterns, and the large water-jug had lost its nose. The party assembled were pleased to express themselves gratified by my visit; one said he had formed a good opinion of me, because I had not been sick; another observed that he knew I was a favourite with my own men: in short, they were overpowering in their civility. Grog was served out with an unsparing hand, and conversation was principally occupied in various surmises as to the destination of the expedition. As they wished to have my opinion, I replied,

"No doubt, I believe, can exist but that we are going to some part of America, but the precise spot will not be known until the sealed orders are opened. I hope we may first touch at the West Indies."

"Lord forbid!" cried one; "I had a *touch* of the yellow-fever when I was there in the Cressy, that makes me shudder at the name. No, d—n it, any where else but that cursed broiling station —why do you wish to go there, may I ask?"

"That I may have the pleasure of visiting some of my family. I was born in Barbadoes, and taken to England whilst an infant."

"True Barbadian born!" shouted another of

the youngsters, in capital mimicry of Negro intonation.

"Needer Crab nor Creole, sar," I answered, attempting the same tone.

"How d'ye like our skipper?" demanded a third.

"If you mean Captain Dashwood, I admire him very much; he appears to be a most amiable man, and an excellent officer."

"I don't know exactly what you mean by amiable, but I do know that when he's in a passion 'tis best to stand clear; but 'tis soon over—he forgives, and, what's better, forgets. There's one thing I will say, he makes his son Jack do his duty; and although he generally dines with his father, and drinks blackstrap, instead of grog, he keeps his watch like the rest of us. But come, you don't drink; make yourself another glass, and give us one of your stories."

I did the former, and had commenced doing the latter, when the sound of a flute, from the opposite berth, prevented my narration being heard.

"There's that beggar, Count Frill, touting away again; —— his eyes, but I wish that flute of his was at the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, and he in —— no matter where — I'll soon stop his piping."

And away went the enraged middy. A scuffle

ensued between the votary of Apollo and his unmusical assailant, which ended in the capture of the instrument, and the book of airs. These trophies were thrown down on the table in triumph. I caught sight of the heading of one of the pieces, which ran thus, "Hare around the uge hoke." This specimen of cockpit orthography tempted me to examine the volume more attentively, and my search was rewarded by finding the following precious *morceaux*. "The Italien Man Fryday." "Brite shant I cleer." "Howe sweet in the Oodlings." "Live letters cherish." "Old Lady Fare." "A jew, a jew, my deerist life." "Haul in the Downes." "Moggy's Larder." "Herring go bray." "Veeve henry Cart." "Robbin had hair."

"What did I hear you call the person from whom you have so unceremoniously taken this book?" I inquired.

"He goes by the name of Count Frill; he's one of the doctor's mates, a hell of a puppy for a loblolly boy, strutting about the quarter-deck, with his muslin sticking out like a studding sail—but, never mind. Go on with your yarn."

I complied, and soon after took leave of my friends, who had so strictly kept their promise to me, that I cheerfully consented to see them again speedily.

I shall here take the opportunity of giving a slight sketch of the purser. Mr. Meadows resembled Billy Lackaday's friend, Mr. Curtis, inasmuch as he was "getting into the wale of years;" was remarkable for his extraordinary taciturnity, until the fifth or sixth glass of stiffish grog unfettered his tongue, and then he prattled like a child. He had but one song to his back, and this we made a point that he should sing every Saturday night. During the voyage, he was only once seen on the quarter-deck, nor did he make his diurnal appearance till within a few minutes of dinner-time. Notwithstanding the life he led, Heaven had blessed him with an appetite; and constant squabbles arose between him and the caterer of the mess, Captain Woolrich of the marines, on the subject of the fare provided. Whenever this Master Silence found fault with his dinner, he was accused of eating more than his share. To such an aspersion he seldom deigned to reply, and, if he did, his remarks were not couched in the politest language. The longest harangues I ever heard from his lips were to the following effect, and addressed to Mr. M'Carthy, the surgeon of the ship, whilst sipping his fourth "norwester."

"I say, doctor, I wonder if I shall live to see the day when the wardroom of his majesty's

ships will be entirely appropriated to the officers of his majesty's navy. I don't mean the least disrespect to our friends of the Artillery, because they are passengers, and, moreover, they belong to the army—I say the *army*, doctor: what I mean is this: if there be any occasion for *goloots* at all—I beg pardon, I mean marines, Captain Woolrich —why can't they mess by themselves some where else? They are always discontented; I suppose that 's owing to their having nothing to do, and nobody to help 'em do it; that's a good 'un, isn't it?" and he chuckled at his conceit. "Now, there's our caterer, what the devil is he fit for?—he has laid in a stock, to be sure, but not enough to satisfy every body: talking of satisfying nature, doctor, I'll tell you what happened to me the day before I came aboard. A nasty, dirty, shabby, blackguard of a fellow, he was a marine, Captain Woolrich, came to my house begging for something to eat and drink, and, although I hate the marines, I couldn't see a fellow crea— no, by —— marines are *not* fellow-creatures; but I could not even see one of them starve, I know what it is to be hungry, too well, so I ordered my servant to give him some cold meat, and a jug of ale; she, like a damned fool, put a beautiful leg of boiled pork before him, to help himself, and the son of a —— ate three pound and a half at one go, and

then stole the knife and fork; but he was a marine, Captain Woolrich."

It was so very rare an event for old Meadows to indulge himself with more than half a dozen words at a time, that we all listened to him in astonishment, preserving our gravity with great difficulty, lest we might check him in his unusual career. Would that I could give my readers the slightest notion of his manner: the words seemed to slip out one after the other, and, I may say, the speaker *acted* his *accents*, that is, he bent his head lower and lower according to the impression he purposed making, and struck the table with the flat of his hand, almost noiselessly, lifting it up and down to mark certain passages in italics. The sly looks he ever and anon cast towards the object of this withering satire were changed to smiles of exultation as he fancied it produced the effect he desired on his red-coated messmate. Truth to say, Captain Woolrich was too brave and too generous a man to notice the babblings of this poor old driveller; the doctor, however, who was a wag, never lost an opportunity of trotting the purser.

In answer to my inquiry as to our present course, my friend Fletcher informed me we should speedily reach Madeira; and, towards noon, on the 5th of October, Porto Santo, its advance guard,

became visible. I had never seen so extraordinary an outline as this island presented; a chain of the most eccentricly-formed eminences crowned by a lofty peak, whose summit strongly resembled the mouth of a crater. In fact, the general appearance of the island bore evidences of its volcanic origin. Whilst contemplating this rugged island, Madeira was pointed out to me as looming large over our starboard quarter, and, before the dinner-drum beat, we were bearing down upon it at a rapid rate.

This day our mess-table was furnished with some remarkably large albacore, a fish abounding in these seas, and whose capture had afforded considerable sport to the midshipmen.

As speedily as possible after dinner I went on deck; no language of mine can describe the sublime and magnificent prospect now presented to us. We were entering the bay of Funchal; its town, which appeared extensive, lay stretched along the beach, whilst the hills, in its neighbourhood, were spotted over with country houses, or quintas, embowered in luxurious olive groves and vineyards. Half way from the highest point of the Sierra to the sea, stood a lonely, white, and picturesque building, which I ascertained to be the convent of Nostra Senhora des Montes; above this edifice a thin and fleecy cloud begirt the moun-

tain, whilst its bold brow, brilliantly illumined by the declining sun, appeared another region, hardly belonging to this earth. The vast ravines occasioned by the winter torrents, or rather those of the rainy season, for this beauteous island escapes the visitation of winter, formed striking features in the picture; and, although the sea was comparatively calm, a white and formidable-looking surf was running on the beach. The balmy air was loaded with sweet odours from the shore, and I could scarcely persuade myself that a few days only had elapsed since I had been walking about ancle-deep in snow, muffled up in a thick great coat.

Before sunset we came to anchor, and the evening was passed in making the necessary preparations for going on shore, a visit which I anticipated would afford me considerable gratification.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADEIRA — FUNERAL OBSEQUIES — FRUIT MARKET — CHURCHES — SAINT GEORGE FOR ENGLAND — VINEYARD — TRIP TO THE CONVENT — SIGNAL FOR RENDEZVOUS — GEORGE THE THIRD AFLOAT — MAN OVERBOARD — CHRONOMETERS — SUPERSTITION AND PHILOSOPHY — ANNOUNCEMENT OF VISITERS.

EARLY next day, accompanied by some half-dozen of my messmates, I left the ship. Mr. Fowler, one of the lieutenants, who had visited the island before, kindly undertook the office of cicerone. We steered for the Loo rock, on the left of the bay, its castle forming one of the principal defences of the place. As I was leaving the boat, Fowler called my attention to the precipitous rock, in which the steps were carved, which we were about to ascend, and informed me that we were at that moment in forty fathom water, although the beach, at a trifling distance to our right, was almost always covered with a heavy surf, and thereby rendered very dangerous to land upon.

The costume of the peasantry is rather eccen-

tric than picturesque: for their head covering they wear a mitre-shaped cap of blue cloth, with bits of red, resembling ears at each side.

I was surprised to see the enormous size to which the prickly pear grows here—the leaves were, in many instances, between two and three feet long, and nearly as broad: the spikes, from which the plant derives its name, were strong, sharp, and formidable. It is much used in the construction of fences, and forms an admirable repulse to intruders.

I had always imagined a vineyard to be one of the most beautiful objects to be looked on; my disappointment, therefore, was extreme, on obtaining my first sight of one; the vines were not much taller than gooseberry bushes, and supported by clumsy stakes, so ill-placed that the grapes sometimes were lying on the earth. Our kind guide, Fowler, informed us that these were only used for wine-making, and unfit for the table; certainly, my beau ideal of a vineyard had vanished, and I could not but recollect, with something of national vanity, that, in spite of their regularity, our Kentish hop-gardens were infinitely more graceful.

As we approached the town, we perceived a vast crowd of people assembled near one of the churches, and learnt that they were awaiting the funeral of the prior of the principal monastery. Fletcher

and myself resolved on stopping to see it pass; our companions held their way. We were amply rewarded, for, soon after, the procession came in view; it was composed of numerous monks of various orders, many bearing huge wax tapers, some large banners, on which were depicted their patron saints; nor were crosses, censers, and other paraphernalia of the Romish church, wanting; immense lanterns, carried on poles, and containing coloured wax lights, preceded the host, and then, surrounded by a cordon of dignitaries, came the bier, on which the defunct prior lay, clothed in most costly habiliments; the pall was strewed with the choicest flowers, and a magnificent canopy was borne over the body, a train of mourners followed the corpse, including the Portuguese civil and military authorities, and many of the English residents testified the regard in which the prior had been held by attending his obsequies. As the host passed, the people knelt; remembering the old adage, "When you are at Rome," I did as the *Romans* do; certainly I must confess that a large stone served me in my display of piety as a hassock; my companion contented himself with pulling off his hat to the sacred emblem. As soon as we had satisfied our curiosity, and were moving onward, Fletcher inquired if I was a Catholic; my reply was in the negative, but I added—

"I followed the example of those around me; it was a mark of respect to their creed, and could do no harm to mine."

"All that's very true," he replied; "but, for my part, I would not have dirtied the knees of my ducks, by flopping down in the mud, for all the monks in Christendom; however, I must confess it was a grand sight, and put me very much in mind of what I have read in 'The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents.' My eyes! what a book that is! Lord, I have read that story at home, of a winter's night, till I have almost fancied the tom-cat on the hearth-rug was the grand inquisitor, and did not know a moment but he'd clap his flipper upon me, and whisk me off to the thundering Holy Office."

By this time we had got into the heart of the town; the streets are narrow, and the houses ill built. The fruit-market presented a gay and animated scene; in its centre a large and beautiful fountain was in full play, throwing up a lofty column of water, the spray from which, glistening in the sun with prismatic rays, descended on numerous piles of rock and water melons, oranges, limes, and other fruits. Various rude vehicles, drawn by bullocks, the harness decorated with gaudy-coloured cloth, were to be seen, the drivers each armed with a long goad, by which the beasts

are governed. Of the women, I must say, that their sparkling eyes made some amends for their swarth and olive complexions, but this only whilst they retained their youth: what beauty they possessed was of a fleeting character, for never had I seen old women so ugly as those I looked on now.

Fletcher and myself had agreed on a rendezvous, at a given hour, with the rest of our party, and, therefore, we wandered about independently. The next object of attraction was the principal church, into which we strolled, and found the walls covered with a profusion of paintings, some very tolerable, whilst amongst those classed under the head of "*Ex-votos*" were to be seen specimens of most depraved taste, wretched design, and still worse execution. In support of this I need only mention that, in one picture, intending to represent the Saviour in the garden, the figure of Jesus was attired in the Portuguese uniform, with a huge cocked hat, and a sword by his side. Many massive silver lamps, of elegant forms, and elaborately chased, were burning near the various altars, and a high screen and gateway, separating the aisles from the sacramentum, was also composed of this precious metal, the workmanship of which was as exquisite as the fabric was solid. The verger, who attended, and who spoke English very tolerably, informed us, that, at a period when they feared the

island would fall into the hands of the French, this valuable screen had been covered with black paint, in the hope that its material might escape the notice of the rapacious myrmidons of Napoleon. We found, to our surprise, an altar dedicated to our own patron saint: the figure of Saint George was encased in golden armour, studded with a profusion of precious stones; nor was his opponent neglected; the head and eyes of the dragon glistened with gems. Very little of mother earth appeared to be allowed as a covering for the departed: the effluvia from the graves was so offensive, that it hastened our departure, and prevented our visiting any other church.

We next bent our steps to the house of Mr. Gordon, one of the principal wine merchants of the island; with his relative, Captain Gordon, of the Navy, we were both well acquainted, and that name would ensure us a kind reception.

Although we found that Mr. Gordon was absent, his representative paid us marked attention: a sumptuous lunch was provided, consisting of substantials, fruit in the highest perfection, and wine that had visited both the Indies. I was struck with the beauty of the grapes, and could not help confessing my disappointment on not having seen a vineyard. To remove this impression, my host led me to a covered way of trellis-work, extending a

considerable distance, on which the finest grapes, both purple and green, hung in clusters, so numerous as to defy computation, and exceeding in brilliancy of colour the jewelled fruit seen by the astonished Aladdin in that magical garden from which he purloined the wonder-working lamp. This lovely sight more than realised all the expectations I had formed on the subject.

I purchased two quarter casks of Surchall, which was recommended as being more highly prized than wine made on this side the island, and, much delighted with our visit, we took leave.

It was near the hour appointed for joining our friends, whom we found assembled at the English hotel. A very bad dinner, most miserably served, might, on any other occasion, have put us out of humour; but we were each too full of the sights we had seen to suffer any thing to disturb our happiness, particularly as the wine was excellent, and the dessert superb.

Fletcher was eloquent in praise of the grand procession, whilst Fowler and Smith related their visit to the convent of Our Lady of the Mount.

"The last time I was ashore here," said Fowler, "I had not time to go up and see the nuns; but I was told that they were beautiful creatures, and well worth the trouble; so I determined, if I could

find a companion, I would pay them a visit: to-day Captain Smith kindly offered to accompany me; so, mounted on a couple of jackasses with two fellows who carried long poles to make the neddies get on, off we went."

"And a pretty start we made of it," interrupted his fellow-voyager; "the guides suffered us to jog on gently through the town, but, as soon as we were fairly in the country, they goaded the poor beasts into a gallop, keeping pace themselves on foot. Fowler in vain roared out 'Avast, you sons of witches, you 're crowding too much sail, I shall be capsized!' The Portuguese didn't know a word of English, so, after vainly struggling to hold on by the mane, off he slipt behind."

"I managed very well when I was a-midships, but, as soon as ever the booroes, as the fellows called them, began to go at nine knots, I made sternway so d——d fast that I found myself upon the ground before I knew where I was. That rascal stuck to his craft like a leech, and laughed at my being on my beam-ends, as though he thought I'd done it on purpose: however, we contrived to get up the mountain, through such fine olive groves! and now and then vines and oranges in perfection; and, whenever we did lay-to, the view of the town below, with the bay and the fleet, was beautiful. I say, Fletcher, how well

our old ship looks since she has had that white stripe upon her side and her—"

"Oh, never mind the ship; tell us about the nuns," said Fletcher.

"I shall leave that to the captain, he 's a better judge of beauty than an old fellow like me; all I say is, if they were beauties, why, I'm no judge."

"You never beheld such living mummies in your life. Not a young one amongst them; a set of shrivelled, yellow, old messes; but they were cheerful, and apparently pleased with our visit. Two or three spoke English, and they gave us some capital sweetmeats and a glass or two of wine."

"Through a grating, I suppose," said Fletcher; "I know, in Mrs. Radcliffe's description of a nunnery, they are always represented as being seen through the bars."

"Ay, for all the world like Pidcock's wild beasts that you and I went to see at Freemart fair," replied Fowler; "the old lady abbess was as stiff and formal as our first lieutenant, and her dress as black as a North Shieldsman. They offered us a great many saints and Virgin Maries for sale, done in pin-work, and painted in as many colours as a Dutch skipper's binnacle. In coming down,

the guides pointed out the gulleys made by the rain; you 'd hardly believe how wide and deep they are, some of them appeared as broad across as the Thames, above Blackwall: when they are full of water they must be terrible things to cross, for if you were to tumble in you 'd never be seen or heard of, take my word for it."

As the wine circulated, various other adventures were recounted, but, however agreeable to the parties concerned, they were not of sufficient general interest to warrant me in recording them. The sun went down upon our mirth, and all hands appeared disposed to make a late sitting of it, when our Mentor, Fowler, said,

"Come, my lads, we 've had a glorious cruise, and a jolly carouse; let's get off before dark; remember, we shall have to walk round to the Loo before we can get a shore-boat, so, I say, heave ahead and save the tide."

Fowler, who was the senior of our party, was so deservedly respected, that we paid implicit attention to his wishes, and immediately set off to get on board. Those of our messmates who had not been fortunate enough to leave the ship were curious to obtain particulars of what had occurred on shore, and, in order to gratify them, we kept it up till an unusually late hour. I fully intended to repeat my visit if we remained in the bay.

Next morning, however, no boats were allowed to go on shore, as it was understood that we were to sail in the course of the day. The question now was "where to?" Numerous were the conjectures. Bermuda was named as the most likely point for our rendezvous, in case of parting company. About noon the whole fleet got under weigh, and all eyes were directed to the commodore's ship. We had proceeded a little more than a league to the westward when the Bedford showed signals, announcing "Barbadoes" as the next place we were to visit. As soon as this destination became generally known, I was warmly congratulated by my friends the midshipmen, on the fulfilment of my wish to visit the West Indies. Still the ulterior object of our expedition remained involved in mystery, all attempts at solving which were, for the present, in vain.

It is the custom on board ships of war for the master to report to the captain when it is noon, and, at the same time, to wind up the chronometers. Dear reader, before I proceed with my narrative, will you pardon me if I am tempted to digress, and trespass on you with an "anecdote," which I learnt from no doubtful authority.

When George the Third went, for the first time, on board the Royal Sovereign yacht, off Weymouth, the captain announced—

"It is twelve o'clock, your majesty."

"Is it—is it—is it?" said the king, pulling out his watch; "I did not think it was eleven."

One of the privileged noblemen in the suite informed his majesty that it was the *etiquette* to say in reply, "Make it so, and strike the bell."

"What — what — what, can I make it twelve o'clock when I like? Never knew that — never knew that!"

"Only at sea, and please your majesty — the officer is waiting for your commands."

"True — true, and I've kept him waiting beyond the proper time. Make it five minutes past twelve, and ring the bell."

The good-humoured monarch was highly delighted at this novel exertion of kingly prerogative.

But to my tale. Our master, Mr. Dow, was stepping into the cabin, to announce twelve o'clock to Captain Dashwood, when he heard the cry of, "Man overboard!" Dow was humane as he was brave and active. The ship was hove-to; a boat was lowered on the instant. A sharp look-out was kept from the deck on the unfortunate creature, now in danger of his life. It proved to be a youngster, named Franklin, who had slipped from the main-chains. Strange to say, although he could not swim, he kept himself afloat (having

fallen on his back) by the movement of his hands above his head. This action also served to point him out; after some ten minutes, which appeared an age to us, in the anxiety we felt for the poor boy's preservation, Dow succeeded in laying hold of him with a boat-hook. The lad had sunk once, and had risen to the surface, evidently much exhausted, just as the zealous master grappled him. When the boat came alongside, he was so faint and overcome, as not to be able to mount the ship's side. A grating was, therefore, lowered; the half-drowned reefer was hoisted in, and conveyed to the sick bay. His first fear, on coming to himself, was that his grog would be stopped, as a punishment for falling overboard. We calmed his apprehensions, by sending from the gun-room mess, after obtaining Doctor M'Carthy's permission, a good stiff jorum of Madeira, which, to use the rescued boy's own expression, "gave him great ease."

"Time rolls his ceaseless course." The next day, Dow reported twelve o'clock to Captain Dashwood, who happened to be on deck at the moment, and then proceeded to the cabin. I was busily employed writing with Major Munro when the master entered; never shall I forget his consternation on finding that both the chronometers were down. He turned pale; and, striking his

forehead violently with his clenched hand, exclaimed,

"My God! I am ruined."

The major and myself instantly inquired into the extent of the mischief; and, for some time, vainly endeavoured to soothe his agitation. At length Munro observed,

"I have a most excellent pocket-chronometer, made by Barwise; and, ever since I have been on board, have regularly compared its time with those of Captain Dashwood's, and there has not been the difference of half a minute between them. Now, my good Mr. Dow, take my advice, set those by my watch; no one will ever know what has occurred: and, even should it transpire, your neglect, having arisen from your anxiety to preserve a fellow-creature's life, will prove a sufficient excuse."

The master's face brightened at this proposition; he lost not a moment in acting on the major's hint, and appeared relieved from a weight of dismay.

Our little fleet kept close company; and a few days after the *timely* good office of Major Munro, he informed Dow, that, under the pretext of ascertaining if *his watch* was correct, he would prevail on the captain to signalize the commodore for the time. All further apprehensions, on the mas-

ter's part, were soon dissipated, by the reply agreeing exactly with the major's watch, and, of course, with the important chronometers.

Determined on finishing one of the interesting stories furnished me from my friend Fletcher's collection, I had sat up some time after the rest of my messmates had turned in, when Fowler, just then relieved from the first watch, came into the gun-room for a glass of grog and a biscuit, previously to his retiring for the night; as soon as he perceived me he began,

"Ah, this is pleasant; I'm not sorry to find somebody up to talk to a bit, for, to tell the truth, I have been all day long in terrible low spirits. I know it's wrong to give way to it, but I've been haunted with a sort of a—a kind of foreboding—you know what I mean, because I've heard you use the word."

"Presentiment, my dear fellow, perhaps."

"Ay, that's it; a sort of presentiment that, before we leave Barbadoes, more than one of our shipmates will lose the number of his mess."

By this he meant to imply, that they would become food for fishes. I tried my best to rally him, and fancied that I had succeeded in chasing away his gloom, when, in the midst of something I was saying, he started, and exclaimed,

"There it is again, by Heaven!"

"What is it?" I demanded, surprised at his serious manner and look of dismay.

"It can't be fancy, I'm confident," he continued, as though thinking aloud, "for I've heard it often, and to-night more plainly than ever whilst on deck: I couldn't be deceived in the sound, for it's calm enough to hear a flying fish strike the shrouds."

"You have excited my curiosity, dear Mr. Fowler; pray tell me what it is that you have heard. Come, make yourself another tumbler; I'll do the same, for, if your story is a terrible one, I may want a little Dutch courage."

He filled his glass, drew his chair close to mine, and, in a low voice, commenced:—

"You may call me a fool, if you please, or think me more superstitious than my neighbours; but what I am going to tell you I could make oath of, without danger of perjury. On two or three occasions, when I have kept the first or the mid-watch, as I walked near the taffarel, I have distinctly heard the rattling of chains; and that, my dear boy, is a dreadful omen. To-night I heard it more plainly than ever, I tell you—and scarcely had I entered the gun-room, when the same unlucky noise was repeated.—Now, mind, I don't wish you to mention this to any of the mess, they would think me a fanciful old jackass; but it's as

true as there's salt in the sea, and if some dreadful mischief don't happen to the ship, or the ship's company, I'm no sailor. I never knew one of these warnings that didn't mean something, and, therefore, I'm prepared for the worst; not that I fear going to Davy Jones more than another: but it's the infernal West Indies will do the business: that yellow-fever spares no man; it's all one, from the admiral commanding on the station, down to the midshipmen's boy; you can't well go lower, and any change must be the better for him, poor devil, considering that he certainly does live in a hell upon earth; but, as I was saying, off we shall go, like sheep in the rot, and these sounds are nothing more than so many knells for those who are bespoke. All I hope is, if I am to die, it will be whilst we are in deep water; because I know, if they attempted to bury me ashore, I could not rest quiet in my grave, for thinking of the d——d land-crabs that were picking me clean. However, life is but short, either on sea or land; and he hasn't a grain of philosophy, as they call it, who doesn't enjoy himself while he can; and so you, steward, make me another tumbler, not quite so strong of the water as the last."

The grog, instead of cheering him, as I expected, had the contrary effect; he became more and more despondent, and mustered up as many melancholy details of storm, shipwreck, hurricane,

plague, pestilence, and famine, as would have filled a volume of the "Terrific Register." To say the truth, I was not sorry when he bade me "Good night;" impressing on me, ere we parted, the necessity of "philosophy, as they call it."

The beauty of the following morning served to dispel the effects of Fowler's forebodings. Whilst standing at the gangway, I was charmed by the sight of a tiny fleet of Dutch men-of-war, for so the sailors nick-name those exquisite "skimmers of the sea," the Nautilus. These, and other wonders of the vasty deep, served to vary a life so monotonous as is one on ship-board.

We had left Madeira about ten days, when, late in the evening, the lieutenant of the watch reported to Captain Dashwood, with all due gravity, that 'Mr. and Mrs. Neptune were alongside, and sent their compliments, begging leave to say they intended visiting the ship next day, if it was agreeable.' This message was most graciously received by our good-humoured commander, who in reply sent 'his respects to Mr. Neptune and his amiable lady, requesting their acceptance of a bottle of rum, and adding that he should be happy to see them on board the following morning, at whatever hour best suited their convenience.'

The events of the ensuing day I must reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

CROSSING THE TROPIC—MARINE DEITIES—THEIR SATELLITES—SOLEMN CEREMONY—A LOOKER-ON—SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM—TAKEN ABACK—SOLUTION OF MYSTERY—CATCHING A SHARK.

No sooner had we assembled at the breakfast-table, than Fletcher opened the business of the day, by inquiring of my brother-officer, F———, if he had ever crossed the Tropic: on learning that he had not, with great humour he proceeded to advise him to take all that would happen in good part. F———, in his usual unamiable mood, bade him keep his advice till it was called for, as he knew how to take care of himself.

"But, you forget," continued Fletcher, "that the odds are against you: and, what's more, rum won't buy you off, this bout; for the whole affair is to be conducted by the young gentlemen, and Neptune and themselves have consulted on the matter, and they vow they'll shave every soldier officer on board who is entitled to the honour."

"No young gentleman," said F———, in a most contemptuous tone, "shall touch me. I shall have a brace of loaded pistols ready, and let any man lay a finger on me at his peril!"

"Friend F———," observed Fowler, always anxious to make every body as happy as he could, "do n't think of any thing so very foolish; why, bless you, if you had all the guns in Woolwich arsenal primed and loaded, those youngsters would n't care for them when a bit of innocent skylarking was to be had. What say you, Williams, do you mean to show fight as well?"

"Not I, in truth; all I shall ask is, that, as a junior officer, they will shave me first, that I may enjoy the fun of seeing the others suffer afterwards."

"You are quite right," said I; "and, if they require me to undergo the ceremony, I shall ask to succeed you."

"Are doctors exempt?" inquired our surgeon; "I hope so, sincerely; not but what I will most cheerfully pay forfeit."

"I do n't think Neptune makes any distinction between medical men and others," remarked Burroughs, another of the naval lieutenants, "and, by Jove, our skipper will have to tip for this old washing-tub: she has never sailed in these seas before."

Determined to see the fun from its commencement, I soon repaired to the deck: the only visible sign of preparation was a large ensign, hung up by way of screen forward. The actors, I imagined,

were busily engaged behind this, in dressing for the various characters in the comic mythological drama about to be produced.

A strong muster of officers betokened the moment to be near when the sea-god would reveal himself to the sight of us frail mortals, quitting, for a while, his coral palace, to rule, in despotic power, over those of his subjects who had never before approached his submarine residence. Presently, a voice resembling distant thunder was heard to hail the ship. "Norge, ahoy!" It was answered by our captain in person, who instantly gave directions to receive the distinguished visiter with all due honours; a moment only elapsed, the screen was removed, and, with a flourish of conches and tin trumpets, the procession advanced towards the after-part of the ship.

Six juvenile tritons first appeared: they were "mother-naked," bating a deep fringe of oakum, which hung round their waists; these satellites of ocean's king had vied with each other in the decoration of their skins: one was spotted like a leopard, another striped as a zebra; one had tastefully divided his person into four compartments, the upper portion being red and green, whilst his nether limbs were alternate yellow and black; a fourth, in compliment to Britain, was carefully coloured after the fashion of its most

ancient inhabitants, and his breadth of chest and back afforded full scope for the ingenuity of the artist.

As soon as these had performed various fantastic dances, which in no way resembled those practised at Almack's, the triumphal car came slow and stately on, containing the dread monarch of the deep, and his august consort, who, with a condescension worthy her exalted rank, resigned, on this occasion, the classic name of Amphitrite, and visited us under the endearing and domestic appellation of "Mrs. Neptune."

The attendants who drew the car were also nude: but, out of respect to their fair mistress, "modest withal," they were spotted over with various coloured pigments, and each head was adorned with a wig, ingeniously fabricated of spun yarn, that in size and arrangement of curl closely resembled the head-tire of the lord chancellor.

Neptune's fine features were ornamented with a flowing beard of sea-green; bunting of divers hues formed his ample drapery; a crown encircled his majestic head, from the back of which a huge pig-tail, tied with blue ribands, gracefully depended; his right hand firmly grasped the mystic trident, whilst his left enfolded the waist of his beloved wife. It was evident that his had been a

match of pure affection, for, of the personal beauty of the lady, the less said the better. Her features were of too masculine a character to suit my taste, and her voice was not "small like a woman's:" her flatterers might have said that her manners were gentleman-like, but I am recording facts.

It may not be amiss to give my reader some idea of the costume of this female divinity. Her noble brow was covered with a cap, having a deep edging of lace, which reminded me strongly of *Point:* ribands, dyed in the various hues of the rainbow, were attached to it in profusion; a polonaise of white dimity clothed her fair form; whilst a Belcher handkerchief skreened her capacious bust from the rude gaze of the sailors; a petticoat of red bunting, with white trimming, reached a trifle below the knee, *à la Suissesse,* but Truth and Decorum both prompt me to add, that beneath this garment her delicate limbs were encased in drawers of blue cloth. Neat "double channelled" pumps and handsome silver buckles completed her array.

A union jack waved over the heads of this illustrious couple, and a numerous retinue followed them; amongst these the functionaries were particularly conspicuous. Close to the royal carriage the state-barber was to be seen, wielding a razor

of awful dimensions, with an edge which evidently had been turned from the stiffness of the deity's beard, or, perhaps, from the cutting of Mrs. N.'s corns; his attendant bearing, in lieu of box well stored with palm, palmyrene, or Naples, a large bucket filled with some preparation that has hitherto escaped the vigilance of chymists, and a brush of huge size, every way suited to match the shaving paste. On the other side, a holy stone, carefully supported on four wads, lashed together to form a cushion, indicated the official who tendered the usual and solemnly impressive oaths.

Amidst a flourish of marine music the car halted, and Neptune, rising, with a dignified demeanour, spoke thus:

"Captain Dashwood, your honour, I'm glad to see you in this part of the world; 'tisn't the first time, by many, I have had that pleasure, but I can't say as much for the ship you command; she's not down in my books, and so, you know, must pay her footing. That young gentleman, holding on at your larboard arm, I understand is your son—a fine boy! I hope he'll live to be as good a man as his father, but he wants his hair cut, and so I shall hand him over to my barber, as the first on his list, and if so be as how he should find that the young gentleman wants shaving, why, d'ye see, he'll have the keen edge of the razor be-

fore it gets blunt with business. I understand you've got some soger officers on board; they must all come and be overhauled by my clerk here, and then we'll talk to their men afterwards. That's all right and regular, captain, according to the articles of war, I think."

The amiable Dashwood assented, begged Mr. Neptune to impress on his followers the necessity of treating all hands, particularly the military, with good nature; and, promising to send the required forfeit, he went into his cabin, leaving the ship under the control of him, who was, for the time, "our great captain's captain."

"Now, then, you officers, let me see who I have in my log; I don't believe there's one of you has ever been across the tropic before."

The satellites, surrounding the car, apprised him that I was a native of the West Indies, and therefore exempt:

"Good and sufficient reason; but, as I larn he was too young to make his mark, a pint of rum, sent to my clerk, will get him his protection. But, come, my lads, to work!" Williams good-naturedly yielded to those who made him captive. The doctor, after a faint struggle, was also carried to the spot appointed for the chin-scraping operation. I was, at this moment, employed in obtaining my protection, having procured its price

from the steward, and was not near enough to hear or see what was said or done to my friends. Major Munro had visited foreign climes before, and poor Smith was exempt on the score of indisposition. No sooner, however, had the first victims been dealt with, than an inquiry was made for F———, and it was hinted that he intended to offer resistance, which information was scarcely given than a party sallied from the deck to the gun-room, rushing upon their prey, with a howl like that of hungry wolves, and, before he could pull trigger, (if so he intended, which I doubt) he was borne in triumph, neck and heels, to the ducking-stool.

I am ashamed to confess I did not pity his situation: he had contrived to render himself very unpopular with his messmates, and that he was not a favourite with his men was no secret. After being well lathered with the precious compound I have already mentioned, some question was put to him by the barber, which he being foolish enough to answer, the shaving-brush was thrust into his mouth, and the formidable razor brought into close contact with his cheeks and chin. This part of the ceremony being completed, he was immersed in the water, which nearly filled the boat wherein he was placed. As soon as he could shake off the effect of this unwelcome ablution, he demanded,

in a very angry tone, 'if they had any more of their damned nonsense to practice upon him;' this question received no answer, and he was retiring to the gun-room, in the most unamiable mood, when a shower from some half dozen buckets, well aimed from the mizen-top, expedited his retreat, amidst the shouts of all present.

I must do the midshipmen justice: they, who were "the choice contrivers of all harm," treated both officers and men, who came under their discipline, with extreme good humour, thinking, probably, that in using a little severity towards F——— they had given him a valuable lesson.

The fun was kept up, with unabated spirit, till near two o'clock; the rum, which the youngsters had received for forfeits, was distributed amongst the crew, and the reefers had now the agreeable task of washing off the oil paint with which their bodies had been decorated. Let us hope, that, like the immortal Peter Simple, they were "very well off for soap."

This day I dined with the captain, meeting his son, and my commanding officer; the frolics of the morning formed, of course, the subject of our conversation, and, during its progress, my host observed to me, "I did not know that you were a Barbadian till to-day, my boy; Jack tells me that

was the reason you escaped shaving. When did you leave your native island?"

"On the fourth of September last, and have never been so far from home before."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Why, sir, simply this: I had heard of the pranks always played upon those who first crossed the tropics, or equator, and I determined, by a trifling *ruse de guerre*, to avoid them. You'll allow that all's fair in war, so, taking advantage of a visit to the midshipmen, I imposed myself on these sons of mischief as a native of the West Indies, which was so generally believed that, when the signal was made for Barbadoes, I had the gratification of receiving their kind felicitations on so speedy and unexpected an opportunity of a re-union with my family; but, although to save his bacon, a man may tell a fib in the cockpit, he must not do so in the cabin, and, therefore, my dear captain, I assure you, upon my honour, I am an Englishman, and now the shaving is over, shall proclaim myself one to all parties."

"By Jove, you shan't escape! Jack, run and tell Neptune—that is, if he's sober—that we've got a skulker here; or, stay, better report him to the youngsters, and see what mercy they'll show him."

"I doubt not their mercy, or their justice; they

must acknowledge that I have crossed the line *now*, and on that plea am no longer amenable."

Soon after dinner, young Dashwood took an opportunity of descending to his brother middies, and told them how I had defeated the ends of justice. They had all indulged in an extra allowance of grog, and were so satisfied with their day's pleasure, that, instead of being angry, one and all declared they liked me the better for having got the weather-gauge of them, and they would make a point of asking me down the first opportunity, to convince me of their good-will.

This agreeable information Jack brought me on his return to the cabin. His father congratulated me on getting off so easily, and my evening passed without the overhanging dread of vengeance on the morrow.

We were now in "the Trades," and our fine old ship glided through the water, carrying such a quantity of canvass, that even to learn the names of half the sails set appeared to me an insurmountable task. Some, I was told, raked the moon, others, scraped the sky, and sailors only know the prodigies performed by the rest.

It was usual, every Sunday, for the gun-room mess to entertain the captain and his passenger, Major Munro. On one of these occasions, very speedily after the events I have endeavoured to

recount, we were at dinner, having the side and stern ports open for the advantage of air, when, of a sudden, the vessel appeared to have struck upon a rock, becoming, in a moment, stationary: scarcely had we time to imagine the cause of this shock, when, through the stern ports, rushed two mighty cataracts, that seemed to threaten instant annihilation. With a promptitude worthy of the service to which he belonged, my friend, Fletcher, seized a large knife from the table, and cut away the lashings of one of the ports; his example was followed by the first lieutenant, and, by closing these barriers, the fearful innovation of the sea was speedily checked. In a few moments the vessel held her way, our alarm ceased, the deck was swabbed, and our repast resumed. Strange to say, we had been "taken aback," a circumstance, I was assured by my naval friends, almost unparalleled whilst going down the Trades. Fortunately, the swell of the sea had lifted us out of the trough in which it occurred, or, in all probability, his majesty's ship, Norge, would have been swamped; and, independently of the many noble fellows who would have perished, one thing is certain—these humble memoirs would never have been written.

The next morning, Fowler, who was a zealous and intelligent officer, and first-rate seaman, re-

quested the captain's permission to have a boat lowered, to enable him to make some observations, which he thought would tend to throw some light on the accident of the day before. I asked permission to accompany him, which he readily granted, on condition that I did not "interrupt him in his expedition." What he remarked strange or wonderful I know not; but I must have the satisfaction of relating, that *I* saw enough to remove the superstitious fears in which he had indulged, and thus it happened:—

As soon as he had completed his object, he good-naturedly told me that I might "jaw away" as fast as I liked. We were about half a league from the ship, and in her wake; the men were pulling hard to overtake her; but the way the vessel made gave us ample time to contemplate her build and rig. As we approached the stern, I was struck with the appearance of inequality, or irregularity, in its ornaments. On one side of the ward-room windows was a plain boarded surface, whilst, on the opposite side, some carved work was visible. We were gaining fast on this side, and I perceived a rude attempt at representing the heavy masonry of a dungeon cell, in which sat a figure whose limbs were heavily manacled, and whose body was secured to the wall by an iron chain; for the sculptor had saved himself the

trouble of carving a wooden one, and applied the stern reality to his captive.

"Look, Fowler! my dear fellow, there's the cause of all your dread of the West Indies—that's the gentleman who rattles away at night to your annoyance. Ah! now I understand its meaning perfectly. Our ship is a Dane, as you know; well, Norge means Norway, and this device is intended to represent the subjugation of that country by our cousins of Denmark. How delighted I am to have discovered the origin of your dreadful omen!—come, confess now, is it not clearly explained?"

"It is, my dear fellow, thank Heaven, and a weight is lifted off my mind: and yet how strange that you should happen to take a fancy of coming with me in the boat—well, even now, in such a trifle as that, you see there's a deal of ——"

"'Philosophy, as they call it;' hey, Fowler?"

"Don't you begin to quiz, if you please; keep all that for them that don't regard you as I do, or those you don't regard; however, as you have kept my secret about these noises, say nothing about their cause."

I promised secrecy. We reached our ship, and, seeing Captain Dashwood on deck, I determined to show him how *au fait* I had become in naval etiquette; so, walking up to him, I pulled off my

hat, and gravely announced, " I am come aboard, sir."

I have already remarked that the most trifling event was hailed as serving to break the monotony of a life on board ship; judge then how gladly we availed ourselves of the intelligence that the midshipmen were employed in catching a shark! All hands hastened to the deck, and watched the progress of the sport. The huge fish, it appears, had already been slightly wounded: and it is a remarkable fact in the history of these formidable animals, that they seldom fail to follow a ship from which they have received a hurt; perhaps in the hope of taking ample revenge, in the event of any of the crew falling overboard in attempting to make them captives.

In the course of a few minutes, a well-directed blow from " the grains" struck the shark near the dorsal-fin; the rope attached to it flew over the ship's side with the rapidity of lightning. The creature dived for many fathoms, his track marked by blood; but he speedily rose to the surface, lashing the sea with his tail, in impotent rage. The youngsters suffered him to make play for a while, and exhaust himself. At length, by the application of some stout ropes, cleverly arranged, they succeeded in hauling their prey on deck. A boatswain's-mate instantly chopped off the tail with a

hatchet, and, applying his thumb, as a plug, to the principal vessel, invited us to approach. We crowded round the dying fish, and were immediately saluted by a sanguine fountain, skilfully played off by him who had the shark "under his thumb."

The flesh near the tail is the only part considered eatable, and this *bonne bouche* was to be served up in the midshipmen's mess. Having been invited to taste it, I descended to do so.

The various appointments of their table had suffered considerable damage since my last visit; few plates were left whole, and tin cups did duty for tumblers; but what appeared to me as most characteristic of this ill-ordered establishment was the fact of two youngsters eating their pea-soup out of a quadrant-case!

A small portion of broiled shark was handed me on a piece of biscuit, and I ventured to try its flavour: one morsel was sufficient; anything so coarse or disgusting it had never before been my fate to masticate; and yet these boys swallowed it with as much *gusto*, as though they had been feasting off turtle, dressed by the immortal Burnham, of the Montague at Bristol.

The trick I had played them to escape shaving was talked of with great good humour. After thanking them for affording me an apportunity of

eating shark for the first time, I left them, fully determined that it should be the last.

The month of November had arrived: we had been now seven weeks at sea; a few more days, and we must reach our first destination. This was acceptable intelligence; for my own part, I freely confess that I was growing tired of my situation. Having endured nearly two months' confinement in the same narrow sphere, meeting the same faces, faring almost the same every day, the consciousness that we were nearing the shore rendered the few remaining days of our voyage as difficult to bear with patience as I have ever found the last stages of a long journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARLISLE BAY, BARBADOES — BLACK WHITE-WASHERS — GO ON SHORE — HINTS TO TAKE IT COOLLY — ARTILLERY BARRACKS AT SAINT ANN'S — MIDNIGHT TERROR — SWIZZLE AND DOCTOR — EFFECTS OF NEW RUM — A LADY OF RANK — ALACADA PEARS — MENTAL EXCITEMENT — MARTINIQUE — TURNING TURTLE — NEGRIL BAY — JAMAICA — MURDER AND EXECUTION — CHAPLAIN'S DUTY.

GREAT was my satisfaction, on the morning of the fourth of November, at learning from the steward that we should be at anchor in Carlisle Bay shortly after breakfast. I leaped from my cot full of joy at the thoughts of being once more on shore, completed a hasty toilet, and ran on deck; nothing, however, was to be seen but a dim indistinct line on the horizon. Barbadoes is a remarkably flat island, and invisible till you are close in-shore. Through the signal-midshipman's glass, I fancied I saw cocoa-nut trees: as these do not spring out of the ocean, I was satisfied we were approaching land.

"Well, thank Heaven," I said, as I sat down

to table, "we shall have some milk with our breakfast to-morrow."

"Ay, and soft tommy too," replied Fletcher, "and plenty of capital things besides. Plantains, alligator pears, fresh eggs and butter, my boy, think of that, and instead of the steward, a pretty little black girl to wait upon you, that's worth thinking of."

Many edifying remarks were made on the latter part of Fletcher's catalogue of luxuries, which I need not here repeat: suffice it to say, that all hands were delighted at the prospect of again enjoying the happiness of female society.

"How long d'ye think it will be before we can think of going on shore?" demanded one of the party.

"Some time yet," said Fletcher; "so take my advice, have all your clothes ready for the wash, as, long before we cast anchor, we shall be boarded by some of the fair sex, begging for the honour of getting up your linen; and mind, you officers, count every thing you send, one by one, because these ladies charge by the piece, just as much for a frilled shirt as a single stocking."

We followed his advice, and, speedily after our arrangements were completed, a boat-load of black, brown, and whitey-brown beauties came on

board, and most of these made their way to the gun-room.

"Ki! only tink of dat!" exclaimed one, exhibiting a beautiful set of white teeth, "if dar no be Massa Fletcher, 'tought you belong to de Cressy, neber tink to see you gen so soon. Me berry glad, pon a word and honour. You gib Sabina all your tings, she bleach em white as snow, and make collars tand tiff."

One of these "God's images cut in ebony" sidled up to me.

"How you do, Misser Tillery officer? Come to stop Barbadoes? Berry nice place — great many tillery here now — bery fine men. Me happy to wash you, saar; my name Miss Phillis, lib in Bridgetown, but bring eberry ting for you to Saint Ann's, if you please."

"Well, Miss Phillis, I don't happen to know Saint Ann from Saint Matthew just now, but if you will tell me where you live, you shall have them."

"Me lib, sar, close to big store, formly belong to Miss Mary Bella Green—she dead, poor ting! My house next door to the Wesleyem chapel. Me no go dere, sar, 'sure you, hate all de Willyforce niggers, dat go sing psalms wid Buccra passon, no white surplus on him back."

Any farther conversation with my orthodox

friend was interrupted by the intelligence that we were nearing the shore, which led me again to the deck. Our little fleet, during the voyage out, had never parted company, and each ship now appeared striving to be first in the Bay.

We speedily anchored: as soon as possible I jumped into a shore-boat, and pulled away to Bridgetown. It would have been wise had I taken advantage of the knowledge of *locale* possessed by my friend Phillis, for I learnt, on landing, that St. Ann's, the head-quarters of my corps, was at some distance.

Regardless of the intense heat, I started at a rapid rate, anticipating, with sincere pleasure, the prospect of meeting my valued friend, Major Brough, who, I understood, was quartered here. My unusual pace quickly attracted the attention of the Negroes; one grinning fellow, pointing me out to his companion, said,

"Look dare, Massa Hannibal, dat rale Johnny Newcome, he walk quick to-day, yellow feber to-morrow, and de pallisades de next."

"If Buccra no savez dis is dam hot, you big fool, no tell him so, let him fine out."

"Who you call fool, you black nigger? Keep your civil tongue in your dam stupid head, or by Goramighty me mash you."

Had I checked my pace I should doubtless have

heard much more in the same strain; but why one African should call another a black nigger, as a term of opprobrium, I could not at all understand.

On I trudged, and presently overtook a gentleman on horseback, the animal going at his most leisurely pace, and the rider carrying a large umbrella, to shield him from the sun, under whose powerful rays I was going along, à la Barclay. Such a very unexpected feat of pedestrianism caused the horseman to gaze on me, in evident astonishment. I stared at him in return, and, to my surprize and gratification, recognized a gentleman in whose society I had passed many happy hours in the Isle of Wight. He remembered me instantly, welcomed me to the west "warmly;" a supererogatory term, Heaven knows, implored me to check my pace, adding that we should shortly reach his residence, where he hoped I would rest myself, and endeavour to get cool.

Mr. Mills, certainly one of the most elegant and accomplished men I ever had the good fortune to meet, held the appointment of commissioner of military accounts. His house was delightfully situated on the margin of the Bay, half way between Bridgetown and the barracks. It was fitted up with every thing requisite to render a residence in the tropics not only endurable but

delightful. The jalousies, or blinds, of his spacious drawing-room, were all closed towards the sun, whilst on the opposite side they opened on a verandah filled with the choicest flowers and plants; the floors were covered with curious Brazilian matting, and the colours of the furniture were of the most indefinite and cool-looking character. No sooner were we seated, than refreshments were brought in by servants, whose complexions strongly contrasted with the white jean coatees and trowsers in which they were attired.

Cæsar handed me a capacious goblet, filled with sangaree; on this beverage I had often heard high terms of commendation bestowed in Europe; the first draught convinced me how justly it deserved praise; it was indeed delicious! Various exquisite fruits were recommended to my notice. I was surprized, on cutting open a watermelon, the rind of which was hardly cool, to find the interior almost as cold as ice. But I must not dilate on all the good things offered to me by my hospitable host. I learnt that he was going to dine at the artillery mess, and by his recommendation remained with him till the dinner hour arrived, when he conveyed me to St. Ann's in his carriage.

The moment I reached the barracks, I inquired for Major Brough's quarters: my disappointment

was extreme on hearing that he had left the island that very morning. The cordial reception I experienced, however, from those who formed the mess, dissipated, in a measure, my chagrin.

To me every object was interesting, because novel, and the sudden relief from the tedium of ship-board gave me a relish to enjoy all I saw. The barracks, so different in their construction to those I *had* occupied, the numerous persons, of both sexes, employed in various offices, their strange costume, and attempts at speaking English, the trees, the very grass itself, all became things to wonder at and inquire about. Just before entering the mess-room, I had an opportunity of observing the process of cooling wine. The decánters are enveloped in coarse canvass covers, and placed on open shelves, exposed to the heat of the sun, for about a quarter of an hour before dinner, and kept constantly splashed with water, behind and before; and, such is the rapidity of evaporation, that, when brought to table, the wine is as cool as you would desire to drink it.

Major Cruttenden, who had been a cadet officer, whilst I was at the academy, and, both then and now, was most deservedly beloved, acted as president, and consigned me to the care of Captain Somerville. This gentleman, from a bashfulness, rarely complained of in military men, scarcely

opened his lips, except for the purpose of eating and drinking: all my efforts to draw him into conversation were unavailing. He is, by a caprice of fortune, at present, a peer, and, for the honour of the senate-house, I trust, he has conquered his modest taciturnity.

My left hand neighbour made ample amends for the absence of sociability which marked my right, and from him I learnt, with great satisfaction, that the island was never known to be more healthy than at present; few fatal cases had occurred, except in the instance of General Hay, in consequence of whose death the office of governor was filled, *pro tem.*, by General Stehelin, of my own corps. Having had the pleasure of knowing him in England, I determined on paying my respects early next day.

We continued our revels till a very late hour. A bed in the barracks had been kindly provided for me. On turning down the sheet, I perceived, to my horror, an immense centipede, which, I suppose, was awaiting my arrival, and anticipated a satisfactory nibble at a fresh importation. Somewhat alarmed, I drove him off the bed to the floor, and, although his countless legs enabled him to run with incredible velocity, I succeeded in killing him with a slipper. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, instantly aroused all my fears of

rattlesnakes, scorpions, and other pleasing acquaintance I had yet to make. I determined on obtaining another candle, and keep a light burning all night. For this purpose I was making my way to the kitchen, when I beheld, perched on the railing of the verandah, which runs around the barrack, a lizard, magnified by my distempered fancy into the size of a crocodile: the brilliantly beautiful eyes of the creature were fixed on mine, with almost a human expression, yet, in spite of its gentleness of aspect, I made a hasty retreat, not knowing what it might be my fate to see next. Before, however, I had regained my room, I encountered a very intelligent young Negress, who soon convinced me there was nothing to be afraid of.

About two hours after sunrise the next morning, I rose, after a much more agreeable night than I had anticipated, when I encountered the vile centipede, enjoyed the luxury of a cold bath, and descended to the mess-room, where I found a large party, making a fierce attack upon sundry good things. Accommodated with a horse, and accompanied by a brother officer, named Otway, a very charming and superior person, I set off, to make calls and see the town and neighbourhood. Our first visit was to the governor, from whom I experienced a gracious reception and invitation

to his table. We next rode to Mr. Mills's; the same hospitality which had marked yesterday's visit was repeated. Otway, after a hearty pull at a tumbler of sangaree, said,

"Mind, my dear fellow, never refuse when you are offered sangaree or swizzle; they are as essential here as the doctor."

"Pray explain, what is swizzle, and what need of the doctor, if, as I hear, the island is so healthy?"

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, not know what swizzle means? Look here, I'll make you some." So saying, he proceeded to put about a dessert spoonful of pineapple rum into a large goblet, and filled it with water, poured from a curiously shaped earthen vessel, with a long and very slender neck, called, why I know not, a monkey. I drank this harmless mixture, and found it very palatable.

"And now for the doctor, if you please; is that anything to drink?"

"No, it is the name very appropriately given to the sea-breeze, which we generally have just before sunset, and without which life would be insupportable; it is always hailed with grateful delight. Ever whilst you live be thankful to the doctor."

Taking leave of our amiable host, we proceeded to Bridgetown. At Miss Betsy Austin's hotel I

found General Keane. He received me in the kindest manner, and, with that unaffected urbanity for which he was remarkable, inquired how we had all got on in the Norge since he left us, entering into many particulars of the characters of those on board, that convinced me of his extraordinary penetration.

My kind reader must not imagine that my time was exclusively devoted to pleasure whilst on shore. We had great quantities of military stores to take on board our armament, and, consequently, I had abundance of pen and ink duty to perform, in promulgating the orders for so doing, both general and regimental, besides attending at the wharf to see them carried into effect. Whilst thus employed, the most arduous task was to prevent the men from getting intoxicated. Rum was cheap and abundant, the heat intense, and the work hard. Every possible caution had been given to the poor fellows, to resist the insidious temptation; but, alas! in many cases in vain. To me their conduct proved a source of deep mortification; for, after enjoying only two days on shore, I was sent on board, to keep the men in a state of subordination; and this banishment lasted for three days out of the few we remained at Barbadoes. My only consolation, under such a dispensation, was the opportunity it afforded me of having the

honour to form an acquaintance with a celebrated female.

It is absolutely presumptuous in me to mention any person whose name has been recorded by the pen of so gifted a writer as Captain Marryat; yet, as our modern Smollet has chosen to content himself with a brief and hasty notice, I may, I trust, be pardoned, if I indulge in a somewhat more lengthened account of one whom he has already rendered immortal.

I had returned to the ship in no very placid temper; and, after informing my men the reason of my coming, and assuring them my visit should not be useless, I went down to the gun-room. Here I found two or three of my naval messmates in animated conversation with a lady, who received their attentions with an amiable condescension. She was attired in a loose chintz gown, of large and very gaudy pattern; her head-dress was formed of a handkerchief, so arranged as to add nearly two feet to her figure; and which I afterwards learnt, on the authority of the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, is called *Tête à la Créole*. A massive gold chain encircled her neck in numerous folds, and attached to it hung the portrait of a naval officer.

That the lady had passed the grand climacteric was evident from the absence of flesh upon her

face, neck, and arms; still there was a fascination in her manner, that at once banished from your thoughts her African origin.

The moment I entered, she graciously favoured me by an inclination of her head, seeming to imply, "Don't let my presence drive you away." Fletcher introduced me in due form, and I learnt that I had the felicity of being made known to no less a personage than Lady Rodney!

"Glad to see you Barbadoes, sar," her ladyship drawled forth, with that indolence of speech so usually found in Creoles. "Ebery body knows Lady Rodney — always brings de best of ebery ting to de officers. So tell what you like hab, one of my slaves shall fetch it for you."

"I require nothing at present, my lady; if I should, I will take care to let you know."

"Me hab de finest Guava jelly, hotest ginger, biggest alligator pears, and grandest melons in all Barbadoes. As for 'tother people, come alongside 'tend to sell tings, dem all parcel d—m rogues, thieving woolly-headed niggers dat steal tings, and sell em for dirt; but I keep plantation and store for self, sar. Me know what's good for yam—me know what's good for drinkey too; hab some old rum tome, make you cry Bah! not nassy hot tuff burn poor Buccra's liber, and make him mad drunk; me savez better nor dat, sure you, sar."

"I say, old lady," said Fletcher, "don't forget to bring some subaltern's butter, and lots of eggs and milk, in good time for breakfast—d'ye hear?"

"You no casion bawl so loud, Misser Fletcher; you really make me nerbous, wid your noise.—Member, sar, der difference tween delicate lady, and one your sailor men."

"Ay, ay, my lady, I beg pardon; but, I say, let that artillery officer look at the miniature; I see he wants to overhaul it."

"Me take him off, sar, rectly, and show him wid pleasure," and she unclasped her golden cable —"dere, sar, dat's picture of my dear Lord Rodney; he gib him to me wid his own hands in de year 82, just after he tump de French. Me berry piccaniny little ting den, but Lord Rodney lub me dearly, and make me his lady.—Dere you see him look you full in de face — you not able see his back. I know ebery bit of him sweet figure; and by Gor, I tink I neber saw a man wid such a large pig-tail in all my life — he always wear pig-tail, me tye him wid ribands bery often. Oh, he really clever body! But no use cry now, he is gone to glory, up in heben — me go to him 'fore long — see him again, me sure. Hope to Goramighty he no cut off him pig-tail, cause me know him mong a hundred, 'twas such a big un. Well,

I go shore. See you again to-morrow. Good by, genelmen."

Assisted by the gallant Fletcher, her ladyship left the gun-room. What she had said about her being a favourite of the hero of Saint Eustatius was strictly true; he had not only presented her with his portrait, but sufficient money to purchase her freedom. Her *liaison* had rendered her extremely popular in the navy, and a preference was given to her by the king's ships, in purchasing fruit, &c. She was very industrious, although her manner betokened little energy. In the progress of time, finding her business increase, and assistants needed, she bought two or three slaves, to whom, it is said, she was a most indulgent mistress; making it, however, a point of duty that they invariably addressed her as Lady Rodney, which style and title she also rigorously exacted from her customers.

Vainly regretting my hard fate, which had condemned me to remain on board in sight of land, the day passed heavily. Before breakfast the next morning, Lady Rodney came alongside, having made a slight variation in her costume. Instead of the enormous *tête* of the preceding day, she now wore a white glazed hat, on which the prince's plume was depicted, surrounded by a blue riband, bearing the word "Cressy" in letters

of gold. This *chapeau* had been given to her by our present commander, on his last visit to the West Indies, and was sported by her ladyship in compliment to the donor. She proved herself to be a woman of her word, by the ample supply of exquisite fruit which she had brought.

I would almost make another voyage to Barbadoes, for the sole purpose of eating the alacada, or, as it is usually called, the " alligator pear." Fletcher had designated it by another of its titles, when he desired to have plenty of " subaltern's butter." In size and shape it bears a strong resemblance to an English winter pear; in its centre a stone larger than that of a peach is found, but containing no kernel: the rind, or skin, is tough, and about the tenth of an inch thick, enclosing a greenish white pulp, combining an agreeable but very slight acid, with a rich, mellow, almost marrow-like, flavour. Scooped out and spread on bread, with a little salt and Cayenne pepper, it is an excellent accompaniment to your breakfast; and eaten *au naturel* with your wine, it proves equally acceptable. The stone is used for the purpose of marking linen, which being placed over it, the letters are punctured with a small needle, whose point extracts, at every application, an indelible dye.

Discipline having been restored, I was again

permitted to go on shore. My first object was to visit my poor friend, Captain Smith, who had been seized with yellow fever; and had been removed to the Officers' Hospital, some way from the Barracks. His strength was so completely prostrated, that he could with difficulty speak to me; and the violence of his malady had effected so sudden an alteration in his appearance, that I could scarcely believe it was he whom I addressed.

I learnt from the surgeon attending him a curious case of the effect of nervous excitement. The remains of an officer were about to be consigned to the earth, with the usual military honours. The firing party was commanded by Lieutenant Shaw, a Highlander, of almost cast-iron frame and constitution. From considerate motives, the Dead March is never played in the vicinity of the Hospital. Whilst the procession moved on silently, Shaw evinced only the common feeling of regret at the loss of a companion and brother officer; but the moment the mournful music struck upon his ear, he burst into a violent flood of tears, which he vainly struggled to repress. The duty concluded, he returned to his barrack-room; and, before morning, was a corpse!

With this melancholy proof of the uncertainty of life in this climate fresh on my mind, I bade farewell to my suffering friend, little anticipating

that we should ever meet again. Returning from the Hospital, I fell in with a large party of friends, whose gaiety soon dispelled the sad thoughts in which I felt disposed to indulge. The two following days were passed on shore; the mornings occupied by duty, the evenings in the enjoyment of "the goods the gods provide us."

On the 12th we sailed, steering our course for Jamaica, passing rapidly the picturesque islands of St. Vincent and St. Lucie. Martinique next came in view; as we neared this fine island, a boat hailed us, loaded with noyau, snuff, and other sweetmeats, from the celebrated magazine of Madame Grandmaison — a lady, I presume, from her title, to be like Tybalt, "of the very first house." Off the Saints, a lull of wind enabled us to lower boats, and parties were made for the purpose of taking turtle. They were very successful, no less than eight were consigned to the care of the gun-room steward. I blush to confess, that, setting the code of Brummel at defiance, I was regularly helped twice to soup; thus verifying, in my own person, the observation of Lord Byron:—

"Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight."

Whilst lying-to, great quantities of the bird's-eye pepper was brought off for sale; the contrast between the very dark green leaves and the bril-

liant vermilion of the pods is particularly beautiful.

Soon after leaving Guadaloupe the wind became more favourable; and, on the 19th, we dropped our anchor in Port Royal.

Indisposition prevented my going on shore; for two or three days I suffered from a severe attack of fever, and most reluctantly kept my cot. The kind and unremitting attention of Doctor Hutchesson soon restored me to convalescence; and, although extremely weak, I was on my legs, and able to do duty, by the time we had made our way to Negril Bay, which place we reached on the 25th.

Here we found many vessels at anchor, having on board the troops lately under the command of General Ross, whose loss at Baltimore was universally lamented. To the Tonnant, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, the senior officer of the fleet, and having General Keane and his staff on board, Major Munro and myself immediately repaired. I scarcely ever saw a finer old man than Sir Alexander, or one whose manners were more affable and winning. It was evident that he was desirous of making a favourable impression on those who would visit him today for the first time, as he was attired in full dress, wearing the star and riband of the Bath;

and maintaining, on the quarter-deck, as much the air of the courtier as though he were within the walls of a palace.

During the time that Major Munro was occupied with the general, I learnt from one of the officers of the Tonnant the destination of our expedition; for, although it was still supposed to be a profound secret, the absolute point of attack had been suffered to transpire in the negociations made by the admiral for the hire of small craft: and, notwithstanding the farce of mystery was kept up, many persons who ought to have remained in ignorance were aware that New Orleans was the intended scene of action, long before the troops devoted to this ill-fated expedition.

As the Artillery force had received considerable augmentation, I had to board numerous ships; notwithstanding my late indisposition, I contrived to get up and down the sides of seventy-fours and frigates with tolerable agility for a land-lubber. Somewhat exhausted, however, I returned to my own ship, and gladly seated myself close to one of the ports, the heat being more intense than I had ever felt it. I was surveying with great interest the various vessels now at anchor in the Bay, when my attention was roused by the report of a cannon; and, eagerly looking in the direction of the smoke, I perceived an unfortunate wretch

hanging at the yard-arm of a transport, close to us. I must confess, I would willingly have been spared a sight so unexpected and appalling. I hastened to inquire the particulars, and learnt as follows:

A private of the 21st Fusileers, named Hugh Lister, had been cautioned by the serjeant of his company to keep his musket in better order, as it would soon be required in the face of the enemy; the soldier, with an oath, replied, that it was in fit condition to kill any man; soon after which he removed his piece from the arm-rack, unseen by his comrades, deliberately loaded it with slugs, and, perceiving the serjeant looking over the gangway, he crept close behind him, and literally blew the head of his victim into the sea. A court-martial had assembled this morning for the trial of the murderer: he was found guilty and condemned to death. Immediately after this sentence had received the sanction of the general, it was carried into effect, on board the ship in which the miscreant had perpetrated his crime. I afterwards learnt from an officer who had been present, that, during the time between the finding of the sentence and its confirmation, the hardened monster, seeing some Negroes on the beach occupied in cooking, had pointed them out to one of his comrades, saying, "Look, Jack, by Jasus, there are

the devils roasting Serjeant Kirkpatrick's soul for their dinner; I hope they'll relish it"— and this brutal speech was accompanied by a fiendish laugh. The unfortunate man, whose life had been taken by this demon, was universally respected, and remarkable for mildness towards the men under his command.

As a proof that my strength was not yet restored, I must add that the dangling figure of the murderer haunted me all night; and the following day my nervous temperament was put to a severe trial. One of our men, a fine stout young fellow too, had died, and it was my duty to see his corse decently committed to the deep. We were obliged to row some distance, to get outside the bar of the Bay, ere we consigned the body to its watery grave. On approaching the appointed place, I commenced reading that most impressive ritual of our church, the funeral service; it cost me a severe struggle to proceed, but, when I perceived tears rolling down the weather-beaten features of the sailors, and the worthy Fowler, who attended me on this solemn occasion, I was not ashamed at having played the woman.

On the next day, November the 27th, we left Negril Bay.

CHAPTER XIX.

GULF OF MEXICO — INDIAN CHIEFS — ATTACK ON SCHOONERS — TAKE TO SMALL CRAFT — CROSS LAKE BORGNE — SHIP ON FIRE — ADVANCE IN BOATS — BAYOU CATALAN — LANDING OF TROOPS — NIGHT ATTACK — MORNING PROSPECTS — TOM CODD — CHANCE OF A BLOW-UP — FRESH ARRIVALS — THE BLACK RUNAWAY — CHRISTMAS-DAY IN A SWAMP.

NEARLY a fortnight was occupied in crossing the Gulf of Mexico; for several days the bold headland of Cape St. Antonio formed the principal feature in our marine view. As we were rapidly approaching the intended scene of action, preparations were actively carried on for ensuring a successful debarkation of the troops.

By the 12th of December we were lying off the Chandeleur Islands, within thirty miles of the shore, and about seventy from New Orleans. Commanding officers were ordered on board the Tonnant, to receive instructions for landing their various forces. Here it may be well to observe, that the officer who is styled adjutant of the artillery performs the duty of aide-de-camp to his commanding officer, and is looked on in that light

by the general staff. In this capacity I, of course, attended Major Munro to the flag-ship. On its quarter-deck I saw, for the first time, the Indian chiefs, who, we were led to believe, would prove valuable allies to us in our present undertaking. A British officer, Colonel Nicholls of the Marines, had, for some time past, been domesticated with them; from his account of their prowess, and attachment to our cause, most favourable results were anticipated. These savages belonged to the Creek and Choctaw tribes; their deputation was formed of some five or six men. They were fantastically attired; two of the principals had on large ill-made coats of scarlet serge, with a profusion of marine buttons, tinsel epaulettes, and small stars on their breasts. This attempt at European costume scarcely covered their filthy check-shirts and deer-skin leggings. One of these was pointed out to me as Perimond, King of the Muscogies. He was of an advanced age, and remarkably fair complexion for a red skin. This was accounted for by one of his companions, who stated that his lady-mother had played false with an English deserter — proving that the court of Muscogy was no more exempt from scandal than that of Muscovy. A large hoop of gold hung from his majesty's nose, and his unsymmetrical ears were adorned with silver rings. The rest were

badly clad, after their own fashion; but all of them exhibited the peculiarity of having the external cartilage of the ear cut, and hanging down on the shoulder in unseemly flesh, resembling the cadaverous appendage to the neck of a turkey-cock. As a mark, I presume, of distinction, one of the warriors wore a band of silver round his head, with numerous small bells attached to it; above these was stuck some wild bird, whose putrescent state proved that it must have been killed many days. This *ensemble* was as unlike the fanciful arrangement of feathers, seen in pictures or on the stage, in Mexican or Indian costume, as possible. The chiefs were attended by a prophet, on whose predictions they relied implicitly.

Information having been received that several American armed schooners were lying off Isle aux Chats, the destruction of so formidable an impediment to our crossing Lac Borgne was deemed essential to our success; accordingly the boats of the fleet, well armed and manned, were placed under the command of Captain Lockyer for that purpose. As this gallant little band pulled away from the fleet, they were most enthusiastically cheered by the military, who looked on this movement as a certain forerunner of their being speedily on shore.

Next day, December 13th, the advance of the

army got on board small craft, for the purpose of crossing the lake, and landed on Pine Island, where they were inspected by the general. Here the gratifying intelligence reached us of the brave Lockyer and his party's complete triumph over the enemy's gun-boats. Jonathan had made a desperate, though vain, resistance; every schooner had been captured; and, after disposing of their crews, by sending them on board our fleet, these beautiful vessels were employed in conveying the invading army to the shores they had endeavoured to protect.

One circumstance which occurred in this attack is worthy of mention, as being truly characteristic of British sailors. As soon as our flotilla came in sight of the enemy, and ascertained the impossibility of his escape, the sailors begged leave to have their dinner, and absolutely lay on their oars for that purpose, whilst the schooners were firing long shots at them. The meal concluded, they gave a loud huzza, and pushed on for the deadly strife, the result of which proved how much better John Bull can fight on a full stomach than an empty one.

Why the spot we now occupied was called Pine Island I know not, as the trees which covered it were principally very fine oaks, among whose luxuriant branches hundreds, nay thousands, of

wood-pigeons dwelt. These birds afforded us some capital sport during our brief sojourn here; they were highly-flavoured, and in excellent condition. I was much surprised at finding in the craws of these little creatures from three to four acorns at a time; each one, even before the process of digestion had swollen the seed, larger than the birds' heads. What would an alderman give for such power of deglutition and elasticity of jaw?

Leaving Pine, or, more properly, Pigeon Island, we again took to the small craft, and pursued our course. The water of the lake was in many places so very shallow, that nearly all our vessels got aground, and were towed off with considerable difficulty. This tedious and vexatious passage was rendered doubly wretched by the extreme cold we encountered. Having so recently left that most broiling of all hot places, Negril Bay, the sudden change of temperature was excessively trying to the health and patience of those exposed to it. I had, however, a very narrow escape from finding heat more difficult to bear. The schooner I was on board took fire, and as she was laden almost to the water's edge with ammunition, our situation was anything but enviable. Captain Lemprière, of our's, set a gallant example to the men, and, after two hours of hard work and intense anxiety, we succeeded in getting the danger under.

The accident had originated from there being only a thin sheet of copper under the caboose, at which a constant fire was kept up, by our poor fellows cooking their rations; and the metal, which had proved sufficient protection for ordinary purposes, was speedily rendered so hot as to ignite the wood-work of the deck to such an extent, that, when the fire was first discovered, showers of sparks were falling into the hold; fortunately, the ammunition was covered with hides, hair-cloths, and wadmantilts; the latter a kind of coarse blanket, or the powder destined for the advance of the army would have blown nearly a whole company of Royal Artillery into pure space, and, in all probability, such a blow-up would have retarded the progress of the expedition.

A narrow creek, or bayou, had been discovered by the enterprising Lieutenant Peddie, of the Quarter-Master General's department, and the services of a guide to these swampy regions were ensured by the powerful aid of gold. The troops destined for the advance were, on the evening of the 22nd, placed in small boats, and, led on by Peddie, after a pull of some miles, entered Bayou Catalan. On the right bank of this narrow stream three huts were found, in which an American piquet had been placed, which was captured without resistance, or having the power of giving the alarm.

The whole night and the morning of the next

day were occupied in making our way up this ditch, for it scarcely deserved a better name; on each side nothing could be seen but lofty reeds, from eight to ten feet high, growing so thickly as to defy penetration into their depths. The Bayou became every moment narrower, and it was with great difficulty that the boats which had landed their troops could pass those still advancing. This extraordinary creek suddenly ceased to be navigable, and, where its utility terminated, the ground was found tolerably firm, and affording better means of landing than we anticipated from the interminable region of morass by which we were surrounded.

About seven o'clock I landed, assisted in getting on shore the light brigade of three-pounders, which had been conveyed up this accursed canal piecemeal, and, directing that it should be immediately carried forward, I set out alone for the advance. The track was rendered perfectly apparent by the cut down reeds, and the planks and ladders placed across the numerous ditches which intersected the ground. Continuing the route, I speedily entered a thick cypress wood, and, although the branches of its noble trees were stripped of their foliage by the season's change, they had almost the appearance of being in full leaf, from the quantity of a peculiar moss with which they were covered. I

afterwards learnt that the fibres of this vegetable production, prepared in a particular way, forms a common substitute for horse-hair, in the stuffing of mattresses and cushions.

Emerging from this forest, I found myself close to a plantation, with numerous buildings of various size and different use. The small but well constructed house of the proprietor stood environed by wretched wooden huts, abodes of the slaves employed on the estate; a large brick sugar-work occupying the rear of the farm nearest to the wood. A double avenue of orange trees, covered with fruit, ran through the centre of the manifold and scattered dwellings. This property appertained to a Major-General Villeré, of the Louisiana militia, who had fled at sight of the first red coat, and his house was now occupied as the British head-quarters.

A small detachment of militia had surrendered to our advance guard, but no appearance had yet been manifested towards opposing our march on New Orleans, distant only seven or eight miles from our present position. Piquets had been thrown out, and, as the various straggling parties arrived from the landing-place, they formed into a compact bivouac, having the Mississippi close to their left, and the cypress wood, at some distance, on their right.

I reported to General Keane the probability that the brigade of three-pounders would be up and fit for action in less than an hour; and, at his request, returned to the landing-place, with directions for expediting some heavier metal, as soon as possible; bearing a letter to Admiral Malcolm, who had remained to superintend the various debarkations. In retracing my steps, I met numerous small parties, and used my best persuasion in urging them to get to the position as speedily as possible, well aware how few in number was our force. On arriving at the admiral's tent, many and anxious were the inquiries made as to the aspect of affairs in front; I gave an honest, but not a discouraging account, knowing that the ears of canvass walls are more susceptible than those of brick; and the report I made had the effect of facilitating the advance of men, stores, and ammunition.

Perfectly unaware that I should have to return here, I had made no provision for sustaining the inward man: half a biscuit had been my only food, since I had got on board the boat the night before, and I began to wax hungry. Finding that my presence could no longer be useful, I set off at dusk for the front once more, and, during my wearisome walk, found that many of the planks and ladders placed over the ditches had fallen into

the streams, and, in some instances, only a solitary piece of timber was left, as the means by which hundreds were to cross. I lost not a moment, on reaching the general's quarters, to report this fact, and measures were instantly taken to remedy the evil.

I proceeded in quest of my commanding-officer. The bivouac was illuminated by numerous fires, round which our poor worn-out fellows were cooking their rations, after many hours of fast. The very sight of a steaming camp-kettle made me absolutely ravenous: I would have given a week's pay for a slice of meat. At this juncture it was my good fortune to fall in with some officers of my own corps, whom I found intently occupied in broiling sundry fowls, which they had purchased from the sable henwife of General Villeré. My friend, Captain Deacon, offered to share his pullet with me: eagerly accepting his kindness, I was in the act of devouring a portion of the hastily brandered chick, when a cannonading commenced. We were well assured that it must be on the enemy's side, as our only guns yet landed were those under the command of my hospitable friend. The brigade was instantly manned, and, with the aid of drag-ropes, advanced at a rapid rate along a road running parallel with the Mississippi. The night was dark, and a dense fog hung over the

earth, but we speedily discovered who were our assailants: a large armed schooner and two gun-boats had dropped down the river, and, directed by the lights from our camp, had commenced a destructive and harassing fire. Scarcely had our guns arrived opposite to these vessels, when a heavy peal of musquetry in front announced that the enemy had attacked our position.

Gentle reader, the details of this and the succeeding affairs have been written at full by abler pens than mine: it is not my intention to give these slight sketches an historical character, but confine myself to events which actually came under my own observation, and occasionally to venture a remark, founded on my own view of affairs, uncontrolled by foregone opinions. This determination on my part will spare you the trouble of going over trodden ground; and it shall be my ambition to relate what I have reason to believe has not found place in the pages of those to whose superior talent I most deferentially bow.

The situation of our handful of men was certainly a most desperate one, the enemy having the advantage of being well acquainted with the ground, of which we were perfectly ignorant: the little knowledge of some few at head-quarters was derived only from maps. The guns upon the road

were prevented from being brought into action, by the certainty that we should destroy both friend and foe, who were jumbled together in our front. Meantime, in the expectation of supporting the infantry, we advanced or retreated as the confused mass before us permitted.

Close to the river a large bank is formed for the prevention of inundation, and this, termed by the Americans a levee, afforded us some trifling shelter from the schooner and her companions, who so vigorously attacked us in flank. These troublesome neighbours were so close as to enable us to distinguish the word of command given on board; and strangely unnatural it appeared to hear orders repeated in English, or I should rather say English that had "suffered a sea change:" as for example,

"Now, my lads, load agin, and give those 'tarnal Britishers another round of grape. The last was an almighty shot, I guess, and seemed to scatter them to everlasting hell — fire away, lads!"

Very agreeable directions truly.

The fire of musquetry was kept up on both sides incessantly; and, for a short time, not only in the front, but on our right, which the enemy had turned: they were, however, driven back upon the cypress wood with great slaughter, and the

maintenance of our line in front shortly became our only object.

Whilst matters were wearing the worst aspect, I received a considerable shock at seeing my intimate friend, Christie, borne by. He had received a severe wound in the spine, which occasioned such intolerable agony, that he in vain endeavoured to repress his cries. He had scarcely passed, when a wounded man from the front brought the intelligence that General Keane was surrounded and the battle lost. This was speedily contradicted by Captain Lane of the Rocket troop, who, however, frankly confessed our situation, just then, was most critical. Some loud huzzas, with a pure English intonation, shortly revived our spirits; and, before midnight, the fire of the enemy began sensibly to slacken. We had maintained every inch of ground, and only awaited the coming daylight to judge the results of this night attack: it was evident that the Americans had retreated, as all soon became silent in the front.

Major Munro directed our guns to be removed out of the range of the schooner; and, about two o'clock, I left the field in his company. We found that the staff had suffered severely; Colonel Stovine, Major Hooper, and Lieutenant Evans, of the quarter-master general's department, were under the hands of the surgeons, at the head-quarter

house. Finding a small room unoccupied, Munro, Peddie, and I, threw ourselves on some buffalo skins, that had been left most opportunely by the fugitive proprietor, and sought repose. It was in vain that I courted "Nature's soft nurse;" in spite of the unusual fatigue I had undergone—never once sitting down since I had left the boat, except for a minute or two at Captain Deacon's quarters—so intense was the cold, that, with every desire to sleep, the pain I endured from the effect of climate entirely prevented me. At five o'clock the reveillée sounded, and, heartily rejoiced to be relieved from this state of torture by the certainty of locomotion, I awoke my companions, who had slept soundly.

We joined General Keane, and, as soon as daylight enabled us, visited the scene of last night's conflict. It was apparent that the Americans had suffered severely; their wounded had been removed, but the dead lay in mute evidence of the fact. These poor fellows presented a strange appearance; their hair, eye-brows, and lashes, were thickly covered with hoar-frost, or rime, their bloodless cheeks vying with its whiteness. Few were dressed in military uniforms, and most of them bore the appearance of farmers or husbandmen. Peace to their ashes! they had nobly died in defending their country. I may safely say, that

I felt more on viewing these bodies than I had whilst under fire.

Nothing was visible in front but a succession of sugar plantations. The schooner still kept her position, and the general expressed his anxious wish for the arrival of some brigades of nine-pounders; hoping to obtain such information from the prisoners taken the preceding night, as to enable him to advance the moment he could command heavier ordnance. I was accordingly despatched to the landing-place, with strict injunctions to use every endeavour in forwarding these desirable guns. On arriving there, I was hailed by a kind-hearted acquaintance, Captain Codd of the navy—

"Hollo! youngster, what news?—have they marched on this morning?"

I replied I was not aware that a move forward was immediately anticipated, adding, that my present mission was to Admiral Malcolm.

"Well, go and see the admiral; and then come back, and I'll give you some breakfast"—an invitation I most gladly accepted.

The zealous and indefatigable admiral lost not a moment in despatching an officer down the Bayou with the necessary orders. Then commenced a series of questions on the present appearance of affairs. I confess I would at that

moment have been spared the catechism of this gallant officer, I was fondly anticipating the promised breakfast. In about half an hour, which appeared an eternity, I withdrew, and hastened to the boat occupied by my friend Codd.

"Why, you have been spinning a precious long yarn, my boy; I thought you had forgotten me—however, here you are, and so let's to business."

A black jack filled with coffee, served out in tin tots; brown sugar in a paper bag; slices of bullock's liver, grilled upon wood-ashes; and biscuits, which had been toasted to destroy the wevils, constituted our repast. Little did I dream, when, as a youngster, I used literally to "quarrel with my bread and butter," that the day would arrive when such fare would be acceptable.

"Let me help you to another slice," said my kind host; "though it's a d——d shame to serve it up without its proper sauce; but the stupid son of a —— has forgotten the saw-dust—and who ever heard of bullock's liver without it?"

Thus cheerfully did this fine fellow bear his fate, and render the coarsest fare palatable.

I soon ascertained that there was no chance of the guns arriving for several hours, so, leaving word where I was to be found, threw myself down in a large ammunition-tent; and, exhausted by fatigue, soon fell into a sound slumber. About

noon I was awakened by some person stumbling over the tent-cords, and, jumping up to ascertain who it was, had scarcely reached the entrance, when I perceived a soldier of the 44th regiment in a degrading state of intoxication, trying to support himself against the frail canvass walls. In this attempt his musket went off, the bullet passed through them without doing mischief; but the wadding had stuck to the canvass, threatening in a moment to burst into a blaze, which would have been attended with fatal results to every body then at the landing-place. It has hitherto been my extreme good fortune never to lose my presence of mind; in a moment I crumpled up the smouldering canvass with my hands, and, at the expense of scorched palms, prevented the catastrophe, which was otherwise inevitable. Admiral Malcolm, whose attention had been aroused by the shot, witnessed my exertions; and was not only pleased to use some very flattering expressions on the occasion, but what to me, just then, was of more consequence, took me to his tent, and poured out some rum, for the purpose of bathing my burnt fingers. I shall have frequent occasion to speak of this ornament to the service and most amiable man; but it will be in proper place—I must not anticipate.

Of what was passing in the front during this

day we remained perfectly unaware, certain that nothing in the shape of hostility was carrying on, for not a sound was heard, except now and then a solitary cannon-shot, which proved to be from the schooner.

The day dragged on most miserably; at the arrival of every boat my inquiries were renewed about "these vile guns," but nothing satisfactory could I learn. Small parties of troops continued to land, and were immediately sent forward. Amongst the officers I encountered many old acquaintance, who were, for the most part, extremely anxious in their inquiries of what had already occurred; and some absolutely expressed their fears that they should be too late to see a shot fired, as, before they got up to their brigades, they imagined New Orleans must be in the possession of the British. These apprehensions I very easily quieted, giving them my honest opinion that we should find more difficulty in the conquest than had been anticipated; and from no other cause than the distance we were from our supplies, and the various obstacles existing to the transport of troops and ammunition.

The bullock, of whose liver I had partaken at breakfast, had been slaughtered by a party of seamen, without waiting for permission from the commissary; and I shared, with a midshipman of

the Norge, a steak from the animal. Strange as it may appear, and yet I can vouch for the fact, the beef had much more the flavour of fish than flesh; however, the youngster and myself devoured it with great gusto, washing it down with ration rum; water we would have added if we could, but the stream near us had been so disturbed by the numerous boats, as to render it unfit for use.

Soon after sunset our little encampment was enveloped in a heavy fog, which, rising from the morass, was tainted with an oppressive ôdour, and certainly could hardly be less fatal to existence than the *malaria* of the Pontine marshes.

Long before the dawn of Christmas-day, I was sent for to the admiral's tent, and asked if I had any news of the nine-pounders. To such a pitch had this gallant officer's anxiety arrived, that an hour had not elapsed, ere I had the same question to answer, and again in the negative.

Early in the morning, to my extreme satisfaction and relief, the long looked for guns were safely got on shore, and every nerve strained to hasten their departure for the camp.

Scarcely had this duty been completed, when a report reached us that Sir Edward Packenham, with General Gibbs, and Colonel Dickson of the Artillery, were on their way up the Bayou. Shortly

afterwards, Sir Edward, our new commander-in-chief, attended by some of his staff, landed. A hasty glance at what had now become a considerable depôt of warlike stores sufficed, and, accompanied by an officer of the navy, as a guide, he left us.

The next boat brought Colonel Dickson, his Brigade-Major, Ord, and Colonel Burgoyne, of the Engineers. Apprizing them that I was about to set off for head-quarters, I offered my services to show the way, which offer was accepted.

Although I had never seen Colonel Dickson before, his character was well known to me, as the first officer in our service: and, with every reason to rejoice that we should receive the aid of his tried ability, I could not fail to remember that my friend Munro would cease to be the commanding officer; and that doubtless the colonel had brought out an adjutant with him, consequently, I must bid adieu to my staff appointment.

During our walk up to Villeré's, the little conversation that occurred was principally between Colonels Dickson and Burgoyne, with now and then a question to me respecting the operations since landing; to these I was fortunately enabled to afford correct, and would I could add satisfactory, answers. I led the new comers to General Keane's house, and left them there.

Every thing appeared much in the same state at head-quarters as when I had quitted it the past morning, with the exception that numerous slaves belonging to the estate had returned to it, and many of them were busily employed under the direction of the commissaries. These Negroes were all attired in a strange looking and rudely fashioned dress; it was composed of a coarse French blanket, or horse-cloth, with loose sleeves and a hood; their shoes were made of bullock's hide undressed, with the hair on the outside, serving to display the extraordinary and ill-shaped feet which characterise an African.

Whilst sauntering round the plantation, awaiting with all due patience the moment which was to deprive me of my present appointment, I was accosted by a young Negro, of great intelligence of feature, who, in very excellent French, implored me to order a collar of spikes, with which his neck was encompassed, to be taken off. To my inquiries as to the reason of its being placed on him, he replied that, as soon as he heard of the landing of the English, he had endeavoured to leave his master at New Orleans, intending to join us: his purpose was discovered, and his attempt punished, by the collar being fastened round his neck; he had, however, fled to the wood, and made his way, with considerable difficulty, to the camp.

He also explained, in piteous tones, that he had not been able to lie down since his flight, the collar being so contrived as to prevent the wearer from using any other than an upright position.

This ingenious symbol of a land of liberty I took immediate measures to have removed, at our farrier's forge; and no sooner was the poor devil released from it, than he threw himself upon the earth, and placed one of my feet upon his head, which instantly reminded me of the first meeting between those dear friends of my youth, Crusoe and Friday. Lifting the boy from the ground, I asked him if he were disposed to work, pointing out his brethren following the orders of the civil officers; he replied that he should much like to serve me, if I would engage him; that he had been accustomed to the care of horses; could speak French, Spanish, besides a little English; would be faithful and honest, wishing for no other reward than meat and drink, and implying that a slight refection at the present moment would be particularly acceptable. Taking time to deliberate whether or not I could give the lad employment, I consigned him to the care of my servant, who, having drawn my rations, was enabled to offer his sable friend a substantial meal.

I had scarcely parted with my black *protégé* when I met F——. Since leaving the Norge I

had seen very little of him, excepting during the action of the 23rd, when his presence served to stimulate me to exertion, determined as I was that he, above all men, should not have it in his power to give an unfavourable report of my first smelling powder. I bowed coldly to him, and was passing on, when he said,

"I suppose we shall have the pleasure of your company with the brigade, now that your friend, Munro, is no longer the senior officer; from what I have heard of our new commander, I should think he would appoint some one on his staff of longer standing in the corps, and one who has seen service before; at the same time, I am sorry you will be obliged to give up an appointment with which you appear so pleased. 'Tis a pity—"

"Hold, sir, spare that phrase, if you please. Heaven forbid it should ever be my fate to be an object of *your* pity! I am thoroughly aware of your feeling towards me, of which I wish you much joy and good evening at the same time." And I left him, mentally exclaiming, "D—n him! let him chew on't."

I was shortly after sent for by Munro, and found Colonel Dickson and Major Ord with him. We dined together, and regaled ourselves with some of the Surchal bought at Madeira, and wonderfully improved by its voyage. After thanking

me for my services in very flattering terms, Munro informed me that it was the colonel's wish I should retain my staff appointment, an honour I of course acknowledged in the best language I could command.

Soon after Munro took his leave; and, during the rest of the evening, very little intercourse occurred between the new comers and myself. Left to my own thoughts, I could not help contrasting my present cheerless and unsociable situation with what it would have been in England, on this festive day, and, falling into a brown study, I thus presumptuously parodized Gray:

> "Visions of roast beef, spare my aching sight!
> Ye rich plum-puddings, crowd not on my soul!"

In vain I endeavoured to banish these homeward thoughts; still would my busy fancy conjure up the cheerful hearth, the Christmas log, the laugh, the joke, the merry game of forfeits, the evergreen holly, and kiss-provoking misletoe—all passed vividly before me. From this delicious dream I was awakened by the voice of my chief, desiring me to give directions that our horses might be ready at daylight; and I found myself in the presence of strangers, in a strange land, separated by thousands of miles from those scenes to which my imagination had so vainly wandered.

CHAPTER XX.

General Packenham's Reconnoisance — A Kentuckian — Destruction of American Schooner — Indians and Prophet — Merchant of New Orleans — Advance and Repulse — Robber of the Dead — Planter's Mansion — The Magic of a Name — Lights, ho! — American's Opinion of Jackson — End of the Year.

The following morning, Sir Edward Packenham made a reconnoisance of the enemy's position, and ordered batteries to be constructed on the Levée, intending to quiet our annoying neighbour, the schooner. It appeared that the enemy had been busily employed in strengthening his line of defence, and that a rude battery had been thrown out upon the main road, running parallel with the river; still we all knew that these were trifling obstacles, compared with those so often opposed to British valour, and the occupation of New Orleans was looked on as certain, the moment orders were given to advance.

The house of Monsieur Villeré scarcely contained sufficient accommodation for the general

officers, and, consequently, Colonel Dickson, his brigade major, and myself, were obliged to content ourselves with one of the Negro huts as our present residence, our servants occupying the one adjacent, these miserable sheds thus serving "for parlour, for kitchen, and all."

The work on the Levée went on rapidly. Jonathan had removed his craft close to the opposite shore, and appeared perfectly unconscious of the pains we were taking to remove him still further.

Returning from the river side, I perceived a tall figure approaching me, whose appearance I think worthy of description. He was a young man, of about two or three-and-twenty, good-looking, but pale from a recent wound, indicated by his arm being tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, somewhat the worse for use; his hair was dark, and long enough to reach his shoulders; he wore a high conically-shaped hat, which, from its napless state, had, perhaps, been handed down in his family from the days of the arch-hypocrite Oliver, and worn now as an appropriate covering, for one *who would have been*, "when that old hat was new," a fitting representative in the Rump parliament. His dress consisted of a coarse reddish-brown cloth coat, with huge metal buttons, a waistcoat of deer skin, and trowsers of thick dreadnought. This singular biped came up to

me, with a strange shambling gait; and, after clearing his mouth of a quid, followed by two or three copious expectorations, he, with a strong nasal twang, thus addressed me:

"I say, you Britisher, I calculate you're a doctor?"

"No, I am not; but, if you want a surgeon," I replied, "I will show you the way to the hospital."

"Want a surgeon! I guess I do most tarnation bad. I require to have my arm cut off, for it's beginning to stink, I calculate, and that's what I do not mean to submit to on no account."

"My good fellow, I hope there will be no occasion for such a violent measure as amputation; where were you hit?"

"Why in the wood just here away, at the back of this God damned plantation."

"I mean, where is your wound?"

"Slick right through my elbow jint, I guess; and ever since I got the knock, which was the night your folks first showed, my arm has been so everlasting stiff, I calculate I shall never more use axe or rifle with it."

"Come, come, don't be afraid of—"

"Afeard! who the hell ever knew me to be afeard of man or beast? No, no, young stran-ger, tayn't our way in the woods. I was reared in old

Kentuck, and afore I was ten years grown, I've stood to have a tin mug knocked to immortal smash off my head by a rifle ball, just to show there was no want of pluck in Ebenezer Bruce, and I do make so bold as to say they found that out 'tother night, when your 'tarnal creatures mowed us down pretty considerable thick. I couldn't help thinking, when I found myself wounded and taken prisoner, what hell fire luck my brother Bob had in stopping at home, although he was appinted *ensine* to our company of Rifles only the last time we mustered, I guess."

"What prevented his joining, at a time he was so much required?"

"Oh, I calculate he was sparking, and wouldn't leave his gal, no how."

"Well, Mr. Bruce, as I understand that is your name—"

"Bruce is my name, I guess, and father's before me, which you may think stran-ge, but I don't."

"'Tis a very ancient and noble name; doubtless you can trace your descent from the great Robert Bruce, King of Scotland."

"There you make a most damnation misapprehension; if I thought father had a drop of king's blood in his veins, I'd cut his heart out; no, no, he comes of honest folk, granfather and gran-

father's father were weavers in Glascow, North Britain, I guess: why, bless your eyes! father only left the old country five years before I was pigged, as mother calls it, 'cause she had two on us in the same litter."

I conducted this original to the hospital tent; his arm was immediately examined, and, although the "knock," as he termed it, was a severe one, still all idea of amputation was abandoned, and I had the satisfaction of encountering Ebenezer some days afterwards, who spoke of the English doctors having saved his "precious limb" in most grateful terms.

I have already mentioned that a spacious grove of orange trees ornamented our present quarters: great was the disappointment of many on finding that they were Seville, but I determined to turn them still to account, and the first employment I gave to my Negro boy, whose name I found was George, was to boil several dozen of this fine fruit in sugar, thus making a coarse but extremely palatable marmalade. This confection proved so acceptable to the numerous visiters at our hut, that Blacky was directed to collect all the oranges left, and cook them in the same manner.

Before nightfall we had placed two nine-pounders, four six-pounders, and a couple of howitzers in battery, and a temporary furnace

was constructed to heat the shot. I visited the working party the last thing at night, and had the satisfaction of bearing the report to Colonel Dickson that every thing was in readiness for the morning.

At daybreak, on the 27th, the schooner was observed to be in the same position she had occupied, close in-shore on the opposite side of the river; the range being carefully calculated, the guns, loaded with red-hot shot, commenced a rapid fire upon her; the two first drove her crew to their boats, abandoning her to the fate which appeared inevitable, the third struck her aft, and it was soon obvious that this shot had taken the desired effect, a thick smoke was seen to issue from the hole it had made in her side. To make assurance doubly sure, several guns were fired, and it was now apparent that she was completely on fire. Not a human creature was visible on board; but a large cock was perceived to move from one spar to another, instinctively avoiding the progress of the flames, and occasionally crowing loudly, as he imagined he had found a place of safety. The devouring element soon consumed her rigging, her masts began to totter, and ultimately fell over side, marking their descent by a shower of brilliant sparks. The powder magazine was at last reached, and the vessel blew up

with a loud explosion, her guns discharging at the same moment, and tumbling with heavy plunges into the river. A loud cheer followed the destruction of this vessel, and now our attention was directed to one of larger size further up the Mississippi; but she, warned by the fate of her companion, wisely got out of reach of our guns, nor could the howitzers do any execution on her, so rapidly did she retire beyond range.

Amongst the spectators collected to witness the attack on the schooner, were the Indian chiefs, who appeared deeply interested in the proceedings; and no sooner was the destruction effected, than the prophet, in a fit of inspiration, commenced a palaver with his contrymen, foretelling the complete success of *our* Pale Faces on the following day; this was soon made known to us by Colonel Nicholls, who endeavoured to impress upon us that we might depend on the predictions of this gifted seer.

I had observed, upon two or three occasions, when I had to pass a part of our cantonment devoted to the prisoners taken on the night of the 23rd, one who appeared absorbed in melancholy, and whose manner and bearing betokened him of superior rank to his fellows. I took an opportunity of speaking to him, and, finding that he was not averse to my conversation, I re-

quested he would permit me to send him a bottle or two of Madeira, which might tend to cheer his spirits. This offer he accepted, in language which confirmed my previous notion of him; and telling him my name, I begged he would favour me by commanding any service I could render him in his present situation.

He, as well as many others, was dressed in a most unsoldier-like and fantastic costume. It consisted of a tunic reaching to the knee, with a large cape covering the shoulders; the whole made of blue and white check, the edges trimmed with short white fringe.

I could not resist inquiring of my newly-made acquaintance the origin of this singular uniform, and learnt that check was the only commodity the city afforded in sufficient quantity to clothe the corps to which he belonged, consisting solely of Americans. They were anxious, from reasons of their own, to be distinguished from the French and Spanish settlers of New Orleans. They were armed with rifles, and had suffered severely in the night-attack.

Promising to see my friend again as soon as possible, I returned to the hut. An unusual bustle about head-quarters betokened that some movement was on the point of taking place, and I soon learnt that we were positively to advance the next

day. The troops were employed in cooking two days' rations, getting their arms in order, &c. and the utmost enthusiasm appeared to pervade all ranks at the prospect of meeting the enemy.

As soon as sufficient light permitted, on the morning of the 28th, our force, divided into two columns, advanced towards the American lines: General Keane's brigade along the road close to the river, and the other commanded by General Gibbs, by a road which ran parallel with it at some distance to the right, through the cane-grounds. A strong picket of the enemy, posted at the house of Monsieur la Ronde, situated between the two roads, was speedily dislodged by the Rocket troop and three-pounder brigade.

Many of the staff were in advance of the columns, and had pushed on to a house, from which a good view of General Jackson's position was commanded; and, doubtless, the building itself would have proved mainly useful to our troops; but this had not escaped the vigilance of the enemy. Scarcely had we brought our telescopes to bear on their lines, when we discovered that the house was on fire in many places; so, under cover of the smoke, we awaited the arrival of the column. No sooner was the head of it visible, than we were assailed with a heavy fire from the battery on the right of the American line, and

protecting the road, as well as the sixteen-gun armed vessel that had so wisely retreated the previous morning. Our nine-pounders, under the command of Captains Mitchell and Carmichael, were brought into action. Colonel Dickson, observing a vast number of horses in the fields on our right, sent me back to head-quarters, to bid the officer of drivers take them under his charge. I was not long in giving these directions, and was riding back very fast to join the colonel, when the wretched little strawberry pony on which I was mounted received a round shot in his chest, which sent me sprawling over his head; down I went on the hard road, as flat as a pancake, sending forth a sound like the noise made by the Irish paviors. The shock was so sudden, that for a moment I knew not whether I belonged to the land of the living, or if my soul had taken flight with a grunt.

A sergeant of the 85th kindly lifted me up; no sooner on my legs, than I perceived the first thing I had to do was to take off my saddle and bridle, and appropriate the first horse I could catch to the service of his Britannic majesty. It was not long before I had managed my remount, and proceeded. I found the columns had deployed into line, our guns had suffered severely, and were withdrawn from the road, by the assistance of a body of sailors under the command of Captain

Money of the navy, who was severely wounded whilst performing this duty. Sir Edward Packenham, promising the troops speedy satisfaction for this repulse, gave orders to fall back out of the range of the enemy's heavy metal.

A deep ditch, somewhat in advance of our men, served as a sort of rendezvous for numerous officers, both of the navy and army, all of whom were much chagrined at the fate of the day. The Americans kept up an incessant fire, although they could not see our troops; but little mischief was occasioned by these random shots. One exception occurred, however, to the officer who was sitting next to me in our snug trench. He was Captain Collins, of the 1st West India Regiment, who, I suppose, was eager to ascertain if any movements were making by the enemy, for he rose suddenly, intending to look over the palings on the crest of the ditch; but his head had scarcely reached the proper elevation, when it was taken off by a cannon-shot, and the unfortunate trunk fell rolling over me. I instantly searched his pockets for any property he might possess, as is usual in such cases; and, after making a memorandum of his personal effects, for the benefit of his family or heirs, perceived that he had on a new pair of braces: mine had been broken by my recent tumble from my horse, so I took the liberty

of appropriating so much of poor Captain Collins's property to my own use. Taking off my jacket for the purpose of putting them on, I attracted the notice of General Keane, who kindly inquired if I had been hit. On explaining to him my present occupation, he did me the favour to bestow on me the pleasing appellation of the "Robber of the dead"—a title of which I shall presently speak further.

The unfortunate Blacks, forming the West India regiments, suffered most dreadfully from the change of climate and alteration of fare; they were positively not only useless, but absolutely in the way. Several of these poor devils were observed huddled together, and exposed to fire; they were desired to get under cover, to which they replied,

"No, tank you, massa, rader stay here and get kill at once; neber see de day go back to Jamaica, so me die now, tank you. No stand dem d—n cold and fog—no house to lib in—not warm clothes, so poor nigger him die like dog."

There was too much truth in these words: it was an absolute cruelty to bring them on such a service, and evinced little judgment on the part of the adviser of such a measure.

The troops were ordered to retain the line they now occupied, and no farther demonstration of advance was made. Close to the left of our line

stood the house and plantation of Monsieur Bienvenu. It was an elegant mansion; much of the furniture had been removed, but enough remained to mark the taste of the proprietor. In the hall, which was floored with variegated marble, stood two magnificent globes, and a splendid orrery. One room contained a vast collection of valuable books. On entering a bed-room, lately occupied by a female of the family, as was apparent by the arrangement of toilet, &c., I found that our advance had interrupted the fair one in her study of natural history, a volume of Buffon was lying open on her pillow; and it was evident that her particular attention had been directed to the domestic economy of the baboon and monkey tribe, slips of paper marking the highly-coloured portraits of these charming subjects for a lady's contemplation.

In spite of our sanguine expectation of sleeping that night in New Orleans, evening found us occupying our Negro hut at Villeré's, nor was I sorry that the shades of night concealed our mortification from the prisoners and slaves. As for our allies, the Indians, they had not increased in number; the countless tribes promised by Colonel Nicholls had not yet appeared, the five or six red skins I have already named still hung about headquarters. The prophet, to avoid censure at the

fallacy of his predictions, contrived to get gloriously drunk, nor was the King of the Muscogies in a much more sober state: his majesty had consoled himself for the ill-fortune of the day, by going from hut to hut imploring rum, and asserting that he "hungered for drink."

Another sun rose on our camp. I had promised to see my American friend, but the events of the preceding day almost tempted me to break my word; before, however, I had come to any determination on the matter, I encountered him. He advanced with his hand extended towards me, saying,

"I have to offer you my grateful thanks for your present of wine. We pride ourselves in this country on our judgment of Madeira, and I can assure you I never drank better than that you so kindly sent me. It has done me much good, but I am going to tax your kindness still further, and avail myself of your offer of service in a matter that deeply concerns not only myself, but those most dear to me. No communication has taken place between the city and your camp since the night I was taken prisoner; my dear wife is uncertain of my fate; she, perhaps, mourns me as dead, and looks on our sweet Cora * as fatherless.

* About a twelvemonth ago, and twenty years after our ill-fated expedition, I had the satisfaction of meeting, at a friend's

Could you inform me how intelligence of my safety might be sent to her?"

"Cora, did you say?" I demanded, all my fond recollections of play-going days rushing upon me.

"Such is the name of my daughter, a most beloved child, sir," he replied, hardly able to articulate from strong emotion.

"Sir, it shall be done; I will hasten to Major Smith, and arrange that the first flag conveys a letter from you to your family.—But, I beg pardon, I do not know the name of one I shall so cheerfully serve."

"My name is Cox, I am a merchant of New Orleans; and should the fate of battle give the British possession of that city, you will find that I am not unknown there to some of the best settlers."

"Bear in mind, Mr. Cox, that your letter must be inspected before it is sent; therefore, confine

table, Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the New Orleans Theatre. Happening to relate how all my dramatic sympathies had been awakened at the name of Cora, and the trifling service I had rendered her father, for that sweet name's sake, I was most agreeably surprised at learning from Mr. Caldwell that he was intimately acquainted with the lady's family; and, within the last six months, in New York, had handed Cora from her carriage, now one of the handsomest women in the States, and the mother of two beauteous children. He added that her father was still alive, and that he should not fail in mentioning my name to him on his return to the banks of the Mississippi.

yourself to the information you so ardently desire to afford."

"Most certainly, my good sir; but I had entirely forgotten that I am without a single writing material."

"Remain where you are, and I will soon furnish you with pen and ink."

I speedily rejoined him: a few minutes sufficed for his purpose. Overwhelmed with grateful acknowledgments, I hastened to Major Smith, who kindly took charge of an epistle containing tidings so invaluable to the writer's family.

His excellency, the commander-in-chief, deeming it necessary to make his next attack with ordnance of a larger calibre than any yet on shore, we were busily engaged during the day in making out the necessary requisitions to be sent to the fleet, then distant about seventy miles from us. Having despatched those of the greatest importance, the trio, consisting of the colonel, Major Ord, and myself, took dinner, if our scrambling meal deserves to be dignified by such a name.

Ever since our occupation of the hut, we had been disturbed by a constant noise of coughing made by an old Negro, living, or rather dying, in the shed to our right; and this poor creature's eternal barking tempted us very often to wish that he were removed—to a better world. At the

close of our repast, Colonel Dickson observed how remarkably silent "Mr. Hough" had been all day. This name we had given our neighbour, as indicative of the sound he made. Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves on the calm, when some thirty or forty he and she Negroes began singing a requiem to the departed spirit of the defunct Hough; and after performing various ceremonials of the African church, these mourners retired.

Night arrived: orders of great and immediate consequence were to be sent off to the shipping. The colonel was provoked beyond measure at the circumstance that we did not, either in parlour or kitchen, possess one solitary candle, by whose light they might, that night, be written. Without giving the least idea of where I was going, I volunteered to borrow some lights, and left my friends wondering to whom I should apply. In less than three minutes I returned, bringing with me four large green wax tapers, to the surprise and delight of my companions. We lost not a moment in availing ourselves of this unexpected supply, and completed the requisite orders. These sent off, the colonel asked me who it was that had so good-naturedly obliged him.

"To say the truth, sir," I replied, "there was very little good nature in the affair; it was sufficient for me that you required them, for the good

of the service, so I e'en took them from the house of a black neighbour."

"Did you offer to pay for them? You surely would not be guilty of plundering?"

"The gentleman would not have taken the money, sir, I am sure; it would have been useless to him."

"Well, but you can give him something in return; would he like a bottle of rum?"

"He couldn't drink a drop, even if I held it to his mouth."

"Some beef or pork, then; we can spare him but little, 'tis true."

"You would only waste your kindness upon him, sir; for, to confess the fact, these candles were placed in pairs at the head and foot of the coffin of our lamented friend, Hough: the Negro who watched his remains had fallen asleep, so I took the liberty of leaving him to awake in the dark."

"I little imagined," said the colonel, "that when General Keane christened you the robber of the dead, you would have given me so speedy a proof of how well you merit that distinction. Depend on it, I shall inform him what a very promising young man I have on my staff. Why, if you go on as you have begun, the respectable mother of the celebrated Count Fathom will sink

into insignificance. I shall certainly be on my guard against you if I get hit; you may take a fancy to my gold spectacles, or my telescope, considerately thinking they could be of no further use to me, like poor Hough's candles." All this was said with mock gravity, but in extreme good humour. I found, indeed, to my great satisfaction, that, during the few days I had passed in the colonel's society, I had gradually gained ground with him, and had received evident demonstrations of his good feeling towards me. Major Ord, being nearer my own age, and an amiable and noble fellow, soon became my intimate friend.

During the whole of the 30th, large working parties were employed in the construction of batteries, from which it was intended to effect a breach in the enemy's lines. I passed the whole morning on horseback, bearing directions to the various detachments. On my return to head-quarters, I learnt that Mr. Cox's letter had been carefully forwarded and hastened to him, with the intelligence. He shook me cordially by the hand, but did not attempt to *speak* his thanks. After a while he said,

"I presume you did not anticipate much opposition on the part of the people of New Orleans; but you don't know Andrew Jackson so

well as I do. He has been my attorney for some years, and I have found it an impossibility to alter any arrangement of his, when once he had made up his mind. His determination, in many cases, amounts to obstinacy, and has gained for him the nick-name of Old Hiccory,* that being a wood more difficult to manage than any other. You may be assured that I shall be truly rejoiced when the present state of things is terminated; but I fear much blood will be shed on both sides, ere I can hope to rejoin my family; and I feel persuaded, in spite of the many noble fellows I see in your camp, that, if I am not permitted to visit the city until the British are masters of it, I shall have to draw largely on my patience. Rely on it, my kind young friend, my prayers that you may escape the dangers of the battle field will be constant and sincere."

Although I did not much relish Mr. Cox's calculation of our success, I could not but thank him for the interest he felt for me, and bade him good night.

The last day of the year arrived, and the works

* Since my conversation with Mr. Cox, the President Jackson has been universally known by the sobriquet of "Old Hiccory," and, ✎ tless, this facetious appellation will be handed down t posterity, in American history, in the same manner as "Old Rowley," "Butchering Willie," and "Shamus a Hougha, are recorded in English, Scotch, and Irish annals.

in front were so nearly completed that the heavy guns were moved forward towards their intended position. This operation was one of considerable difficulty, and attended with incredible fatigue to our poor fellows; the ground was dreadfully heavy, and intersected by so many ditches, that I feel assured no other troops but British would have succeeded in overcoming such obstacles.

During the whole of this day I was anything but inactive; and, aware that the coming one would demand my best exertions, I gladly snatched a few hours' repose, and, a little before midnight, sunk into a profound slumber.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
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